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THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope Esq.

VOLUME VII.

CONTAINING THE

FIRST of his LETTERS.

LONDON,

Printed for J. and P. KNAPTON in Ludgate-Street.

MDCCLI.

PREFACE

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PREFACE

Of the Publiſher of the Surreptitious Edition, 1735.

WE preſume we want no apology to the reader for this publication, but ſome may be thought needful to Mr. Pope: however he cannot think our offence ſo great as theirs, who firſt ſeparately publiſhed what we have here but collected in a better form and order. As for the letters we have procured to be added, they ſerve but to complete, explain, and ſometimes ſet in a true light, thoſe others, which it was not in the writer's, or our power to recall.

This collection hath been owing to ſeveral cabinets: ſome drawn from thence by accidents, and others (even of thoſe to ladies) voluntarily given. It is to one of that ſex we are beholden for the whole correſpondence with H. C. eſq. which letters being lent her by that gentleman, ſhe took the liberty to print; as appears by the following, which we ſhall give at length, both as it is ſomething curious, and as it may ſerve for an apology for ourſelves.

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To HENRY CROMWELL, Esq.

June 27, 1727.

AFTER so long a silence as the many and great oppressions I have sighed under have occasioned, one is at a loss how to begin a letter to so kind a friend as yourself. But as it was always my resolution, if I must sink, to do it as decently (that is, as silently) as I could; so when I found myself plunged into unforeseen, and unavoidable ruin, I retreated from the world, and in a manner buried myself in a dismal place, where I knew none, and none knew me. In this dull unthinking way, I have protracted a lingring death (for life it cannot be called) ever since you saw me, sequestred from company, deprived of my books, and nothing left to converse with, but the letters of my dead or absent friends; among which latter I always placed yours, and Mr. Pope's in the first rank. I lent some of them indeed to an ingenious person, who was so delighted with the specimen, that he importuned me for a sight of the rest, which having obtained, he conveyed them to the press, I must not say altogether with my consent, nor wholly without it. I thought them too good to be lost in oblivion, and had no cause to apprehend the disobliging of any. The public, viz. all persons of taste and judgment, would be pleased with so agreeable an amusement; Mr. Cromwell could not be angry, since it was but justice to his merit, to publish the solemn and private professions of love, gratitude, and veneration, made him by so celebrated an author; and sincerely Mr Pope ought not to resent the publication, since the early pregnancy of his genius was no dishonour to his character. And yet had either of you been asked, common modesty

would have obliged you to refuse, what you would not be displeased with, if done without your knowledge. And besides, to end all dispute, you had been pleased to make me a free gift of them, to do what I pleased with them; and every one knows, that the person to whom a letter is addressed, has the same right to dispose of it, as he has of goods purchased with his money. I doubt not but your generosity and honour will do me the right, of owning by a line that I came honestly by them. I flatter myself, in a few months I shall again be visible to the world; and whenever thro' good providence that turn shall happen, I shall joyfully acquaint you with it, there being none more truly your obliged servant, than, Sir,

Your faithful, and

most humble Servant,

E. THOMAS.

P. S. A Letter, Sir, directed to Mrs. Thomas, to be left at my house, will be safely transmitted to her, by,

Yours, &c.

E. CURLL.

To Mr. POPE.

Epsom, July 6, 1727.

WHEN these letters were first printed, I wondered how Curll could come by them, and could not but laugh at the pompous title; since whatever you wrote to me was humour, and familiar raillery. As soon as I came from Epsom, I heard you had been to see me, and I writ you a short letter from Will's, that I longed to see you. Mr.

D——s, about that time charged me with giving them to a miſtreſs, which I poſitively denied: not in the leaſt, at that time, thinking of it; but ſome time after, finding in the News papers Letters from Lady Packington, Lady Chudleigh, and Mr. Norris to the ſame Sappho or E. T. I began to fear that I was guilty. I have never ſeen theſe Letters of Curll's, nor would go to his ſhop about them; I have not ſeen this Sappho alias E. T. theſe ſeven years.—Her writing, *That I gave her 'em, to do what I would with 'em*, is ſtraining the point too far. I thought not of it, nor do I think ſhe did then; but ſevere neceſſity which catches hold of a twig, has produced all this; which has lain hid, and forgot, by me ſo many years. Curll ſent me a letter laſt week, deſiring a poſitive anſwer about this matter, but finding I would give him none, he went to E. T. and writ a poſtſcript in her long romantick letter, to direct my anſwer to his houſe; but they not expecting an anſwer, ſent a young man to me, whoſe name, it ſeems, is Pattiſon. I told him I ſhould not write any thing, but I believed it might be ſo as ſhe writ in her letter. I am extremely concerned that my former indiſcretion in putting them into the hands of this *Pretieuſe*, ſhould have given you ſo much diſturbance; for the laſt thing I ſhould do would be to diſoblige you, for whom I have ever preſerved the greateſt eſteem, and ſhall ever be, Sir,

Your faithful Friend, and
moſt humble Servant,

HENRY CROMWELL.

To

To Mr. POPE.

August 1, 1727.

THO' I writ my long narrative from Epſom till I was tired, yet was I not ſatisfied; leſt any doubt ſhould reſt upon your mind. I could not make proteſtations of my innocence of a grievous crime; but I was impatient till I came to town, that I might ſend you thoſe Letters, as a clear evidence that I was a perfect ſtranger to all their proceeding. Should I have proteſted againſt it, after the printing, it might have been taken for an attempt to decry his purchaſe; and as the little exception you have taken has ſerved him to play his game upon us for theſe two years, a new incident from me might enable him to play it on for two more.—The great value ſhe expreſſes for all you write, and her paſſion for having them, I believe, was what prevailed upon me to let her keep them. By the interval of twelve years at leaſt, from her poſſeſſion to the time of printing them, 'tis manifeſt, that I had not the leaſt ground to apprehend ſuch a deſign: but as people in great ſtraits, bring forth their hoards of old gold and moſt valued jewels; ſo Sappho had recourſe to her hid treaſure of Letters, and played off not only your's to me, but all thoſe to herſelf (as the lady's laſt ſtake) into the preſs.—As for me, I hope, when you ſhall cooly conſider the many thouſand inſtances of our being deluded by the females, ſince that great Original of Adam by Eve, you will have a more favourable thought of the undeſigning error of

Your faithful Friend,
and humble Servant,
HENRY CROMWELL.

Now

Now ſhould our apology for this publication be as ill received, as the lady's ſeems to have been by the gentlemen concerned; we ſhall at leaſt have Her Comfort, *of being thanked by the reſt of the world. Nor has Mr. P. himſelf any great cauſe to think it much offence to his modeſty, or reflection on his judgment; when we take care to inform the public, that there are few Letters of his in this collection, which were not written under twenty years of age: on the other hand, we doubt not the reader will be much more ſurprized to find, at that early period, ſo much variety of ſtyle, affecting ſentiment, and juſtneſs of criticiſm, in pieces which muſt have been writ in haſte, very few perhaps ever reviewed, and none intended for the eye of the public.*

A CA-

CATALOGUE

OF THE

Surreptitious and Incorrect Editions of Mr. POPE's LETTERS.

I. FAMILIAR LETTERS to Henry Cromwell, Esq. by Mr. Pope, 12mo. Printed for Edmund Curl, 1727.

[In this are *Verses*, &c. ascribed to Mr. P. which were *not his*.]

II. Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence for thirty years: from 1704 to 1734. Being a Collection of Letters which passed between him and several eminent persons. Printed for E. Curl, 8°, 1735, Two editions.

—— The same in duodecimo, with cuts. The third edition.

[These contain several Letters *not genuine*.]

III. Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence, Vol. II. Printed for the same, 8°, 1735. [In this volume are *no* Letters of Mr. Pope's, but a few of those to Mr. Cromwell *reprinted*; nor any to him, but one said to be Bishop Atterbury's, and another in that Bishop's name, certainly not his: One or two Letters from St. Omer's, advertized of Mr. Pope, but which proved to be only *concerning* him; some scandalous Reflections of one Le Neve on the Legislature, Courts of Justice, and Church of England, pag. 116, 117. and the Divinity of Christ expressly denied, in pag. 123, 124.] With some scandalous Anecdotes, and a Narrative.

— The

—— The ſame in duodecimo.

IV. Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence, Vol. III. Printed for E. Curl, 8°, 1735. [In this is *only one Letter* by Mr. Pope to the Ducheſs of Buckingham, which the publiſher ſome way procured and printed againſt her order. It alſo contains four Letters, intitled, Mr. Pope's to Miſs Blount, which are literally taken from an old tranſlation of Voiture's to Mad. Rambouillet.]

—— The ſame in duodecimo.

V. Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence, Vol. IV. Printed by the ſame, contains *not one Letter* of this Author.

—— The ſame in duodecimo.

VI. Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence, Vol. V. containing *only one* Letter of Mr. P. and another of the Lord B. with a ſcandalous preface of Curl's, how he could come at more of their Letters, 8°, printed for the ſame, 1736.

VII. Letters of Mr. Pope and ſeveral Eminent Perſons, Vol. I. from 1705 to 1711. Printed and ſold by the bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter, 8°, 1735.

—— The ſame, Vol. II. from 1711, &c. Printed and ſold by the bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter, 8°, 1735.—The ſame in 12mo, with a Narrative.

VIII. Letters of Mr. Pope and ſeveral Eminent Perſons. From 1705 to 1735. Printed and ſold by the bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter, 12mo, 1735.

[This edition is ſaid in the title to contain *more Letters* than any other, but contains only *Two*, ſaid to be the Biſhop of Rocheſter's, and printed before by Curl.]

IX. Letters of Mr. Pope and ſeveral eminent Perſons. From the year 1705 to 1735, Vol. I. and Vol. II. Printed for T. Cooper, at the Globe in Pater-noſter-Row, 1735, 12mo.

[In this was inſerted the *Forged Letter* from the Biſhop of Rocheſter, and ſome other things, unknown to Mr. Pope.]

PREFACE

PREFACE

Prefixed to the First Genuine Edition in quarto, 1737.

IF what is here offered the reader, ſhould happen in any degree to pleaſe him, the thanks are not due to the author, but partly to his friends, and partly to his enemies: it was wholly owing to the affection of the former, that ſo many Letters, of which he never kept copies, were preſerved; and to the malice of the latter, that they were produced in this manner.

He had been very diſagreeably uſed, in the publication of ſome Letters written in his youth, which fell into the hands of a woman who printed them, without his, or his correſpondent's conſent, in 1727. This treatment, and the apprehenſion of more of the ſame kind, put him upon recalling as many as he could from thoſe who he imagined had kept any. He was ſorry to find the number ſo great, but immediately leſſened it by burning three parts in four of them: the reſt he ſpared, not in any preference of their ſtyle or writing, but merely as they preſerved the memory of ſome friendſhips which will ever be dear to him, or ſet in a true light ſome matters of fact, from which the ſcriblers of the times had taken occaſion to aſperſe either his friends or himſelf. He therefore lay'd by the Originals, together with thoſe of his correſpondents, and cauſed

a copy

a copy to be taken to depoſite in the library of a noble friend; that in caſe either of the revival of ſlanders, or the publication of ſurreptitious Letters, during his life or after, a proper uſe might be made of them.

The next year, the poſthumous works of Mr. Wycherley were printed, in a way diſreputable enough to his memory. It was thought a juſtice due to him, to ſhew the world his better judgment; and that it was his laſt reſolution to have ſuppreſſed thoſe poems. As ſome of the Letters which had paſſed between him and our author cleared that point, they were publiſhed in 1729, with a few marginal notes added by a friend.

If in theſe Letters, and in thoſe which were printed without his conſent, there appear too much of a juvenile ambition of wit, or affectation of gaiety, he may reaſonably hope it will be conſidered to *whom*, and at *what age*, he was guilty of it, as well as how ſoon it was over. The reſt, every judge of writing will ſee, were by no means efforts of the genius, but emanations of the heart: and this alone may induce any candid reader to believe their publication an act of neceſſity, rather than of vanity.

It is notorious, how many volumes have been publiſhed under the title of his correſpondence, with promiſes ſtill of more, and open and repeated offers of encouragement to all perſons who ſhould ſend any letters of his for the preſs. It is as notorious what methods were taken to procure them, even from the publiſher's own accounts in his prefaces, viz. by tranſacting with people in neceſſities, * or of abandoned † characters, or ſuch as dealt without names in the ‡ dark. Upon a quarrel with one of theſe

* See the Preface to Vol. I. of a Book called Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence.

† Poſtſcript to the Preface to Vol. IV.

‡ Narrative and Anecdotes before Vol. II.

laſt, he betrayed himſelf ſo far, as to appeal to the public in Narratives and Advertiſements: like that Iriſh highwayman a few years before, who preferr'd a bill againſt his companion, for not ſharing equally in the money, rings and watches, they had traded for in partnerſhip upon Hounſlow-heath.

Several have been printed in his name which he never writ, and addreſſed to perſons to whom they were never written*; counterfeited as from biſhop Atterbury to him, which neither that biſhop nor he ever ſaw †; and advertized even after that period when it was made felony to correſpond with him.

I know not how it has been this author's fate, whom both his ſituation and his temper have all his life excluded from rivalling any man, in any pretenſion, (except that of pleaſing by poetry) to have been as much aſperſed and written at, as any Firſt Miniſter of his time: pamphlets and news-papers have been full of him, nor was it *there only* that a private man, who never troubled either the world or common converſation with his opinions of Religion or Government, has been repreſented as a dangerous member of Society, a bigotted Papiſt, and an enemy to the Eſtabliſhment. The unwarrantable publication of his Letters hath at leaſt done him this ſervice, to ſhew he has conſtantly enjoyed the friendſhip of worthy men; and that if a catalogue were to be taken of his friends and his enemies, he needs not to bluſh at either. Many of them having been written on the moſt trying occurrences, and all in the openneſs of friendſhip, are a proof what were his real ſentiments, as they flowed warm from the

* In Vol. III. Letters from Mr. Pope to Mrs. Blount, &c.

† Vol. II. of the ſame, 8°. p. 20. and at the end of the Edition of his Letters in 12°, by the bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter; and of the laſt Edition in 12°, printed for T. Cooper, 1725.

heart,

heart, and freſh from the occaſion; without the leaſt thought that ever the world ſhould be witneſs to them. Had he ſate down with a deſign to draw his own picture, he could not have done it ſo truly; for whoever ſits for it (whether to himſelf or another) will inevitably find the features more compoſed, than his appear in theſe letters. But if an author's hand, like a painter's, be more diſtinguiſhable in a ſlight ſketch than in a finiſhed picture, this very careleſsneſs will make them the better known from ſuch counterfeits, as have been, and may be imputed to him, either through a mercenary or a malicious deſign.

We hope it is needleſs to ſay, he is not accountable for ſeveral paſſages in the ſurreptitious editions of thoſe Letters, which are ſuch as no man of common ſenſe would have publiſhed himſelf. The errors of the preſs were almoſt innumerable, and could not but be extremely multiplied in ſo many repeated editions, by the avarice and negligence of piratical printers, to not one of whom he ever gave the leaſt Title, or any other encouragement than that of not proſecuting them.

For the *Chaſms* in the correſpondence, we had not the means to ſupply them, the Author having deſtroyed too many Letters to preſerve any Series. Nor would he go about to amend them, except by the omiſſion of ſome paſſages, improper, or at leaſt impertinent, to be divulged to the publick: or of ſuch entire Letters, as were either not his, or not approved of by him.

He has been very ſparing of thoſe of his Friends, and thought it a reſpect ſhown to their memory, to ſuppreſs in particular ſuch as were moſt in his favour. As it is not to *Vanity* but to *Friendſhip* that he intends this Monument, he would ſave his enemies the mortification of ſhowing any further how well their Betters have thought of him: and at the ſame time

ſecure from their cenſure his living Friends, who (he promiſes them) ſhall never be put to the bluſh, this way at leaſt, for their partiality to him.

But however this Collection may be received, we cannot but lament the *Cauſe*, and the *Neceſſity* of ſuch a publication, and heartily wiſh no honeſt man may be reduced to the ſame. To ſtate the caſe fairly in the preſent ſituation. A Bookſeller advertizes his intention to publiſh your Letters: he openly promiſes encouragement, or even pecuniary rewards, to thoſe who will help him to any; and ingages to inſert whatever they ſhall ſend. Any ſcandal is ſure of a reception, and any enemy who ſends it ſcreened from a diſcovery. Any domeſtic or ſervant, who can ſnatch a letter from your pocket or cabinet, is encouraged to that vile practice. If the quantity falls ſhort of a volume, any thing elſe ſhall be joined with it (more eſpecially ſcandal) which the collector can think for his intereſt, all recommended under your Name: you have not only Theft to fear, but Forgery. Any Bookſeller, tho' conſcious in what manner they were obtained, not caring what may be the conſequence to your Fame or Quiet, will ſell and diſperſe them in town and country. The better your Reputation is, the more your Name will cauſe them to be demanded, and conſequently the more you will be injured. The injury is of ſuch a nature, as the Law (which does not puniſh for *Intentions*) cannot prevent; and when done, may puniſh, but not redreſs. You are therefore reduced, either to enter into a perſonal treaty with ſuch a man (which tho' the readieſt, is the meaneſt of all methods) or to take ſuch other meaſures to ſuppreſs them, as are contrary to your Inclination, or to publiſh them, as are contrary to your Modeſty. Otherwiſe your Fame and your Property ſuffer alike; you are at once expoſed and plundered. As an *Author*, you are deprived of that Power, which above

all

all others conſtitutes a good one, the power of rejecting, and the right of judging for your ſelf, what pieces it may be moſt uſeful, entertaining, or reputable to publiſh, at the time and in the manner you think beſt. As a *Man*, you are deprived of the right even over your own Sentiments, of the privilege of every human creature to divulge or conceal them; of the advantage of your Second thoughts; and of all the benefit of your Prudence, your Candour, or your Modeſty. As a *Member of Society*, you are yet more injured; your private conduct, your domeſtic concerns, your family ſecrets, your paſſions, your tenderneſſes, your weakneſſes, are expoſed to the Miſconſtruction or Reſentment of ſome, to the Cenſure or Impertinence of the whole world. The printing private letters in ſuch a manner, is the worſt ſort of *betraying Converſation*, as it has evidently the moſt extenſive, and the moſt laſting, ill conſequences. It is the higheſt offence againſt *Society*, as it renders the moſt dear and intimate intercourſe of friend with friend, and the moſt neceſſary commerce of man with man, unſafe, and to be dreaded. To open Letters is eſteemed the greateſt breach of honour; even to look into them already opened or accidentally dropt, is held an ungenerous, if not an immoral Act. What then can be thought of the procuring them merely by Fraud, and the printing them merely for lucre? We cannot but conclude every honeſt man will wiſh, that, if the Laws have as yet provided no adequate remedy, one at leaſt may be found, to prevent ſo great and growing an evil.

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ERRATA.

Page 1. Note, l. 9 for *pueriel*, r. *puerile*.
28. l. 8. for *poet's*, r. *a poet's*.
52. l. 23. for *peſſimi longe*, r. *peſſime longæ*.
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61. l. 14. for *boreæ*, r. *borea*.
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96. l. 14. after *either*, add, *according to the*.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Mr. WYCHERLEY*.

From the Year 1704 to 1710.

LETTER I.

Binfield in Windſor Foreſt, Dec. 26, 1704 †.

IT was certainly a great ſatisfaction to me to ſee and converſe with a Man, whom in his writings I had ſo long known with pleaſure; but it was a high addition to it, to hear you, at our very firſt meeting, doing juſtice to your dead friend Mr. Dryden. I was not ſo happy as to know him:

* If one were to judge of this ſet of Letters by the manner of thinking and turn of expreſſion, one ſhould conclude they had been all miſ titled; and that the letters given to the boy of ſixteen, were written by the man of ſeventy, and ſo on the contrary: ſuch ſober ſenſe, ſuch gravity of manners, and ſo much judgment, and knowledge of compoſition, enlivened with the ſprightlineſs of manly wit, diſtinguiſh thoſe of Mr. Pope: while, on the other hand, a childiſh jealouſy, a puerile affectation, an attention and lying at catch for *turns* and *points*, together with a total ignorance of order, of method, and of all relation of the parts to one another to compoſe a reaſonable whole, make up the character of thoſe of Mr. Wycherley.

† The author's Age then Sixteen. P.

Virgilium tantum vidi *. Had I been born early enough, I muſt have known and lov'd him: For I have been aſſured, not only by yourſelf, but by Mr. Congreve and Sir William Trumbul, that his perſonal Qualities were as amiable as his Poetical, notwithſtanding the many libellous miſrepreſentations of them, againſt which the former of theſe Gentlemen has told me he will one day vindicate him †. I ſuppoſe thoſe injuries were begun by the violence of Party, but 'tis no doubt they were continued by envy at his ſucceſs and fame ‡: And thoſe Scriblers who attacked him in his latter times, were only like gnats in a ſummer's evening, which are never very troubleſome but in the fineſt and moſt glorious ſeaſon; for his fire, like the ſun's, ſhined cleareſt towards its ſetting.

You muſt not therefore imagine, that when you told me my own performances were above thoſe Critics, I was ſo vain as to believe it; and yet I may not be ſo humble as to think myſelf quite below their notice. For critics, as they are birds of prey, have ever a natural inclination to carrion: and tho' ſuch poor writers as I are but beggars, no beggar is ſo poor but he can keep a cur, and no author is ſo beggarly but he can keep a critic. I am far from thinking the attacks of ſuch people either any honour or diſhonour even to me, much leſs to Mr. Dryden. I agree with you, that whatever leſſer

* When a very young Boy, he prevailed with a friend to carry him to a Coffee-houſe which Dryden frequented; where he had the ſatisfaction he ſpeaks of.

† He ſince did ſo, in his dedication to the Duke of Newcaſtle, prefix'd to the duodecimo Edition of Dryden's Plays, 1717. P.

‡ The fact ſeems to have been juſt the reverſe. One of the firſt Satires againſt him was the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearſal*; and one of the laſt, Montague's parody of his *Hind and Panther*.

Wits

Wits have riſen ſince his death, are but like ſtars appearing when the ſun is ſet, that twinkle only in his abſence, and with the rays they have borrowed from him. Our wit (as you call it) is but reflection or imitation, therefore ſcarce to be called ours. True Wit, I believe, may be defined a juſtneſs of thought, and a facility of expreſſion; or (in the midwives phraſe) a perfect conception, with an eaſy delivery *. However, this is far from a complete definition; pray help me to a better †, as, I doubt not, you can.

I am, &c.

LETTER II.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Jan. 25, 1704-5.

I Have been ſo buſy of late in correcting and tranſcribing ſome of my madrigals for a great man or two who deſired to ſee them, that I have (with your pardon) omitted to return you an anſwer to your moſt ingenious letter: ſo ſcriblers to the public, like bankers to the public, are profuſe in their voluntary loans to it, whilſt they forget to pay their more private and particular, as more juſt debts, to their beſt and neareſt friends. However, I hope, you who have as much good-nature as good ſenſe (ſince they generally are companions ‡) will have

* This is no definition of wit at all, but of good writing in general.

† Mr. Locke had given a better. But his Eſſay was a work our young Poet did not then reliſh. He had met with it early; but he uſed to ſay, it was quite inſipid to him.

‡ *Good nature and good ſenſe generally are companions,* yet *wit and humanity ſeldom accompany each other.* But they might keep company or not, juſt as they pleaſed, for the author was gone in ſearch of Witticiſms.

patience with a debtor who has an inclination to pay you his obligations, if he had wherewithal ready about him; and in the mean time ſhould conſider, when you have obliged me beyond my preſent power of returning the favour, that a debtor may be an honeſt man, if he but intends to be juſt when he is able, tho' late. But I ſhould be leſs juſt to you, the more I thought I could make a return to ſo much profuſeneſs of Wit and Humanity together; which tho' they ſeldom accompany each other in other men, are in you ſo equally met, I know not in which you moſt abound. But ſo much for my opinion of you, which is, that your Wit and Ingenuity is equalled by nothing but your Judgment, or Modeſty, which (tho' it be to pleaſe myſelf) I muſt no more offend, than I can do either right.

Therefore I will ſay no more now of them, than that your good wit never forfeited your good judgment, but in your partiality to me and mine; ſo that if it were poſſible for a hardened ſcribler to be vainer than he is, what you write of me would make me more conceited than what I ſcribble myſelf: yet, I muſt confeſs, I ought to be more humbled by your praiſe than exalted, which commends my little ſenſe with ſo much more of yours, that I am diſparaged and diſheartened by your commendations; who give me an example of your wit in the firſt part of your letter, and a definition of it in the laſt; to make writing well (that is, like you) more difficult to me than ever it was before. Thus the more great and juſt your example and definition of wit are, the leſs I am capable to follow them. Then the beſt way of ſhewing my judgment, after having ſeen how you write, is to leave off writing; and the beſt way to ſhew my friendſhip to you, is to put an end to your trouble, and to conclude

Yours, &c.

LET-

LETTER III.

March 25, 1705.

WHEN I write to you, I foreſee a long letter, and ought to beg your patience beforehand; for if it proves the longeſt, it will be of courſe the worſt I have troubled you with. Yet to expreſs my gratitude at large for your obliging letter, is not more my duty than my intereſt; as ſome people will abundantly thank you for one piece of kindneſs, to put you in mind of beſtowing another. The more favourable you are to me, the more diſtinctly I ſee my faults: Spots and blemiſhes, you know, are never ſo plainly diſcovered as in the brighteſt ſunſhine. Thus I am mortified by thoſe commendations which were deſigned to encourage me: for praiſe to a young wit, is like rain to a tender flower; if it be moderately beſtowed, it chears and revives; but if too laviſhly, overcharges and depreſſes him. Moſt men in years, as they are generally diſcouragers of youth, are like old trees, that, being paſt bearing themſelves, will ſuffer no young plants to flouriſh beneath them: but, as if it were not enough to have out-done all your coevals in wit, you will excel them in good-nature too. As for * my green eſſays, if you find any pleaſure in them, it muſt be ſuch as a man naturally takes in obſerving the firſt ſhoots and buddings of a tree which he has raiſed himſelf: and 'tis impoſſible they ſhould be eſteemed any otherwiſe, than as we value fruits for being early, which nevertheleſs are the moſt inſipid, and the worſt of the year. In a word, I muſt blame you for treating me with ſo much compliment, which is at beſt but the ſmoke of friendſhip. I neither write, nor converſe with you, to

* His Paſtorals, written at ſixteen years of age.

gain your praiſe, but your Affection. Be ſo much my friend as to appear my enemy, and tell me my faults, if not as a young Man, at leaſt as an unexperienced Writer.

I am, &c.

LETTER IV.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

March 29, 1705.

YOUR letter of the twenty-fifth of March I have received, which was more welcome to me than any thing could be out of the country, tho' it were one's rent due that day; and I can find no fault with it, but that it charges me with want of ſincerity, or juſtice, for giving you your due; who ſhould not let your modeſty be ſo unjuſt to your merit, as to reject what is due to it, and call that compliment, which is ſo ſhort of your deſert, that it is rather degrading than exalting you. But if compliment be the ſmoke only of friendſhip (as you ſay) however, you muſt allow there is no ſmoke but there is ſome fire; and as the ſacrifice of incenſe offered to the Gods would not have been half ſo ſweet to others, if it had not been for its ſmoke; ſo friendſhip, like love, cannot be without ſome incenſe, to perfume the name it would praiſe and immortalize. But ſince you ſay you do not write to me to gain my praiſe, but my affection, pray how is it poſſible to have the one without the other? we muſt admire before we love. You affirm, you would have me ſo much your friend as to appear your enemy, and find out your faults rather than your perfections; but (my friend) that would be ſo hard to do, that I, who love no difficulties, can't be perſuaded to it. Beſides, the

the vanity of a ſcribler is ſuch, that he will never part with his own judgment to gratify another's; eſpecially when he muſt take pains to do it: and tho' I am proud to be of your opinion, when you talk of any thing or man but yourſelf, I cannot ſuffer you to murder your fame with your own hand, without oppoſing you; eſpecially when you ſay your laſt letter is the worſt (ſince the longeſt) you have favoured me with; which I therefore think the beſt, as the longeſt life (if a good one) is the beſt; as it yields the more variety, and is the more exemplary; as a chearful ſummer's day, tho' longer than a dull one in the winter, is leſs tedious and more entertaining. Therefore let but your friendſhip be like your letter, as laſting as it is agreeable, and it can never be tedious, but more acceptable and obliging to

Your, &c.

LETTER V.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

April 7, 1705.

I Have received yours of the fifth, wherein your modeſty refuſes the juſt praiſes I give you, by which you lay claim to more, as a biſhop gains his biſhopric by ſaying he will not epiſcopate; but I muſt confeſs, whilſt I diſpleaſe you by commending you, I pleaſe myſelf: juſt as incenſe is ſweeter to the offerer than the deity to whom 'tis offered, by his being ſo much above it: For indeed every man partakes of the praiſe he gives, when it is ſo juſtly given.

As to my enquiry after your intrigues with the Muſes, you may allow me to make it, ſince no old

man can give ſo young, ſo great, and able a favourite of theirs, jealouſy. I am, in my enquiry, like old Sir Bernard Gaſcoign, who uſed to ſay, that when he was grown too old to have his viſits admitted alone by the ladies, he always took along with him a young man to enſure his welcome to them; for had he come alone he had been rejected, only becauſe his viſits were not ſcandalous to them. So I am (like an old rook, who is ruined by gaming) forced to live on the good fortune of the puſhing young men, whoſe fancies are ſo vigorous that they enſure their ſucceſs in their adventures with the Muſes, by their ſtrength of imagination.

Your papers are ſafe in my cuſtody (you may be ſure) from any one's theft but my own; for 'tis as dangerous to truſt a ſcribler with your wit, as a gameſter with the cuſtody of your money.—If you happen to come to town, you will make it more difficult for me to leave it, who am

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

April 30, 1705.

I Cannot contend with you: You muſt give me leave at once to wave all your compliments, and to collect only this in general from them, that your deſign is to encourage me. But I ſeparate from all the reſt that paragraph or two, in which you make me ſo warm an offer of your Friendſhip. Were I poſſeſſed of that, it would put an end to all thoſe ſpeeches with which you now make me bluſh; and change them to wholſome advices, and free ſentiments, which might make me wiſer and happier. I know 'tis the general opinion, that friendſhip is beſt contracted betwixt perſons of equal age; but I have

ſo

ſo much intereſt to be of another mind, that you muſt pardon me if I cannot forbear telling you a few notions of mine, in oppoſition to that opinion.

In the firſt place 'tis obſervable, that the love we bear to our friends, is generally cauſed by our finding the ſame diſpoſitions in them, which we feel in ourſelves. This is but ſelf-love at the bottom: whereas the affection betwixt people of different ages cannot well be ſo, the inclinations of ſuch being commonly various. The friendſhip of two young men is often occaſioned by love of pleaſure or voluptuouſneſs, each being deſirous for his own ſake of one to aſſiſt or encourage him in the courſes he purſues; as that of two old men is frequently on the ſcore of ſome profit, lucre, or deſign upon others. Now, as a young man who is leſs acquainted with the ways of the world, has in all probability leſs of intereſt; and an old man, who may be weary of himſelf, has, or ſhould have leſs of ſelf-love; ſo the friendſhip between them is the more likely to be true, and unmixed with too much ſelf-regard. One may add to this, that ſuch a friendſhip is of greater uſe and advantage to both; for the old man will grow gay and agreeable to pleaſe the young one; and the young man more diſcreet and prudent by the help of the old one: ſo it may prove a cure of thoſe epidemical diſeaſes of age and youth, fourneſs and madneſs. I hope you will not need many arguments to convince you of the poſſibility of this; one alone abundantly ſatisfies me, and convinces to the heart, which is, that * young as I am, and old as you are, I am your entirely affectionate, &c.

* Mr. Wycherley was at this time about ſeventy years old, Mr. Pope under ſeventeen. P.

LET-

LETTER VII.

June 23, 1705.

I Should believe myſelf happy in your good opinion, but that you treat me ſo much in a ſtyle of compliment. It hath been obſerved of women, that they are more ſubject in their youth to be touched with vanity, than men, on account of their being generally treated this way; but the weakeſt women are not more weak than that claſs of men, who are thought to pique themſelves upon their Wit. The world is never wanting, when a coxcomb is accompliſhing himſelf, to help to give him the finiſhing ſtroke.

Every man is apt to think his neighbour overſtock'd with vanity, yet, I cannot but fancy there are certain times, when moſt people are in a diſpoſition of being informed; and 'tis incredible what a vaſt good a little truth might do, ſpoken in ſuch ſeaſons. A ſmall alms will do a great kindneſs, to people in extreme neceſſity.

I could name an acquaintance of yours, who would at this time think himſelf more obliged to you for the information of his faults, than the confirmation of his follies. If you would make thoſe the ſubject of a letter, it might be as long as I could wiſh your letters always were.

I do not wonder you have hitherto found ſome difficulty (as you are pleaſed to ſay) in writing to me, ſince you have always choſen the taſk of commending me: take but the other way, and, I dare engage, you will find none at all.

As for my verſes, which you praiſe ſo much, I may truly ſay they have never been the cauſe of any vanity in me, except what they gave me when they firſt occaſioned my acquaintance with you. But I have ſeveral times ſince been in danger of this vice;

as often, I mean, as I received any letters from you. 'Tis certain, the greateſt magnifying glaſſes in the world are a man's own eyes when they look upon his own perſon; yet even in thoſe, I cannot fancy myſelf ſo extremely like Alexander the great, as you would perſuade me. If I muſt be like him, 'tis you will make me ſo, by complimenting me into a better opinion of myſelf than I deſerve: They made him think he was the ſon of Jupiter, and you aſſure me I am a man of parts. But is this all you can ſay to my honour? you ſaid ten times as much before, when you call'd me your friend. After having made me believe I poſſeſs'd a ſhare in your affection, to treat me with compliments and ſweet ſayings, is like the proceeding with poor Sancho Panca: they perſuaded him that he enjoyed a great dominion, and then gave him nothing to ſubſiſt upon but wafers and marmalade. In our days the greateſt obligation you can lay upon a Wit, is to make a fool of him. For as when madmen are found incurable, wiſe men give them their way, and pleaſe them as well as they can; ſo when thoſe incorrigible things, Poets, are once irrecoverably be-mus'd, the beſt way both to quiet them, and ſecure yourſelf from the effects of their frenzy, is to feed their vanity; which indeed, for the moſt part, is all that is fed in a poet.

You may believe me, I could be heartily glad that all you ſay were as true, applied to me, as it would be to yourſelf, for ſeveral weighty reaſons; but for none ſo much as that I might be to you what you deſerve; whereas I can now be no more than is conſiſtent with the ſmall tho' utmoſt capacity of &c.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

Oct. 26, 1705.

I Have now changed the ſcene from the town to the country; from Will's coffee-houſe to Windſor-foreſt. I find no other difference than this, betwixt the common town-wits, and the downright country fools; that the firſt are pertly in the wrong, with a little more flouriſh and gayety; and the laſt neither in the right nor the wrong, but confirmed in a ſtupid ſettled medium betwixt both. However, methinks, theſe are moſt in the right, who quietly and eaſily reſign themſelves over to the gentle reign of dulneſs, which the Wits muſt do at laſt, tho' after a great deal of noiſe, and reſiſtance. Ours are a ſort of modeſt inoffenſive people, who neither have ſenſe, nor pretend to any, but enjoy a jovial ſort of dulneſs: They are commonly known in the world by the name of honeſt, civil gentlemen: They live, much as they ride, at random; a kind of hunting life, purſuing with earneſtneſs and hazard ſomething not worth the catching; never in the way, nor out of it. I can't but prefer ſolitude to the company of all theſe; for tho' a man's ſelf may poſſibly be the worſt fellow to converſe with in the world, yet one would think the company of a perſon whom we have the greateſt regard to and affection for, could not be very unpleaſant. As a man in love with a miſtreſs, deſires no converſation but hers, ſo a man in love with himſelf (as moſt men are) may be beſt pleaſed with his own. Beſides, if the trueſt and moſt uſeful knowledge be the knowledge of ourſelves, ſolitude, conducing moſt to make us look into ourſelves, ſhould be the moſt inſtructive ſtate of life. We ſee nothing more commonly, than men, who for the ſake of the circumſtantial part and mere outſide of life, have been half

their days rambling out of their nature, and ought to be ſent into ſolitude to ſtudy themſelves over again. People are uſually ſpoiled, inſtead of being taught, at their coming into the world; whereas by being more converſant with Obſcurity, without any pains, they would naturally follow what they were meant for. In a word, if a man be a coxcomb, Solitude is his beſt School; and if he be a fool, it is his beſt Sanctuary.

Theſe are good reaſons for my own ſtay here, but I wiſh I could give you any for your coming hither, except that I earneſtly invite you. And yet I can't help ſaying I have ſuffered a great deal of diſcontent that you do not come, tho' I ſo little merit that you ſhould.

I muſt complain of the ſhortneſs of your laſt. Thoſe who have moſt wit, like thoſe who have moſt money, are generally moſt ſparing of either.

LETTER IX.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 5, 1705.

YOurs of the 26th of October I have received, as I have always done yours, with no little ſatisfaction, and am proud to diſcover by it, that you find fault with the ſhortneſs of mine, which I think the beſt excuſe for it: And tho' they (as you ſay) who have moſt wit or money are moſt ſparing of either; there are ſome who appear poor to be thought rich, and are poor, which is my caſe. I cannot but rejoice, that you have undergone ſo much diſcontent for want of my company; but if you have a mind to puniſh me for my fault (which I could not help) defer your coming to town, and you will do it effectually.

fectually. But I know your charity always exceeds your revenge, ſo that I will not deſpair of ſeeing you, and, in return to your inviting me to your foreſt, invite you to my foreſt, the town; where the beaſts that inhabit, tame or wild, of long ears or horns, purſue one another either out of love or hatred. You may have the pleaſure to ſee one pack of blood-hounds purſue another herd of brutes, to bring each other to their fall, which is their whole ſport: Or if you affect a leſs bloody chace, you may ſee a pack of ſpaniels, called lovers, in a hot purſuit of a two-legged vixen, who only flies the whole loud pack to be ſingled out by one dog, who runs mute to catch her up the ſooner from the reſt, as they are making a noiſe to the loſs of their game. In fine, this is the time for all ſorts of ſport in the town, when thoſe of the country ceaſe; therefore leave your foreſt of beaſts for ours of brutes, called men, who now in full cry (pack'd by the court or country) run down in the houſe of commons a deſerted horned beaſt of the Court, to the ſatisfaction of their ſpectators: Beſides, (more for your diverſion) you may ſee not only the two great play-houſes of the nation, thoſe of the lords and commons, in diſpute with one another; but the two other play-houſes in high conteſt, becauſe the members of one houſe are removed up to t'other, as it is often done by the court for reaſons of ſtate. Inſomuch that the lower houſes, I mean the play-houſes, are going to act tragedies on one another without doors, and the Sovereign is put to it (as it often happens in the other two houſes) to ſilence one or both, to keep peace between them. Now I have told you all the news of the town.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER X.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Feb. 5, 1705-6.

I Have receiv'd your kind letter, with my paper * to Mr. Dryden corrected. I own you have made more of it by making it leſs, as the Dutch are ſaid to burn half the ſpices they bring home, to inhance the price of the remainder, ſo to be greater gainers by their loſs, (which is indeed my caſe now.) You have prun'd my fading lawrels of ſome ſuperfluous, ſapleſs, and dead branches, to make the remainder live the longer; thus, like your maſter Apollo, you are at once a poet and a phyſician.

Now, Sir, as to my impudent invitation of you to the town, your good nature was the firſt cauſe of my confident requeſt; but excuſe me, I muſt (I ſee) ſay no more upon this ſubject, ſince I find you a little too nice to be dealt freely with; tho' you have given me ſome encouragement to hope, our friendſhip might be without ſhyneſs, or criminal modeſty; for a friend, like a miſtreſs, tho' he is not to be mercenary, to be true, yet ought not to refuſe a friend's kindneſs becauſe it is ſmall or trivial: I have told you (I think) what a Spaniſh lady ſaid to her poor poetical gallant, that a Queen if ſhe had to do with a groom, would expect a mark of his kindneſs from him, tho' it were but his curry-comb. But you and I will diſpute this matter when I am ſo happy as to ſee you here; and perhaps 'tis the only diſpute in which I might hope to have the better of you.

Now, Sir, to make you another excuſe for my boldneſs in inviting you to town, I deſign'd to leave

* The ſame which was printed in the year 1717, in a miſcellany of Bern. Lintot's, and in the poſthumous works of Mr. Wycherley. P.

with

with you ſome more of my papers, (ſince theſe return ſo much better out of your hands than they went from mine) for I intended (as I told you formerly) to ſpend a month, or ſix weeks this ſummer, near you in the country. You may be aſſured there is nothing I deſire ſo much, as an improvement of your friendſhip.

LETTER XI.

April 10, 1706.

BY one of yours of the laſt month, you deſire me to ſelect, if poſſible, ſome things from the * firſt volume of your Miſcellanies, which may be alter'd ſo as to appear again. I doubted your meaning in this; whether it was to pick out the beſt of thoſe verſes (as thoſe on the Idleneſs of buſineſs, on Ignorance, on Lazineſs, &c.) to make the method and numbers exact, and avoid repetitions? For tho' (upon reading 'em on this occaſion) I believe, they might receive ſuch an alteration with advantage; yet they would not be changed ſo much, but any one would know 'em for the ſame at firſt ſight. Or if you mean to improve the worſt pieces? which are ſuch, as, to render them very good, would require great addition, and almoſt the entire new writing of them. Or, laſtly, if you mean the middle ſort, as the Songs and Love-verſes? For theſe will need only to be ſhortened, to omit repetition; the words remaining very little different from what they were before. Pray let me know your mind in this, for I am utterly at a loſs. Yet I have try'd what I could do to ſome of the ſongs, and the poems on Lazineſs and Ignorance, but can't (even in my own partial judgment) think my alterations much to the purpoſe.

* Printed in folio, in the year 1704.

So

So that I muſt needs deſire you would apply your care wholly at preſent to thoſe which are yet unpubliſhed, of which there are more than enough to make a conſiderable volume, of full as good ones, nay, I believe, of better than any in Vol. I. which I could wiſh you would defer, at leaſt 'till you have finiſh'd theſe that are yet unprinted.

I ſend you a ſample of ſome few of theſe; namely, the verſes to Mr. Waller in his old age; your new ones on the Duke of Marlborough, and two others. I have done all that I thought could be of advantage to them: ſome I have contracted, as we do ſun-beams, to improve their energy and force: ſome I have taken quite away, as we take branches from a tree, to add to the fruit; others I have entirely new expreſs'd, and turn'd more into poetry. Donne (like one of his ſucceſſors) had infinitely more wit than he wanted verſification: for the great dealers of wit, like thoſe in trade, take leaſt pains to ſet off their goods; while the haberdaſhers of ſmall wit, ſpare for no decorations or ornaments. You have commiſſion'd me to paint your ſhop, and I have done my beſt to bruſh you up like your neighbours *. But I can no more pretend to the merit of the production, than a midwife to the virtues and good qualities of the child ſhe helps into the light.

The few things I have entirely added, you will excuſe; you may take them lawfully for your own, becauſe they are no more than ſparks lighted up by your fire: and you may omit them at laſt, if you think them but ſquibs in your triumphs.

I am, &c.

* Several of Mr. Pope's lines, very eaſy to be diſtinguiſhed, may be found in the Poſthumous Editions of Wycherley's Poems: particularly in thoſe *on Solitude, on the Public*, and *on the Mixed life*.

LETTER XII.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 11, 1707.

I Receiv'd yours of the 9th yeſterday, which has (like the reſt of your letters) at once pleas'd and inſtructed me; ſo that, I aſſure you, you can no more write too much to your abſent friends, than ſpeak too much to the preſent. This is a truth that all men own who have either ſeen your writings, or heard your diſcourſe; enough to make others ſhow their judgment, in ceaſing to write or talk, eſpecially to you, or in your company. However, I ſpeak or write to you, not to pleaſe you, but myſelf; ſince I provoke your anſwers; which whilſt they humble me, give me vanity; tho' I am leſſened by you even when you commend me: ſince you commend my little ſenſe with ſo much of yours, that you put me out of countenance, whilſt you would keep me in it. So that you have found a way (againſt the cuſtom of great wits) to ſhew even a great deal of good-nature with a great deal of good ſenſe.

I thank you for the book you promis'd me, by which I find you would not only correct my lines, but my life.

As to the damn'd verſes I entruſted you with, I hope you will let them undergo your purgatory, to ſave them from other people's damning them: ſince the critics, who are generally the firſt damn'd in this life, like the damn'd below, never leave to bring thoſe above them under their own circumſtances. I beg you to peruſe my papers, and ſelect what you think beſt or moſt tolerable, and look over them again; for I reſolve ſuddenly to print ſome of them, as a harden'd old gameſter will (in ſpite of all former

mer ill uſage by fortune) puſh on an ill hand in expectation of recovering himſelf; eſpecially ſince I have ſuch a *Croupier* or Second to ſtand by me as Mr. Pope.

LETTER XIII.

Nov. 20, 1707.

MR. Englefyld being upon his journey to London, tells me I muſt write to you by him, which I do, not more to comply with his deſire, than to gratify my own; tho' I did it ſo lately by the meſſenger you ſent hither: I take it too as an opportunity of ſending you the fair copy of the poem* on Dulneſs, which was not then finiſh'd, and which I ſhould not care to hazard by the common poſt. Mr. Englefyld is ignorant of the contents, and I hope your prudence will let him remain ſo, for my ſake no leſs than your own: ſince if you ſhould reveal any thing of this nature, it would be no wonder reports ſhould be rais'd, and there are thoſe (I fear) who would be ready to improve them to my diſadvantage. I am ſorry you told the great man, whom you met in the court of requeſts, that your papers were in my hands; no man alive ſhall ever know any ſuch thing from me; and I give you this warning beſides, that tho' yourſelf ſhould ſay I had any ways aſſiſted you, I am notwithſtanding reſolv'd to deny it.

The method of the copy I ſend you is very different from what it was, and much more regular:

* The original of it in blots, and with figures of the References from copy to copy, in Mr. Pope's hand, is yet extant, among other ſuch Broüillons of Mr. Wycherley's poems, corrected by him. P.

for the better help of your memory, I desire you to compare it by the figures in the margin, answering to the same in this letter. The poem is now divided into four parts, mark'd with the literal figures 1. 2. 3. 4. The first contains the Praise of Dulness, and shews how upon several suppositions it passes for 1. religion. 2. philosophy. 3. example. 4. wit. and 5. the cause of wit, and the end of it. The second part contains the Advantages of Dulness; 1st, in business; and 2dly, at Court; where the similitudes of the Byas of a bowl, and the Weights of a clock, are directly tending to the subject, tho' introduced before in a place where there was no mention made of those advantages (which was your only objection to my adding them.) The third contains the Happiness of Dulness in all stations, and shews in a great many particulars, that it is so fortunate as to be esteem'd some good quality or other in all sorts of people; that it is thought quiet, sense, caution, policy, prudence, majesty, valour, circumspection, honesty, &c. The fourth part I have wholly added, as a climax which sums up all the praise, advantage, and happiness of Dulness in a few words, and strengthens them by the opposition of the disgrace, disadvantage, and unhappiness of Wit, with which it concludes *.

Tho' the whole be as short again as at first, there is not one thought omitted, but what is a repetition of something in your first volume, or in this very

* This is totally omitted in the present Edition: Some of the lines are these:

" Thus Dulness, the safe opiate of the mind,
" The last kind refuge weary wit can find;
" Fit for all stations, and in each content,
" Is satisfy'd, secure, and innocent;
" No pains it takes, and no offence it gives,
" Unfear'd, unhated, undisturb'd it lives, &c.

paper:

paper: ſome thoughts are contracted, where they ſeem'd encompaſs'd with too many words; and ſome new expreſs'd, or added, where I thought there wanted heightning, (as you'll ſee particularly in the Simile of the clock-weights †) and the verſification throughout is, I believe, ſuch as no body can be ſhock'd at. The repeated permiſſions you give me of dealing freely with you, will (I hope) excuſe what I have done: for if I have not ſpar'd you when I thought ſeverity would do you a kindneſs, I have not mangled you where I thought there was no abſolute need of amputation. As to particulars, I can ſatisfy you better when we meet; in the mean time pray write to me when you can, you cannot too often.

LETTTER XIV.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 22, 1707.

YOU may ſee by my ſtyle, I had the happineſs and ſatisfaction to receive yeſterday, by the hands of Mr. Englefyld, your extreme kind and obliging letter of the 20th of this month; which,

† It was originally thus expreſs'd:

"As Clocks run faſteſt when moſt lead is on."

in a Letter of Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley, dated April 3, 1705, and in a Paper of verſes of his, To the Author of a poem called Succeſſio, which got out in a Miſcellany in 1712, three years before Mr. Wycherley died, and two after he had laid aſide the whole deſign of publiſhing any poems. P.

Theſe two ſimiles of the *Biaſs of a Bowl*, and the *Weights of a Clock* were at length put into the firſt book of the *Dunciad*. And thus we have the hiſtory of their birth, fortunes, and final eſtabliſhment.

like all the reſt of yours, did at once mortify me, and make me vain; ſince it tells me with ſo much more wit, ſenſe, and kindneſs than mine can expreſs, that my letters are always welcome to you. So that even whilſt your kindneſs invites me to write to you, your wit and judgment forbid me; ſince I may return you a letter, but never an anſwer.

Now, as for my owning your aſſiſtance to me, in over-looking my unmuſical numbers, and harſher ſenſe, and correcting them both with your genius, or judgment; I muſt tell you I always own it (in ſpite of your unpoetic modeſty) who would do with your friendſhip as your charity; conceal your bounty to magnify the obligation; and even whilſt you lay on your friend the favour, acquit him of the debt; but that ſhall not ſerve your turn; I will always own, 'tis my infallible Pope has, or would redeem me from a poetical damning, the ſecond time; and ſave my rhimes from being condemn'd to the critics flames to all eternity; but (by the faith you profeſs) you know your works of ſupererogation, transferr'd upon an humble, acknowledging ſinner, may ſave even him: having good works enough of your own beſides, to enſure yours, and their immortality.

And now for the pains you have taken to recommend my Dulneſs, by making it more methodical, I give you a thouſand thanks; ſince true and natural dulneſs is ſhown more by its pretence to form and method, as the ſprightlineſs * of wit by its deſpiſing both. I thank you a thouſand times for your repeated invitations to come to Binfield: You will find, it will be as hard for you to get quit of my

* By *ſprightlineſs* he muſt mean, *extravagance of wit*. For ſober wit would no more deſpiſe *method* than it would deſpiſe *words*, or any other vehicle it uſes, to make itſelf ſeen to advantage.

mercenary

mercenary kindneſs to you, as it would for me to deſerve, or return to yours; however, it ſhall be the endeavour of my future life, as it will be to demonſtrate myſelf

Your, &c.

LETTER XV.

Nov. 29, 1707.

THE compliments you make me, in regard of any inconſiderable ſervice I could do you, are very unkind, and do but tell me in other words, that my friend has ſo mean an opinion of me, as to think I expect acknowledgments for trifles: which upon my faith I ſhall equally take amiſs, whether made to myſelf, or any other. For God's ſake (my dear friend) think better of me, and believe I deſire no ſort of favour ſo much, as that of ſerving you more conſiderably than I have been yet able to do.

I ſhall proceed in this manner with ſome others of your pieces; but ſince you deſire I would not deface your copy for the future, and only mark the repetitions; I muſt, as ſoon as I've mark'd theſe, tranſcribe what is left on another paper; and in that, blot, alter, and add all I can deviſe, for their improvement. For you are ſenſible, the omiſſion of Repetitions is but one, and the eaſieſt part, of yours and my deſign; there remaining beſides to rectify the Method, to connect the Matter, and to mend the Expreſſion and Verſification. I will go next upon the poems of Solitude, on the Public, and on the mixt Life; the bill of Fare; the praiſes of Avarice, and ſome others.

I muſt take notice of what you ſay, of "my "pains to make your dulneſs methodical;" and of your hint, "that the ſprightlineſs of wit deſpiſes

"method." This is true enough, if by wit you mean no more than fancy or conceit; but in the better notion of wit, conſider'd as propriety, ſurely method is not only neceſſary for perſpicuity and harmony of parts, but gives beauty even to the minute and particular thoughts, which receive an additional advantage from thoſe which precede or follow in their due place. You remember a ſimile Mr. Dryden us'd in converſation, of feathers in the crowns of the wild Indians, which they not only chuſe for the beauty of their colours, but place them in ſuch a manner as to reflect a luſtre on each other. I will not diſguiſe any of my ſentiments from you: to methodize in your caſe, is full as neceſſary as to ſtrike out; otherwiſe you had better deſtroy the whole frame, and reduce them into ſingle thoughts in proſe, like Rochefoucault, as I have more than once hinted to you.

LETTER XVI.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Feb. 28, 1607-8.

I Have had yours of the 23d of this inſtant, for which I give you many thanks, ſince I find by it, that even abſence (the uſual bane of love or friendſhip) cannot leſſen yours, no more than mine. As to your hearing of my being ill, I am glad, and ſorry for the report: in the firſt place, glad that it was not true; and in the next, ſorry that it ſhould give you any diſturbance, or concern more than ordinary for me; for which, as well as your concern for my future well-being or life, I think myſelf moſt eternally oblig'd to you; aſſuring, your concern for either will make me more careful of both.

Yet

Yet for your ſake I love this life ſo well, that I ſhall the leſs think of the other; but 'tis in your power to enſure my happineſs in one and the other, both by your ſociety, and good example, ſo not only contribute to my felicity here, but hereafter.

Now as to your excuſe for the plainneſs of your ſtyle, I muſt needs tell you, that friendſhip is much more acceptable to a true friend than wit, which is generally falſe reaſoning; and a friend's reprimand often ſhews more friendſhip than his compliment: nay love, which is more than friendſhip, is often ſeen by our friend's correction of our follies or crimes. Upon this teſt of your friendſhip I intend to put you when I return to London, and thence to you at Binfield, which, I hope, will be within a month.

Next to the news of your good health, I am pleas'd with the good news of your going to print ſome of your poems, and proud to be known by them to the public for your friend; who intend (perhaps the ſame way) to be revenged of you for your kindneſs; by taking your name in vain in ſome of my future madrigals: yet ſo as to let the world know, my love or eſteem for you are no more poetic than my talent in ſcribling. But of all the arts of fiction, I deſire you to believe I want that of feigning friendſhip, and that I am ſincerely

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

May 13, 1708.

I Have receiv'd yours of the firſt of May. Your Paſtoral muſe outſhines in her modeſt and natural dreſs all Apollo's court-ladies, in their more artful, labour'd, and coſtly finery. Therefore I am glad to find by your letter you deſign your country-beauty of a muſe ſhall appear at court and in public: to out-ſhine all the farded, lewd, confident, affected Town-dowdies, who aim at being honour'd only to their ſhame: but her artful innocence (on the contrary) will gain more honour as ſhe becomes public; and, in ſpite of cuſtom, will bring modeſty again into faſhion, or at leaſt make her ſiſter-rivals of this age bluſh for ſpite, if not for ſhame. As for my ſtale, antiquated, poetical puſs, whom you would keep in countenance by ſaying ſhe has once been tolerable, and wou'd yet paſs muſter by a little licking over; it is true that (like moſt vain antiquated jades which have once been paſſable) ſhe yet affects youthfulneſs in her age, and would ſtill gain a few admirers (who the more ſhe ſeeks or labours for their liking, are but more her contemners.) Nevertheleſs ſhe is reſolved henceforth to be ſo cautious as to appear very little more in the world, except it be as an Attendant on your Muſe, or as a foil, not a rival to her wit, or fame: ſo that let your Country-gentlewoman appear when ſhe will in the world *,

* This, and what follows, is a full Confutation of John Dennis and others, who aſſerted that Mr. Pope wrote theſe verſes on himſelf (tho' publiſhed by Mr. Wycherley ſix years before his death.) We find here, it was a voluntary Act of his, promis'd before-hand, and

my

my old worn-out jade of a loſt reputation ſhall be her attendant into it, to procure her admirers; as an old whore, who can get no more friends of her own, bawds for others, to make ſport or pleaſure yet, one way or other, for mankind. I approve of your making Tonſon your muſe's introductor into the world, or maſter of the ceremonies, who has been ſo long a pimp, or gentleman-uſher to the Muſes.

I wiſh you good fortune; ſince a man with ſtore of wit, as ſtore of money, without the help of good fortune, will never be popular; but I wiſh you a great many admirers, which will be ſome credit to my judgment as well as your wit, who always thought you had a great deal, and am

Your, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

May 17, 1709.

I Muſt thank you for a book of your Miſcellanies, which Tonſon ſent me, I ſuppoſe, by your order; and all I can tell you of it is, that nothing has lately been better received by the public, than your part of it. You have only diſpleas'd the critics by pleaſing them too well; having not left them a word to ſay for themſelves, againſt you and your

written while Mr. Pope was abſent. The firſt Broüillon of thoſe verſes, and the ſecond Copy with corrections, are both yet extant in Mr. Wycherley's own hand: In another of his letters of May 18, 1708, are theſe words. "I have made a damn'd Compliment in verſe upon the "printing your Paſtorals, which you ſhall ſee when you "ſee me." P.

perform-

performances; ſo that, now your hand is in, you muſt perſevere, 'till my prophecies of you be fulfill'd. In earneſt, all the beſt judges of good ſenſe or poetry, are admirers of yours; and like your part of the book ſo well, that the reſt is lik'd the worſe. This is true upon my word, without compliment; ſo that your firſt ſucceſs will make you for all your life a poet, in ſpite of your wit; for poet's ſucceſs at firſt, like a gameſter's fortune at firſt, is like to make him a loſer at laſt, and to be undone by his good fortune and merit.

But hitherto your miſcellanies have ſafely run the gantlet, thro' all the coffee-houſes; which are now entertain'd with a whimſical new news-paper, call'd the TATLER, which I ſuppoſe you have ſeen. This is the neweſt thing I can tell you of, except it be of the Peace, which now (moſt people ſay) is drawing to ſuch a concluſion, as all Europe is, or muſt be ſatisfy'd with; ſo Poverty, you ſee, which makes peace in Weſtminſter-hall, makes it likewiſe in the camp or field, throughout the world. Peace then be to you, and to me, who am now grown peaceful, and will have no conteſt with any man, but him who ſays he is more your friend or humble ſervant, than

Your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

May 20, 1709.

I AM glad you receiv'd the * Miſcellany, if it were only to ſhow you that there are as bad poets in this nation as your ſervant. This modern cuſtom of appearing in miſcellanies, is very uſeful to the poets, who, like other thieves, eſcape by getting

* Jacob Tonſon's ſixth Vol. of Miſcellany Poems. P.

into

into a crowd, and herd together like Banditti, ſafe only in their multitude. Methinks Strada has given a good deſcription of theſe kind of collections; *Nullus hodie mortalium aut naſcitur, aut moritur, aut præliatur, aut ruſticatur, aut abit peregre, aut redit, aut nubit, aut eſt, aut non eſt, (nam etiam mortuis iſti canunt) cui non illi extemplo cudant Epicedia, Genethliaca, Protreptica, Panegyrica, Epithalamia, Vaticinia, Propemptica, Soterica, Paræneticæ, Nænias, Nugas.* As to the ſucceſs which, you ſay, my part has met with, it is to be attributed to what you was pleas'd to ſay of me to the world; which you do well to call your prophecy, ſince whatever is ſaid in my favour, muſt be a prediction of things that are not yet; you, like a true Godfather, engage on my part for much more than ever I can perform. My paſtoral Muſe, like other country girls, is but put out of countenance, by what you courtiers ſay to her; yet I hope you would not deceive me too far, as knowing that a young ſcribler's vanity needs no recruits from abroad: for nature, like an indulgent mother, kindly takes care to ſupply her ſons with as much of their own, as is neceſſary for their ſatisfaction. If my verſes ſhould meet with a few flying commendations, Virgil has taught me, that a young author has not too much reaſon to be pleas'd with them, when he conſiders that the natural conſequence of praiſe is envy and calumny.

—Si ultra placitum laudarit, baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

When once a man has appear'd as a poet, he may give up his pretenſions to all the rich and thriving arts: thoſe who have once made their court to thoſe miſtreſſes without portions, the Muſes, are never like to ſet up for fortunes. But for my part, I ſhall be ſatisfy'd if I can loſe my time agreeably this way, without loſing my reputation: as for gaining any,

I am

I am as indifferent in the matter as Falſtaffe was, and may ſay of fame as he did of honour, "If it comes, it comes unlook'd for; and there's an end on't." I can be content with a bare ſaving game, without being thought an eminent hand, (with which title Jacob has graciouſly dignify'd his adventurers and voluntiers in poetry.) Jacob creates poets, as Kings ſometimes do knights, not for their honour, but for their money. Certainly he ought to be eſteem'd a worker of miracles, who is grown rich by poetry.

What Authors loſe, their Bookſellers have won,
So Pimps grow rich, while Gallants are undone.

I am your, &c.

LETTER XX.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

May 26, 1709.

THE laſt I receiv'd from you was dated the 22d of May. I take your charitable hint to me very kindly, wherein you do like a true friend, and a true chriſtian, and I ſhall endeavour to follow your advice, as well as your example.—As for your wiſhing to ſee your friend an Hermit with you, I cannot be ſaid to leave the world, ſince I ſhall enjoy in your converſation all that I can deſire of it; nay, can learn more from you alone, than from my long experience of the great, or little vulgar in it.

As to the ſucceſs of your poems in the late miſcellany, which I told you of in my laſt; upon my word I made you no compliment, for you may be aſſur'd that all ſorts of readers like them, except they are writers too; but for them (I muſt needs ſay) the more they like them, they ought to be the leſs pleas'd with

with 'em: ſo that you do not come off with a bare ſaving game (as you call it) but have gain'd ſo much credit at firſt, that you muſt needs ſupport it to the laſt: ſince you ſet up with ſo great a ſtock of good ſenſe, judgment, and wit, that your judgment enſures all that your wit ventures at. The ſalt of your wit has been enough to give a reliſh to the whole inſipid hotch-potch it is mingled with; and you will make Jacob's Ladder raiſe you to immortality, by which others are turn'd off ſhamefully to their damnation (for poetic thieves as they are) who think to be ſav'd by others good works, how faulty ſoever their own are: but the coffee-houſe wits, or rather anti-wits the critics, prove their judgments by approving your wit; and even the news-mongers and poets will own, you have more invention than they; nay, the detracters or the envious, who never ſpeak well of any body (not even of thoſe they think well of in their abſence) yet will give you even in your abſence their good word; and the critics only hate you, for being forced to ſpeak well of you whether they will or no: All this is true upon the word of

Your, &c.

LETTER XXI.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Aug. 11, 1709.

MY letters, ſo much inferior to yours, can only make up their ſcarcity of ſenſe by their number of lines; which is like the Spaniards paying a debt of gold with a load of braſs money. But to be a *plain dealer*, I muſt tell you, I will revenge the raillery of your letters by printing them as Dennis

did mine) without your knowledge too, which would be a revenge upon your judgment for the raillery of your wit; for ſome dull rogues (that is the moſt in the world) might be ſuch fools as to think what you ſaid of me was in earneſt: It is not the firſt time, your great wits have gain'd reputation by their paradoxical or ironical praiſes; your forefathers have done it, Eraſmus and others. For all mankind who know me muſt confeſs, he muſt be no ordinary genius, or little friend, who can find out any thing to commend in me ſeriouſly; who have given no ſign of my judgment but my opinion of yours, nor mark of my wit, but my leaving off writing to the public now you are beginning to ſhew the world what you can do by yours: whoſe wit is as ſpiritual as your judgment infallible: in whoſe judgment I have an implicit faith, and ſhall always ſubſcribe to it to ſave my works, in this world, from the flames and damnation. — Pray, preſent my moſt humble ſervice to Sir William Trumbull; for whom and whoſe judgment I have ſo profound a reſpect, that his example had almoſt made me marry, more than my nephew's ill carriage to me; having once reſolv'd to have revenged myſelf upon him by my marriage, but now am reſolv'd to make my revenge greater upon him by His marriage.

LETTER XXII.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

April 1, 1710.

I Have had yours of the 30th of the laſt month, which is kinder than I deſire it ſhould be, ſince it tells me you could be better pleas'd to be ſick again in Town in my company, than to be well in the Country

Country without it; and that you are more impatient to be depriv'd of happineſs than of health. Yet, my dear friend, ſet raillery or compliment aſide, I can bear your abſence (which procures your health and eaſe) better than I can your company when you are in pain: for I cannot ſee you ſo without being ſo too. Your love to the country I do not doubt, nor do you (I hope) my love to it or you, ſince there I can enjoy your company without ſeeing you in pain to give me ſatisfaction and pleaſure; there I can have you without rivals or diſturbers; without the too civil, or the too rude: without the noiſe of the loud, or the cenſure of the ſilent: and wou'd rather have you abuſe me there with the truth, than at this diſtance with your compliment: ſince now, your buſineſs of a friend, and kindneſs to a friend, is by finding fault with his faults, and mending them by your obliging ſeverity. I hope (in point of your good-nature) you will have no cruel charity for thoſe papers of mine, you are ſo willing to be troubled with; which I take moſt infinitely kind of you, and ſhall acknowledge with gratitude as long as I live. No friend can do more for his friend than preſerving his reputation (nay, not by preſerving his life) ſince by preſerving his life he can only make him live about threeſcore or fourſcore years; but by preſerving his reputation, he can make him live as long as the world laſts; ſo ſave him from damning, when he is gone to the devil. Therefore, I pray, condemn me in private, as the Thieves do their accomplices in Newgate, to ſave them from condemnation by the public. Be moſt kindly unmerciful to my poetical faults, and do with my papers, as you country-gentlemen do with your trees, ſlaſh, cut, and lop off the excreſcencies, and dead parts of my wither'd bays, that the little remainder may live the longer, and increaſe

the value of them by diminiſhing the number. I have troubled you with my papers rather to give you pain than pleaſure, notwithſtanding your compliment, which ſays you take the trouble kindly: ſuch is your generoſity to your friends, that you take it kindly to be deſired by them to do them a kindneſs; and you think it done to you, when they give you an opportunity to do it them. Wherefore you may be ſure to be troubled with my letters out of intereſt, if not kindneſs; ſince mine to you will procure yours to me: ſo that I write to you more for my own ſake than yours; leſs to make you think I write well, than to learn from you to write better. Thus you ſee intereſt in my kindneſs, which is like the friendſhip of the world, rather to make a friend than be a friend; but I am yours, as a true Plain-dealer.

LETTER XXIII.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

April 11, 1710.

IF I can do part of my buſineſs at Shrewſbury in a fortnight's time (which I propoſe to do) I will be ſoon after with you, and trouble you with my company, for the remainder of the ſummer: in the mean time I beg you to give yourſelf the pains of altering, or leaving out what you think ſuperfluous in my papers, that I may endeavour to print ſuch a number of them as you and I ſhall think fit, about Michaelmas next. In order to which (my dear friend) I beg you to be ſo kind to me, as to be ſevere to them; that the critics may be leſs ſo; for I had rather be condemn'd by my friend in private,

than expos'd to my foes in public, the critics, or common judges, who are made ſuch by having been old offenders themſelves. Pray, believe I have as much faith in your friendſhip and ſincerity, as I have deference to your judgment; and as the beſt mark of a friend is telling his friends his faults in private, ſo the next is concealing them from the public, 'till they are fit to appear. In the mean time I am not a little ſenſible of the great kindneſs you do me, in the trouble you take for me, in putting my Rhimes in tune, ſince good ſounds ſet off often ill ſenſe, as the Italian ſongs, whoſe good airs, with the worſt words or meaning, make the beſt muſic; ſo by your tuning my Welch harp, my rough ſenſe may be the leſs offenſive to the nicer ears of thoſe critics, who deal more in ſound than ſenſe. Pray then take pity at once both of my readers and me, in ſhortning my barren abundance, and increaſing their patience by it, as well as the obligations I have to you: And ſince no madrigaller can entertain the head, unleſs he pleaſes the ear; and ſince the crowded Operas have left the beſt Comedies with the leaſt audiences, 'tis a ſign ſound can prevail over ſenſe; therefore ſoften my words, and ſtrengthen my ſenſe, and

Eris mihi magnus Apollo.

LETTER XXIV.

April 15, 1710.

I Receiv'd your moſt extreme kind letter but juſt now. It found me over thoſe papers you mention, which have been my employment ever ſince Eaſter-monday: I hope before Michaelmas to have diſcharg'd my taſk; which, upon the word of a

friend, is the moſt pleaſing one I could be put upon. Since you are ſo near going into Shropſhire, (whither I ſhall not care to write of this matter for fear of the miſcarriage of any letters) I muſt deſire your leave to give you a plain and ſincere account of what I have found from a more ſerious app'ication to them. Upon compariſon with the former volume, I find much more repeated than I till now imagin'd, as well as in the preſent volume, which, if (as you told me laſt) you would have me daſh over with a line, will deface the whole copy extremely, and to a degree that (I fear) may diſpleaſe you. I have every where mark'd in the margins the page and line, both in this and the other part. But if you order me not to croſs the lines, or would any way elſe limit my commiſſion, you will oblige me by doing it in your next letter; for I am at once equally fearful of ſparing you, and of offending you by too impudent a correction. Hitherto however I have croſs'd 'em ſo as to be legible, becauſe you bade me. When I think all the repetitions are ſtruck out in a copy, I ſometimes find more upon dipping in the firſt volume, and the number encreaſes ſo much, that, I believe, more ſhortning will be requiſite than you may be willing to bear with, un'eſs you are in good earneſt reſolv'd to have no thought repeated. Pray, forgive this freedom, which as I muſt be ſincere in this caſe ſo I could not but take; and let me know if I am to go on at this rate, or if you would preſcribe any other method.

I am very glad you continue your reſolution of ſeeing me in my Hermitage this ſummer; the ſooner you return, the ſooner I ſhall be happy, which indeed my want of any company that is entertaining or eſteemable, together with frequent infirmities and pains, hinder me from being in your abſence. 'Tis (I am ſure) a real truth, that my ſickneſs cannot

make me quite weary of myſelf when I have you with me; and I ſhall want no company but yours, when you are here.

You ſee how freely and with how little care I ta'k rather than write to you: this is one of the many advantages of friendſhip, that one can ſay to one's friend the things that ſtand in need of pardon, and at the ſame time be ſure of it. Indeed I do not know whether or no the letters of friends are the worſe for being fit for none elſe to read. 'Tis an argument of the truſt repoſed in a friend's good-nature, when one writes ſuch things to him as require a good portion of it. I have experienced yours ſo often and ſo long, that I can now no more doubt of the greatneſs of it, than I hope you do of the greatneſs of my affection, or of the ſincerity with which I am, &c.

LETTER XXV,

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

April 27, 1710.

YOU give me an account in your letter of the trouble you have undergone for me, in comparing my papers you took down with you, with the old printed volume, and with one another, of that bundle you have in your hands; amongſt which, (you ſay) you find numerous Repetitions of the ſame thoughts and ſubjects; all which, I muſt confeſs, my want of memory has prevented me from imagining, as well as made me capable of committing: ſince, of all figures, that of Tautology is the laſt I would uſe, or leaſt forgive myſelf for. But ſeeing is believing; wherefore I will take ſome pains

to examine and compare thoſe papers in your hands with one another, as well as with the former printed copies, or books of my damn'd Miſcellanies; all which (as bad a memory as I have) with a little more pains and care I think I can remedy. Therefore I would not have you give yourſelf more trouble about them, which may prevent the pleaſure you have, and may give the world in writing upon new ſubjects of your own, whereby you will much better entertain yourſelf and others. Now as to your remarks upon the whole volume of my papers; all that I deſire of you is to mark in the margin (without defacing the copy at all) either any repetition of words, matter, or ſenſe, or any thoughts, or words too much repeated; which if you will be ſo kind as to do for me, you will ſupply my want of Memory with your good one, and my deficiencies of ſenſe, with the infallibility of yours; which if you do, you will moſt infinitely oblige me, who almoſt repent the trouble I have given you, ſince ſo much. Now as to what you call freedom with me, (which you deſire me to forgive) you may be aſſur'd I would not forgive you unleſs you did uſe it; for I am ſo far from thinking your plainneſs an offence to me, that I think it a charity and an obligation; which I ſhall always acknowledge, with all ſort of gratitude to you for it; who am, &c.

All the news I have to ſend you, is, that poor Mr. Betterton is going to make his Exit from the ſtage of this world, the Gout being gotten up into his head, and (as the Phyſicians ſay) will certainly carry him off ſuddenly.

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LETTER XXVI.

May 2, 1710.

I AM ſorry you perſiſt to take ill my not accepting your invitation, and to find (if I miſtake not) your exception not unmix'd with ſome ſuſpicion. Be certain I ſhall moſt carefully obſerve your requeſt, not to croſs over, or deface the copy of your papers for the future, and only to mark in the margin the Repetitions. But as this can ſerve no further than to get rid of thoſe repetitions, and no way rectify the Method, or connect the Matter, nor improve the Poetry in expreſſion or numbers, without further blotting, adding, and altering; ſo it really is my opinion and deſire, that you ſhould take your papers out of my hands into your own, and that no alterations may be made but when both of us are preſent; when you may be ſatisfied with every blot, as well as every addition, and nothing be put upon the papers but what you ſhall give your own ſanction and aſſent to, at the ſame time.

Do not be ſo unjuſt, as to imagine from hence that I would decline any part of this taſk; on the contrary you know, I have been at the pains of tranſcribing ſome pieces, at once to comply with your deſire of not defacing the copy, and yet to loſe no time in proceeding upon the correction. I will go on the ſame way, if you pleaſe; tho' truly it is (as I have often told you) my ſincere opinion, that the greater part would make a much better figure as Single Maxims and Reflections in proſe, after the manner of your favourite Rochefoucault, than in verſe *: And this, when nothing more is done but

* Mr. Wycherley lived five years after, to December, 1715, but little progreſs was made in this deſign, thro' his Old age, and the increaſe of his infirmities.

marking the repetitions in the margin, will be an eaſy taſk to proceed upon, notwithſtanding the bad Memory you complain of. I am unfeignedly, dear Sir, Your, &c.

A. POPE.

However, ſome of the Verſes, which had been touch'd by Mr. P. with CCCVIII of theſe Maxims in Proſe were found among his papers, which having the misfortune to fall into the hands of a Mercenary, were publiſhed in 1728 in octavo, under the Title of The Poſthumous Works of William Wycherley, Eſq; P.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

W. WALSH*, Esq.

From the Year 1705 to 1707.

LETTER I.

Mr. WALSH to Mr. WYCHERLEY.

April 20, 1705.

I Return you the †Papers you favour'd me with, and had sent them to you yesterday morning, but that I thought to have brought them to you last night myself. I have read them over several times with great satisfaction. The Preface is very judicious and very learned; and the Verses very tender and easy. The Author seems to have a parti-

* Of Abberley in Worcestershire, Gentleman of the Horse in Queen Anne's reign, Author of several beautiful pieces in Prose and Verse, and in the opinion of Mr. Dryden (in his Postscript to Virgil) the best Critic of our Nation in his time. P.

Mr. Walsh encouraged our Author much, and used to tell him, That there was one way of excelling yet left open for him, which was by *correctness:* that tho' we had several great poets, we had none that were *correct*; and therefore he advised him to make this his study.

† Mr. Pope's Pastorals. P.

cular

cular genius for that kind of poetry, and a Judgment that much exceeds the years you told me he was of. He has taken very freely from the ancients, but what he has mix'd of his own with theirs, is not inferior to what he has taken from them. 'Tis no flattery at all to say, that Virgil had written nothing so good at his age *. I shall take it as a favour if you will bring me acquainted with him: and if he will give himself the trouble any morning to call at my house, I shall be very glad to read the verses over with him, and give him my opinion of the particulars more largely than I can well do in this letter. I am, Sir, &c.

LETTER II.

Mr. WALSH to Mr. POPE.

June 24, 1706.

I Receiv'd the favour of your letter, and shall be very glad of the continuance of a correspondence by which I am like to be so great a gainer. I hope, when I have the happiness of seeing you again in London, not only to read over the verses I have now of yours, but more that you have written since; for I make no doubt but any one who writes so well, must write more. Not that I think the most voluminous poets always the best; I believe the contrary is rather true. I mention'd somewhat to you in London of a Pastoral Comedy, which I should be glad to hear you had thought upon since. I find Menage in his observations upon Tasso's Aminta, reckons up fourscore pastoral plays in Italian: and in looking over my old Italian books, I find a great many pastoral and piscatory plays, which, I suppose, Menage reckons together. I find

* Sixteen. P.

also

alſo by Menage, that Taſſo is not the firſt that writ in that kind, he mentioning another before him which he himſelf had never ſeen, nor indeed have I. But as the Aminta, Paſtor Fido, and Filli di Sciro of Bonarelli are the three beſt, ſo, I think, there is no diſpute but Aminta is the beſt of the three: not but that the diſcourſes in Paſtor Fido are more entertaining and copious in ſeveral people's opinion, tho' not ſo proper for paſtoral; and the fable of Bonarelli more ſurprizing. I do not remember many in other languages, that have written in this kind with ſucceſs. Racan's *Bergeries* are much inferior to his lyric poems; and the Spaniards are all too full of conceits. Rapin will have the deſign of paſtoral plays to be taken from the Cyclops of Euripides. I am ſure there is nothing of this kind in Engliſh worth mentioning, and therefore you have that field open to yourſelf. You ſee I write to you without any ſort of conſtraint or method, as things come into my head, and therefore uſe the ſame freedom with me, who am, &c.

LETTER III.

To Mr. WALSH.

Windſor-Foreſt, July 2, 1706.

I Cannot omit the firſt opportunity of making you my acknowledgments for reviewing thoſe papers of mine. You have no leſs right to correct me, than the ſame hand that rais'd a tree has to prune it. I am convinced as well as you, that one may correct too much; for in poetry, as in painting, a man may lay colours one upon another, till they ſtiffen and deaden the piece. Beſides, to beſtow heightening on every part is monſtrous: ſome parts ought to be

be lower than the reſt; and nothing looks more ridiculous than a work, where the thoughts, however different in their own nature, ſeem all on a level: 'tis like a meadow newly mown, where weeds, graſs, and flowers, are all laid even, and appear undiſtinguiſh'd. I believe too that ſometimes our firſt thoughts are the beſt, as the firſt ſqueezing of the grapes makes the fineſt and richeſt wine.

I have not attempted any thing of a Paſtoral comedy, becauſe, I think, the taſte of our age will not reliſh a poem of that ſort. People ſeek for what they call wit, on all ſubjects, and in all places; not conſidering that nature loves truth ſo well, that it hardly ever admits of flouriſhing: Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needleſs, but impairs what it would improve. There is a certain majeſty in ſimplicity which is far above all the quaintneſs of wit: inſomuch that the critics have excluded wit from the loftieſt poetry, as well as the loweſt, and forbid it to the Epic no leſs than the Paſtoral. I ſhould certainly diſpleaſe all thoſe who are charm'd with Guarini and Bonarelli, and imitate Taſſo not only in the ſimplicity of his Thoughts, but in that of the Fable too. If ſurpriſing diſcoveries ſhould have place in the ſtory of a paſtoral comedy, I believe it would be more agreeable to probability to make them the effects of chance than of deſign; intrigue not being very conſiſtent with that innocence, which ought to conſtitute a ſhepherd's character. There is nothing in all the Aminta (as I remember) but happens by mere accident; unleſs it be the meeting of Aminta with Sylvia at the fountain, which is the contrivance of Daphne; and even that is the moſt ſimple in the world: the contrary is obſervable in Paſtor Fido, where Coriſca is ſo perfect a miſtreſs of intrigue, that the plot could not have been brought to paſs without her. I am inclin'd to think the paſtoral

comedy

comedy has another disadvantage, as to the manners: its general design is to make us in love with the innocence of a rural life, so that to introduce shepherds of a vicious character must in some measure debase it; and hence it may come to pass, that even the virtuous characters will not shine so much, for want of being oppos'd to their contraries. These thoughts are purely my own, and therefore I have reason to doubt them: but I hope your judgment will set me right.

I would beg your opinion too as to another point: it is, how far the liberty of borrowing may extend? I have defended it sometimes by saying, that it seems not so much the perfection of sense *, to say things that had never been said before, as to express those best that have been said oftenest; and that writers, in the case of borrowing from others, are like trees which of themselves would produce only one sort of fruit, but by being grafted upon others may yield variety. A mutual commerce makes poetry flourish; but then poets, like merchants, should repay with something of their own what they take from others; not, like pyrates, make prize of all they meet. I desire you to tell me sincerely, if I have not stretch'd this licence too far in these Pastorals? I hope to become a critic by your precepts, and a poet by your example. Since I have seen your Eclogues, I cannot be much pleas'd with my own; however, you have not taken away all my vanity, so long as you give me leave to profess myself Yours, &c.

* He should rather have said, *the perfection of conception.*

LET-

LETTER IV.

From Mr. WALSH.

July 20, 1706.

I Had ſooner return'd you thanks for the favour of your letter, but that I was in hopes of giving you an account at the ſame time of my journey to Windſor; but I am now forced to put that quite off, being engaged to go to my corporation of Richmond in Yorkſhire. I think you are perfectly in the right in your notions of Paſtoral; but I am of opinion, that the redundancy of wit you mention, tho' 'tis what pleaſes the common people, is not what ever pleaſes the beſt judges. Paſtor Fido indeed has had more admirers than Aminta; but I will venture to ſay, there is a great deal of difference between the admirers of one and the other. Coriſca, which is a character generally admir'd by the ordinary judges, is intolerable in a Paſtoral; and Bonarelli's fancy of making his ſhepherdeſs in love with two men equally, is not to be defended, whatever pains he has taken to do it. As for what you aſk of the liberty of Borrowing; 'tis very evident the beſt Latin Poets have extended this very far; and none ſo far as Virgil, who is the beſt of them. As for the Greek Poets, if we cannot trace them ſo plainly, 'tis perhaps becauſe we have none before them; 'tis evident that moſt of them borrowed from Homer, and Homer has been accus'd of burning thoſe that wrote before him, that his thefts might not be diſcover'd. The beſt of the modern Poets in all languages, are thoſe that have the neareſt copied the Ancients. Indeed in all the common ſubjects of Poetry, the thoughts are ſo obvious (at leaſt if they are natural) that whoever writes laſt, muſt write things

things like what have been ſaid before: But they may as well applaud the Ancients for the arts of eating and drinking, and accuſe the moderns of having ſtolen thoſe inventions from them; it being evident in all ſuch caſes, that whoever liv'd firſt, muſt firſt find them out. 'Tis true, indeed, when

unus et alter
Aſſuitur pannus,

when there are one or two bright thoughts ſtolen, and all the reſt is quite different from it, a poem makes a very fooliſh figure: But when 'tis all melted down together, and the Gold of the Ancients ſo mix'd with that of the Moderns, that none can diſtinguiſh the one from the other, I can never find fault with it. I cannot however but own to you, that there are others of a different opinion, and that I have ſhewn your verſes to ſome who have made that objection to them. I have ſo much company round me while I write this, and ſuch a noiſe in my ears, that 'tis impoſſible I ſhould write any thing but nonſenſe, ſo muſt break off abruptly. I am, Sir,

Your moſt affectionate,
and moſt humble Servant.

LETTER V.

From Mr. WALSH.

Sept. 9, 1706.

AT my return from the North I receiv'd the favour of your letter, which had lain there till then. Having been abſent about ſix weeks, I read over your Paſtorals again, with a great deal of pleaſure, and to judge the better read Virgil's Eclogues, and

and Spenſer's Calendar, at the ſame time; and, I aſſure you, I continue the ſame opinion I had always of them. By the little hints you take upon all occaſions to improve them, 'tis probable you will make them yet better againſt winter; tho' there is a mean to be kept even in that too, and a man may correct his verſes till he takes away the true ſpirit of them; eſpecially if he ſubmits to the correction of ſome who paſs for great Critics, by mechanical rules, and never enter into the true deſign and Genius of an Author. I have ſeen ſome of theſe, that would hardly allow any one good Ode in Horace, who cry Virgil wants fancy, and that Homer is very incorrect. While they talk at this rate, one would think them above the common rate of mortals: but generally they are great admirers of Ovid and Lucan; and when they write themſelves, we find out all the myſtery. They ſcan their verſes upon their fingers; run after Conceits and glaring thoughts; their poems are all made up of Couplets, of which the firſt may be laſt, or the laſt firſt, without any ſort of prejudice to their works; in which there is no deſign, or method, or any thing natural or juſt. For you are certainly in the right, that in all writings whatſoever (not poetry only) nature is to be follow'd; and we ſhould be jealous of ourſelves for being fond of Similies, Conceits, and what they call ſaying fine Things. When we were in the North, my Lord Wharton ſhew'd me a letter he had receiv'd from a certain great General in Spain *; I told him I would by all means have that General recall'd, and ſet to writing here at home, for it was impoſſible that a man with ſo much Wit as he ſhew'd, could be fit to command an Army, or do any other buſineſs †. As for what you ſay of Expreſſion: 'tis

* The Earl of Peterborow.

† Mr. Walſh's Remark will be thought very innocent,

indeed the ſame thing to Wit, as Dreſs is to Beauty: I have ſeen many women over-dreſs'd, and ſeveral look better in a careleſs night-gown, with their hair about their ears, than Mademoiſelle Spanheim dreſs'd for a ball. I do not deſign to be in London till towards the parliament: then I ſhall certainly be there; and hope by that time you will have finiſh'd your Paſtorals as you would have them appear in the world, and particularly the third, of Autumn, which I have not yet ſeen. Your laſt Eclogue being upon the ſame ſubject as that of mine on Mrs. Tempeſt's Death, I ſhou'd take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the Memory of the ſame Lady, if they were not written for ſome particular Woman whom you would make immortal. You may take occaſion to ſhew the difference between Poets Miſtreſſes, and other mens. I only hint this, which you may either do, or let alone, juſt as you think fit. I ſhall be very much pleas'd to ſee you again in Town, and to hear from you in the mean time. I am, with very much eſteem,

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

Oct. 22, 1706.

AFTER the thoughts I have already ſent you on the ſubject of Engliſh Verſification, you deſire my opinion as to ſome farther particulars. There are indeed certain Niceties, which, tho' not much obſerved even by correct verſifiers, I cannot but think, deſerve to be better regarded.

when the reader is informed that it was made on the Earl of Peterborow, juſt before the glorious campaigns of Barcelona and Valentia. P.

1. It is not enough that nothing offends the ear, but a good poet will adapt the very Sounds, as well as Words, to the things he treats of. So that there is (if one may expreſs it ſo) a Style of Sound. As in deſcribing a gliding ſtream, the numbers ſhould run eaſy and flowing; in deſcribing a rough torrent or deluge, ſonorous and ſwelling, and ſo of the reſt. This is evident every where in Homer and Virgil, and no where elſe, that I know of, to any obſervable degree. The following examples will make this plain, which I have taken from *Vida*.

Molle viam tacito lapſu per levia radit.
Incedit tardo molimine ſubſidendo.
Luctantes ventos, tempeſtateſque ſonoras.
Immenſo cum præcipitans ruit Oceano Nox.
Telum imbelle ſine ictu, conjecit.
Tolle moras, cape ſaxa manu, cape robora, Paſtor.
Ferte citi flammas, data tela, repellite peſtem.

This, I think, is what very few obſerve in practice, and is undoubtedly of wonderful force in imprinting the image on the reader: We have one excellent example of it in our language, Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cæcilia's day, entitled, *Alexander's Feaſt*.

2. Every nice ear muſt (I believe) have obſerv'd, that in any ſmooth Engliſh verſe of ten ſyllables, there is naturally a *Pauſe* at the fourth, fifth, or ſixth ſyllable. It is upon theſe the ear reſts, and upon the judicious change and management of which depends the variety of verſification. For example,

At the fifth.
Where'er thy navy | ſpreads her canvaſs wings,
At the fourth.
Homage to thee | and peace to all ſhe brings.
At the ſixth.
Like tracts of leverets | in morning ſnow.

Now

Now I fancy, that, to preſerve an exact Harmony and Variety, the Pauſe at the 4th or 6th ſhould not be continued above three lines together, without the interpoſition of another; elſe it will be apt to weary the ear with one continued tone, at leaſt it does mine: That at the 5th runs quicker, and carries not quite ſo dead a weight, ſo tires not ſo much, tho' it be continued longer.

3. Another nicety is in relation to Expletives, whether words or ſyllables, which are made uſe of purely to ſupply a vacancy: *Do* before verbs plural is abſolutely ſuch; and it is not improbable but future refiners may explode *did* and *does* in the ſame manner, which are almoſt always uſed for the ſake of rhime. The ſame cauſe has occaſioned the promiſcuous uſe of *you* and *thou* to the ſame perſon, which can never ſound ſo graceful as either one or the other.

4. I would alſo object to the Irruption of Alexandrine verſes, of twelve ſyllables, which, I think, ſhould never be allow'd but when ſome remarkable beauty or propriety in them atones for the liberty: Mr. Dryden has been too free of theſe, eſpecially in his latter works. I am of the ſame opinion as to Triple Rhimes.

5. I could equally object to the Repetition of the ſame Rhimes within four or ſix lines of each other, as tireſome to the ear thro' their Monotony.

6. Monoſyllable Lines, unleſs very artfully managed, are ſtiff, or languiſhing: but may be beautiful to expreſs Melancholy, Slowneſs, or Labour.

7. To come to the Hiatus, or Gap between two words, which is caus'd by two vowels opening on each other (upon which you deſire me to be particular) I think the rule in this caſe is either to uſe the Cæſura, or admit the Hiatus, juſt as the ear is leaſt

ſhock'd by either: For the Cæſura ſometimes offends the ear more than the Hiatus itſelf, and our language is naturally overcharg'd with conſonants: As for example; If in this verſe,

The old have Int'reſt ever in their eye,

we ſhould ſay, to avoid the Hiatus,

But th' old have int'reſt.

The Hiatus which has the worſt effect, is when one word ends with the ſame vowel that begins the following; and next to this, thoſe vowels whoſe ſounds come neareſt to each other, are moſt to be avoided. O, A, or U, will bear a more full and graceful ſound than E, I, or Y. I know, ſome people will think theſe Obſervations trivial, and therefore I am glad to corroborate them by ſome great authorities, which I have met with in Tully and Quintilian. In the fourth book of Rhetoric to Herennius, are theſe words: *Fugiemus crebras vocalium concurſiones, quæ vaſtam atque hiantem reddunt orationem; ut hoc eſt, Baccæ æneæ amæniſſimæ impendebant.* And Quintilian, l. ix. cap. 4. *Vocalium concurſus cum accidit, hiat & interſiſtit, & quaſi laborat oratio. Peſſimæ longæ quæ eaſdem inter ſe literas committunt, ſonabunt: Præcipuus tamen erit hiatus earum quæ cavo aut patulo ore efferuntur.* E *plenior litera eſt*, I *anguſtior.* But he goes on to reprove the exceſs on the other hand of being too ſolicitous in this matter, and ſays admirably, *Neſcio an negligentia in hoc, aut ſolicitudo ſit pejor.* So likewiſe *Tully* (*Orator, ad Brut.*) *Theopompum reprehendunt, quod eas literas tanto opere fugerit, etſi idem magiſter ejus Socrates:* which laſt author, as Turnebus on Quintilian obſerves, has hardly one Hiatus in all his works. Quintilian tells us, that Tully and Demoſthenes did not much obſerve this nicety, tho' Tully himſelf ſays in his Orator, *Crebra iſta vocum concurſio, quam magna*

magna ex parte vitioſam, fugit Demoſthenes. If I am not miſtaken, Malherbe of all the moderns has been the moſt ſcrupulous in this point; and I think Menage in his obſervations upon him ſays, he has not one in his poems. To conclude, I believe the Hiatus ſhould be avoided with more care in poetry than in Oratory; and I would conſtantly try to prevent it, unleſs where the cutting it off is more prejudicial to the ſound than the Hiatus itſelf. I am, &c.

A. POPE.

Mr. Walſh died at forty-nine years old, in the year 1708, the year before the Eſſay on Criticiſm was printed, which concludes with his Elogy. P.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

H. CROMWELL, Esq.

From the Year 1708 to 1711.

LETTER I.

March 18, 1708.

I Believe it was with me when I left the Town, as it is with a great many men when they leave the World, whose loss itself they do not so much regret, as that of their friends whom they leave behind in it. For I do not know one thing for which I can envy London, but for your continuing there. Yet I guess you will expect me to recant this expression, when I tell you that Sappho (by which heathenish name you have christen'd a very orthodox Lady) did not accompany me into the Country. Well, you have your Lady in the Town still, and I have my Heart in the Country still, which being wholly unemploy'd as yet, has the more room in it for my friends, and does not want a corner at your ervice. You have extremely obliged me by your frankne s and kindness; and if I have abus'd it by too much freedom on my part, I hope you will attribute it to the natural openness of my temper, which hardly knows how to show Respect, where it feels Affection. I would

would love my Friend, as my Miſtreſs, without ceremony; and hope a little rough uſage ſometimes may not be more diſpleaſing to the one, than it is to the other.

If you have any curioſity to know in what manner I live, or rather loſe a life, Martial will inform you in one line:

Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, cœno, quieſco.

Every day with me is literally another yeſterday, for it is exactly the ſame: It has the ſame buſineſs, which is Poetry, and the ſame pleaſure, which is Idleneſs. A man might indeed paſs his time much better, but I queſtion if any man could paſs it much eaſier. If you will viſit our ſhades this ſpring, which I very much deſire, you may perhaps inſtruct me to manage my game more wiſely; but at preſent I am ſatisfy'd to trifle away my time any way, rather than let it ſtick by me; as ſhop-keepers are glad to be rid of thoſe goods at any rate, which would otherwiſe always be lying upon their hands.

Sir, if you will favour me ſometimes with your letters, it will be a great ſatisfaction to me on ſeveral accounts; and on this in particular, that it will ſhow me (to my comfort) that even a wiſe man is ſometimes very idle; for ſo you muſt needs be when you can find leiſure to write to

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

April 27, 1708.

I Have nothing to ſay to you in this letter; but I was reſolv'd to write to tell you ſo. Why ſhould not I content myſelf with ſo many great Examples of deep Divines, profound Caſuiſts, grave Philoſophers; who have written, not letters only, but whole

Tomes and voluminous Treatiſes about Nothing? Why ſhould a fellow like me, who all his life does nothing, be aſham'd to write nothing; and that to one who has nothing to do but to read it? But perhaps you'll ſay, the whole world has ſomething to do, ſomething to talk of, ſomething to wiſh for, ſomething to be employ'd about: But pray, Sir, caſt up the account, put all theſe ſomethings together, and what is the ſum total but juſt nothing? I have no more to ſay, but to deſire you to give my ſervice (that is nothing) to your friends, and to believe that I am nothing more than

Your, &c.

Ex nihilo nil fit. LUCR.

LETTER III.

May 10, 1708.

YOU talk of fame and glory, and of the great men of Antiquity: Pray, tell me, what are all your great dead men, but ſo many living letters? What a vaſt reward is here for all the ink waſted by Writers, and all the blood ſpilt by Princes? There was in old time one Severus a Roman Emperor. I dare ſay you never call'd him by any other name in your life: and yet in his days he was ſtyled Lucius, Septimius, Severus, Pius, Pertinax, Auguſtus, Parthicus, Adiabenicus, Arabicus, Maximus, and what not? What a prodigious waſte of letters has time made! what a number have here dropt off, and left the poor ſurviving ſeven unattended! For my own part, four are all I have to take care for; and I'll be judg'd by you if any man could live in leſs compaſs? Well, for the future I'll drown all high thoughts in the Lethe of cowſlip-wine; as for Fame, Renown, Reputation, take 'em Critics!

Tradam

Tradam protervis in Mare Criticum
Ventis.

If ever I ſeek for Immortality here, may I be damn'd, for there's not ſo much danger in a Poet's being damn'd:

Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd Poet lives and writes agen.

LETTER IV.

Nov. 1, 1708.

I Have been ſo well ſatisfied with the Country ever ſince I ſaw you, that I have not once thought of the Town, or enquir'd of any one in it beſides Mr. Wycherly and yourſelf. And from him I underſtand of your journey this ſummer into Leiceſterſhire; from whence I gueſs you are return'd by this time, to your old apartment in the widow's corner, to your old buſineſs of comparing Critics, and reconciling Commentators, and to your old diverſions of loſing a game at picquet with the ladies, and half a play, or a quarter of a play, at the theatre: where you are none of the malicious audience, but the chief of amorous ſpectators; and for the infirmity of one * ſenſe, which there, for the moſt part, could only ſerve to diſguſt you, enjoy the vigour of another, which raviſhes you.

[† *You know, when one ſenſe is ſuppreſt,*
It but retires into the reſt.

according to the poetical, not the learned, Dodwell; who has done one thing worthy of eternal memory; wrote two lines in his life that are not nonſenſe!]

* His hearing. P.
† Omitted by the Author in his own edition.

So

So you have the advantage of being entertain'd with all the beauty of the boxes, without being troubled with any of the dulneſs of the ſtage. You are ſo good a critic, that 'tis the greateſt happineſs of the modern Poets that you do not hear their works: and next, that you are not ſo arrant a critic, as to damn them (like the reſt) without hearing. But now I talk of thoſe critics, I have good news to tell you concerning myſelf, for which I expect you ſhould congratulate with me: It is that, beyond all my expectations, and far above my demerits, I have been moſt mercifully repriev'd by the ſovereign power of Jacob Tonſon, from being brought forth to public puniſhment; and reſpited from time to time from the hands of thoſe barbarous executioners of the Muſes, whom I was juſt now ſpeaking of. It often happens, that guilty Poets, like other guilty Criminals, when once they are known and proclaim'd, deliver themſelves into the hands of juſtice, only to prevent others from doing it more to their diſadvantage; and not out of any ambition to ſpread their fame, by being executed in the face of the world, which is a fame but of ſhort continuance. That Poet were a happy man who could but obtain a grant to preſerve his for ninety-nine years; for thoſe names very rarely laſt ſo many days, which are planted either in Jacob Tonſon's, or the Ordinary of Newgate's Miſcellanies.

I have an hundred things to ſay to you, which ſhall be deferr'd till I have the happineſs of ſeeing you in town, for the ſeaſon now draws on, that invites every body thither. Some of them I had communicated to you by letters before this, if I had not been uncertain where you paſs'd your time the laſt ſeaſon: So much fine weather, I doubt not, has given you all the pleaſure you could deſire from the country, and your own thoughts the beſt company in it. But nothing could allure Mr. Wycherley to

our foreſt, he continued (as you told me long ſince he would) an obſtinate lover of the town, in ſpite of friendſhip and fair weather. Therefore henceforward, to all thoſe conſiderable qualities I know you poſſeſs'd of, I ſhall add that of Prophecy. But I ſtill believe Mr. Wycherley's intentions were good, and am ſatisfied that he promiſes nothing, but with a real deſign to perform it: how much ſoever his other excellent qualities are above my imitation, his ſincerity, I hope, is not; and it is with the utmoſt that I am,

Sir, &c.

LETTER V.

Jan. 22, 1708-9.

I Had ſent you the inclos'd * papers before this time, but that I intended to have brought them myſelf, and afterwards could find no opportunity of ſending them without ſuſpicion of their miſcarrying; not, that they are of the leaſt value, but for fear ſome body might be fooliſh enough to imagine them ſo, and inquiſitive enough to diſcover thoſe faults which I (by your help) would correct. I therefore beg the favour of you to let them go no farther than your chamber, and to be very free of your remarks in the margins, not only in regard to the accuracy, but to the fidelity of the tranſlation; which I have not had time to compare with its original. And I deſire you to be the more ſevere, as it is much more criminal for me to make another ſpeak nonſenſe, than to do it in my own proper perſon. For your

* This was a tranſlation of the firſt book of Statius, done when the author was but fourteen years old, as appears by an advertiſement before the firſt edition of it in a miſcellany publiſh'd by B. Lintot, 8vo. 1711. P.

better

better help in comparing, it may be fit to tell you, that this is not an entire verſion of the firſt book. There is an omiſſion from the 168th line — *Jam murmura ſerpunt Plebis Agenoreæ* — to the 312th — *Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris* — (between theſe * two Statius has a deſcription of the council of the Gods, and a ſpeech of Jupiter; which contain a peculiar beauty and majeſty, and were left out for no other reaſon, but becauſe the conſequence of this machine appears not till the ſecond book.) The tranſlation goes on from thence to the words *Hic vero ambobus rabiem fortuna cruentam*, where there is an odd account of a battle at fiſty-cuffs between the two Princes on a very ſlight occaſion, and at a time when, one would think, the fatigue of their journey, in ſo tempeſtuous a night, might have render'd them very unfit for ſuch a ſcuffle. This I had actually tranſlated, but was very ill ſatisfied with it, even in my own words, to which an author cannot but be partial enough of conſcience; it was therefore omitted in this copy, which goes on above eighty lines farther, at the words — *Hic primum luſtrare oculis*, &c. — to the end of the book.

You will find, I doubt not, that Statius was none of the diſcreeteſt Poets, tho' he was the beſt verſifier next Virgil: In the very beginning he unluckily betrays his ignorance in the rules of Poetry (which Horace had already taught the Romans) when he aſks his Muſe where to begin his Thebaid, and ſeems to doubt whether it ſhould not be *ab ovo Ledæo*. When he comes to the ſcene of his Poem, and the prize in diſpute between the brothers, he gives us a very mean opinion of it — *Pugna eſt de paupere regno*. — Very different from the conduct of his maſter Virgil, who at the entrance of his poem informs his reader of

* Theſe he ſince tranſlated, and they are extant in the printed verſion. P.

the

the greatneſs of its ſubject.—*Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.* [Boſſu on Epic Poetry.] There are innumerable little faults in him, among which I cannot but take notice of one in this book, where, ſpeaking of the implacable hatred of the brothers, he ſays, *The whole world would be too ſmall a prize to repay ſo much impiety.*

Quid ſi peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emiſſus Eoo
Cardine, quem porta vergens proſpectat Ibera?

This was pretty well, one would think already, but he goes on.

Quaſque procul terras obliquo ſydere tangit
Avius, aut Boreæ gelidas, madidive tepentes
Igne Noti?

After all this, what could a Poet think of but Heaven itſelf for the prize! but what follows is aſtoniſhing.

Quid ſi Tyriæ Phrygiæve ſub unum
Convectentur opes?

I do not remember to have met with ſo great a fall in any antient author whatſoever. I ſhould not have inſiſted ſo much on the faults of this Poet, if I did not hope you would take the ſame freedom with, and revenge it upon his Tranſlator. I ſhall be extremely glad if the reading this can be any amuſement to you, the rather becauſe I had the diſſatisfaction to hear you have been confin'd to your chamber by an illneſs, which, I fear, was as troubleſome a companion as I have ſometimes been in the ſame place; where, if ever you found any pleaſure in my company, it muſt ſurely have been that, which moſt men take in obſerving the faults and follies of another; a pleaſure, which, you ſee, I take care to give you even in my abſence.

If you will oblige me at your leiſure with the confirmation of your recovery, under your own hand,

it

it will be extremely grateful to me, for next to the pleaſure of ſeeing my friends, is that I take in hearing from them; and in this particular I am beyond all acknowledgments obliged to our friend Mr. Wycherley. I know I need no apology to you for ſpeaking of him, whoſe example as I am proud of following in all things, ſo in nothing more than in profeſſing myſelf, like him,

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

March 7, 1709.

YOU had long before this been troubled with a letter from me, but that I deferred it till I could ſend you either the * Miſcellany, or my continuation of the verſion of Statius. The firſt I imagin'd you might have had before now, but ſince the contrary has happen'd, you may draw this moral from it, That authors in general are more ready to write nonſenſe than bookſellers are to publiſh it. I had I know not what extraordinary flux of rhyme upon me for three days together, in which time all the verſes you ſee added, have been written; which I tell you, that you may more freely be ſevere upon them. 'Tis a mercy I do not aſſault you with a number of original Sonnets and Epigrams, which our modern bards put forth in the ſpring-time, in as great abundance, as trees do bloſſoms, a very few whereof ever come to the fruit, and pleaſe no longer than juſt in their birth. They make no leſs haſte to bring their flowers of wit to the preſs, than gardeners to bring their other flowers to the market, which if they can't get off their hands in the morning are ſure to die before night. Thus the ſame

* Jacob Tonſon's ſixth volume of Poetical Miſcellanies, in which Mr. Pope's Paſtorals, and ſome verſions of Homer and Chaucer were firſt printed. P.

ſeaſon that furniſhes Covent-garden with thoſe noſegays you ſo delight in, ſupplies the *Muſes Mercury* and *Britiſh Apollo* (not to ſay *Jacob*'s Miſcellanies) with verſes. And it is the happineſs of this age, that the modern invention of printing poems for pence a-piece, has brought the noſegays of Parnaſſus to bear the ſame price; whereby the publick-ſpirited Mr. Henry Hills of Black-friars has been the cauſe of great eaſe and ſingular comfort to all the learned, who never over-abounding in tranſitory coin, ſhould not be diſcontented (methinks) even tho' poems were diſtributed gratis about the ſtreets, like Bunyan's ſermons and other pious treatiſes, uſually publiſh'd in a like volume and character.

The time now drawing nigh, when you uſe with Sappho to croſs the water in an evening to Spring-garden, I hope you will have a fair opportunity of raviſhing her:—I mean only (as Oldfox in the Plain-dealer ſays) thro' the ear, with your well-penn'd verſes. I wiſh you all the pleaſures which the ſeaſon and the nymph can afford; the beſt company, the beſt coffee, and the beſt news you can deſire: and what more to wiſh you than this, I do not know; unleſs it be a great deal of patience to read and examine the verſes I ſend you: I promiſe you in return a great deal of deference to your judgment, and an extraordinary obedience to your ſentiments for the future, (to which, you know, I have been ſometimes a little refractory.) If you will pleaſe to begin where you left off laſt, and mark the margins, as you have done in the pages immediately before (which you will find corrected to your ſenſe ſince your laſt peruſal) you will extremely oblige me, and improve my tranſlation. Beſides thoſe places which may deviate from the ſenſe of the author, it would be very kind in you to obſerve any deficiencies in the diction or numbers. The Hiatus in particular I would avoid as much as poſſible, to

which

which you are certainly in the right to be a profeſs'd enemy: tho', I confeſs, I could not think it poſſible at all times to be avoided by any writer, till I found by reading Malherbe lately, that there is ſcarce any throughout his poems. I thought your obſervation true enough to be paſs'd into a rule, but not a rule without exceptions, nor that ever it had been reduced to practice: But this example of one of the moſt correct and beſt of their Poets has undeceived me, and confirms your opinion very ſtrongly, and much more than Mr. Dryden's authority, who, tho' he made it a rule, ſeldom obſerv'd it.

Your, &c.

LETTER VII.

June 10, 1709.

I Have receiv'd part of the verſion of Statius, and return you my thanks for your remarks, which I think to be juſt, except where you cry out (like one in Horace's Art of Poetry) *pulchre, bene, recte!* There I have ſome fears you are often, if not always, in the wrong.

One of your objections, namely on that paſſage,

The reſt revolving years ſhall ripen into fate,

may be well grounded, in relation to its not being the exact ſenſe of the words — * *Cætera reliqua ordine ducam.* But the duration of the Action of Statius's poem may as well be excepted againſt, as many things beſides in him: (which I wonder Boſſu †

* See the firſt book of Statius, v. 302. P.

† Boſſu did not write a critique upon Statius, but only uſed him, as he did other poets occaſionally, for an example. So that it is no wonder there ſhould be faults and beauties in Statius which he did not take notice of.

has

has not obſerv'd) for inſtead of confining his narration to *one year*, it is manifeſtly exceeded in the very firſt two books: The narration begins with Oedipus's prayer to the Fury to promote diſcord betwixt his ſons; afterward the Poet expreſly deſcribes their entring into the agreement of reigning a year by turns; and Polynices takes his flight from Thebes on his brother's refuſal to reſign the throne. All this is in the firſt book; in the next Tydeus is ſent ambaſſador to Eteocles, and demands his reſignation in theſe terms,

Aſtriferum velox jam circulus orbem
Torſit, & amiſſæ redierunt montibus umbræ,
Ex quo frater inops, ignota per oppida triſtes
Exul agit caſus.

But Boſſu himſelf is miſtaken in one particular, relating to the commencement of the action; ſaying in book ii. cap. 8. that Statius opens it with Europa's Rape, whereas the Poet at moſt only deliberates whether he ſhould or not*.

Unde jubetis
Ire, Deæ? gentiſne canam primordia diræ,
Sidonios raptus? &c.

but then expreſly paſſes all this with a *longa retro ſeries* — and ſays

limes mihi carminis eſto
Oedipodæ confuſa domus.

Indeed there are numberleſs particulars blame worthy in our author, which I have try'd to ſoften in the verſion:

* That was the ſame to Boſſu's purpoſe; which was only to ſhew, that there were epic Poets ſo ignorant, or negligent of compoſition, as not to know where their ſubject ſhould begin.

dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten
In latus, & geminis vix fluctibus obstitit Isthmus,

is most extravagantly hyperbolical: Nor did I ever read a greater piece of tautology than

Vacua cum solus *in aula*
Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosque minores,
Et nusquam par *stare* caput.

In the journey of Polynices is some geographical error,

In mediis audit duo litora campis

could hardly be; for the Isthmus of Corinth is full five miles over: And *caligantes abrupto sole Mycenas*, is not consistent with what he tells us, in lib. iv. lin. 305. "that those of Mycenæ came not to the "war at this time, because they were then in con- "fusion by the divisions of the brothers, Atreus and "Thyestes." Now from the raising the Greek army against Thebes, back to the time of this journey of Polynices, is (according to Statius's own account) three years.

Yours, &c.

LETTER VIII.

July 17, 1709.

THE morning after I parted from you, I found myself (as I had propheſied) all alone, in an uneasy Stage-coach; a doleful change from that agreeable company I enjoy'd the night before! without the least hope of entertainment but from my last recourse in such cases, a book. I then began to enter into acquaintance with your Moralists, and had just receiv'd from them some cold consolation for the inconveniencies of this life, and the uncertainty of human affairs; when I perceiv'd my vehicle to stop, and

and heard from the ſide of it the dreadful news of a ſick woman preparing to enter it. 'Tis not eaſy to gueſs at my mortification, but being ſo well fortify'd with philoſophy, I ſtood reſign'd with a ſtoical conſtancy to endure the worſt of evils, a ſick woman. I was indeed a little comforted to find, by her voice and dreſs, that ſhe was young and a gentlewoman; but no ſooner was her hood remov'd, but I ſaw one of the fineſt faces I ever beheld, and, to increaſe my ſurprize, heard her ſalute me by my name. I never had more reaſon to accuſe nature for making me ſhort ſighted than now, when I could not recollect I had ever ſeen thoſe fair eyes which knew me ſo well, and was utterly at a loſs how to addreſs myſelf; till with a great deal of ſimplicity and innocence ſhe let me know (even before I diſcover'd my ignorance) that ſhe was the daughter of one in our neighbourhood, lately marry'd, who having been conſulting her phyſicians in town, was returning into the country, to try what good air and a huſband could do to recover her. My father, you muſt know, has ſometimes recommended the ſtudy of phyſic to me, but I never had any ambition to be a doctor till this inſtant. I ventur'd to preſcribe ſome fruit (which I happen'd to have in the coach) which being forbidden her by her doctors, ſhe had the more inclination to. In ſhort, I tempted, and ſhe eat; nor was I more like the Devil than ſhe like Eve. Having the good ſucceſs of the 'foreſaid Tempter before my eyes, I put on the gallantry of the old ſerpent, and in ſpite of my evil form accoſted her with all the gaiety I was maſter of; which had ſo good effect, that in leſs than an hour ſhe grew pleaſant, her colour return'd, and ſhe was pleas'd to ſay my preſcription had wrought an immediate cure: In a word, I had the pleaſanteſt journey imaginable.

Thus far (methinks) my letter has ſomething of the air of a romance, tho' it be true. But I hope you will look on what follows as the greateſt of

truths, that I think myſelf extremely obliged by you in all points; eſpecially for your kind and honourable information and advice in a matter of the utmoſt concern to me, which I ſhall ever acknowledge as the higheſt proof at once of your friendſhip, juſtice, and ſincerity. At the ſame time be aſſur'd, that Gentleman * we ſpoke of, ſhall never by any alteration in me diſcover my knowledge of his miſtake; the hearty forgiving of which is the only kind of return I can poſſibly make him for ſo many favours: And I may derive this pleaſure at leaſt from it, that whereas I muſt otherwiſe have been a little uneaſy to know my incapacity of returning his obligations, I may now, by bearing his frailty, exerciſe my gratitude and friendſhip more, than himſelf either is, or perhaps ever will be, ſenſible of.

Ille meos, primus qui me ſibi junxit, amores
Abſtulit; ille habeat ſecum, ſervetqùe ſepulchro!

But in one thing, I muſt confeſs you have yourſelf obliged me more than any man, which is, that you have ſhew'd me many of my faults, to which as you are the more an implacable enemy, by ſo much the more you are a kind friend to me. I could be proud, in revenge, to find a few ſlips in your verſes, which I read in London, and ſince in the

* Mr. Wycherley.—From his laſt letters to Mr. Pope, the Reader may perceive ſomething of a growing coldneſs and diſguſt, apparently proceeding from the liberties his young friend had taken with his verſification and compoſition. Little virtue, and an exceſſive affectation of being witty, joined to the common infirmities of old age, jealouſy and loſs of memory, are ſufficient to account for the inſtability of his friendſhip, tho' we were not to ſuppoſe (what was the fact) that our Poet had ill offices done him by thoſe who were generally about the old man. *For*, (as Mr. Pope rightly obſerves) *each ill Author is as bad a friend.*

country,

country, with more application and pleaſure: the thoughts are very juſt, and you are ſure not to let them ſuffer by the verſification. If you would oblige me with the truſt of any thing of yours, I ſhould be glad to execute any commiſſions you would give me concerning them. I am here ſo perfectly at leiſure, that nothing would be ſo agreeable an entertainment to me; but if you will not afford me that, do not deny me at leaſt the ſatisfaction of your letters as long as we are abſent, if you would not have him very unhappy, who is very ſincerely

Your, &c.

Having a vacant ſpace here, I will fill it with a ſhort Ode on Solitude, which I found yeſterday by great accident, and which I find by the date, was written when I was not twelve years old; that you may perceive how long I have continued in my paſſion for a rural life, and in the ſame employments of it.

Happy the man, whoſe wiſh and care,
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whoſe herds with milk, whoſe fields with bread,
Whoſe flocks ſupply him with attire,
Whoſe trees in ſummer yield him ſhade,
In winter, fire.

Bleſt, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years ſlide ſoft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound ſleep by night; ſtudy and eaſe,
Together mix'd; ſweet recreation,
And innocence which moſt does pleaſe,
With meditation.

Thus, let me live, unſeen, unknown,
Thus, unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a ſtone
Tell where I lie.

LETTER IX.

Aug. 19, 1709.

IF I were to write to you as often as I think of you, my letters would be as bad as a rent-charge; but tho' the one be but too little for your good-nature, the other would be too much for your quiet, which is one bleſſing good-nature ſhould indiſpenſably receive from mankind, in return for thoſe many it gives. I have been inform'd of late, how much I am indebted to that quality of yours, in ſpeaking well of me in my abſence; the only thing by which you prove yourſelf no wit nor critic: tho' indeed I have often thought, that a friend will ſhow juſt as much indulgence (and no more) to my faults when I am abſent, as he he does ſeverity to 'em when I am preſent. To be very frank with you, Sir, I muſt own, that where I receiv'd ſo much civility at firſt, I could hardly have expected ſo much ſincerity afterwards. But now I have only to wiſh, that the laſt were but equal to the firſt, and that as you have omitted nothing to oblige me, ſo you would omit nothing to improve me.

I caus'd an acquaintance of mine to enquire twice of your welfare, by whom I have been inform'd, that you have left your ſpeculative angle in the Widow's Coffee-houſe, and bidding adieu for ſome time to all the Rehearſals, Reviews, Gazettes, &c. have march'd off into Lincolnſhire. Thus I find you vary your life in the ſcene at leaſt, tho' not in the action; for tho' life for the moſt part, like an old play,

play, be ſtill the ſame, yet now and then a new ſcene may make it more entertaining. As for myſelf, I would not have my life a very regular play, let it be * a good merry farce, a G-d's name, and a fig for the critical unities! For the generality of men, a true modern life is like a true modern play, neither tragedy, comedy, nor farce, nor one, nor all of theſe; every actor is much better known by his having the ſame face, than by keeping the ſame character: for we change our minds as often as they can their parts, and he who was yeſterday Cæſar, is to day Sir John Daw. So that one might aſk the ſame queſtion of a modern life, that Rich did of a modern play; "Pray do me the favour, Sir, to in-"form me; Is this your Tragedy or your Comedy?"

I have dwelt the longer upon this, becauſe I perſuade myſelf it might be uſeful, at a time when we have no theatre, to divert ourſelves at this great one. Here is a glorious ſtanding comedy of Fools, at which every man is heartily merry, and thinks himſelf an unconcern'd ſpectator. This (to our ſingular comfort) neither my Lord Chamberlain, nor the Queen herſelf can ever ſhut up, or ſilence.— † While that of Drury (alas!) lies deſolate, in the profoundeſt peace: and the melancholy proſpect of the nymphs yet lingring about its beloved avenues, appears no leſs moving than that of the Trojan dames lamenting over their ruin'd Ilium! What now can they hope, diſpoſſeſs'd of their ancient ſeats, but to ſerve as captives to the inſulting victors of the Hay-market? The afflicted ſubjects of France do not, in our Poſtman, ſo grievouſly deplore the obſtinacy of their arbitrary monarch, as theſe pe-

* *Tolerable farce*, in the Author's own Edit. *a God's name* omitted there. P.

† What follows to the end of this Letter, is omitted in the Author's own Edit. P.

riſhing people of Drury, the obdurate heart of that Pharaoh, Rich, who, like him, diſdains all propoſals of peace and accommodation. Several libels have been ſecretly affixed to the great gates of his imperial palace in Bridges-ſtreet; and a memorial, repreſenting the diſtreſſes of theſe perſons, has been accidentally dropt (as we are credibly inform'd by a perſon of quality) out of his firſt miniſter the chief box-keeper's pocket, at a late conference of the ſaid perſon of quality and others, on the part of the Confederates, and his Theatrical Majeſty on his own part. Of this you may expect a copy, as ſoon as it ſhall be tranſmitted to us from a good hand. As for the late Congreſs, it is here reported, that it has not been wholly ineffectual; but this wants confirmation; yet we cannot but hope the concurring prayers and tears of ſo many wretched ladies may induce this haughty prince to reaſon.

I am, &c.

LETTER X.

Oct. 19, 1709.

I May truly ſay I am more obliged to you this ſummer than to any of my acquaintance, for had it not been for the two kind letters you ſent me, I had been perfectly *oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus & illis.* The only companions I had were thoſe Muſes, of whom Tully ſays, *Adoleſcentiam alunt, ſenectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, adverſis perfugium ac ſolatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur:* which indeed is as much as ever I expected from them: For the Muſes, if you take them as companions, are very pleaſant and agreeable; but whoever ſhould be forced to live or depend upon 'em, would find himſelf

ſelf in a very bad condition. That Quiet, which Cowley calls the *Companion of Obſcurity*, was not wanting to me, unleſs it was interrupted by thoſe fears you ſo juſtly gueſs I had for our friend's welfare. 'Tis extremely kind in you to tell me the news you heard of him, and you have deliver'd me from more anxiety than he imagines me capable of on his account, as I am convinced by his long ſilence. However, the love of ſome things rewards itſelf, as of virtue, and of Mr. Wycherley. I am ſurprized at the danger, you tell me, he has been in, and muſt agree with you, that our nation would have loſt in him, as much wit and probity, as would have remain'd (for aught I know) in the reſt of it. My concern for his friendſhip will excuſe me (ſince I know you honour him ſo much, and ſince you know I love him above all men) if I vent a part of my uneaſineſs to you, and tell you, that there has not been wanting one, to inſinuate malicious untruths of me to Mr. Wycherley, which, I fear, may have had ſome effect upon him. If ſo, he will have a greater puniſhment for his credulity than I could wiſh him, in that fellow's acquaintance. The loſs of a faithful creature is ſomething, tho' of ever ſo contemptible an one; and if I were to change my dog for ſuch a man as the aforeſaid, I ſhould think my dog undervalued: (who follows me about as conſtantly here in the country, as I was us'd to do Mr. Wycherley in the town.)

Now I talk of my dog, that I may not treat of a worſe ſubject, which my ſpleen tempts me to, I will give you ſome account of him; a thing not wholly unprecedented, ſince Montaigne (to whom I am but a dog in compariſon) has done the ſame thing of his cat. *Dic mihi quid melius deſidioſus agam?* You are to know then, that as 'tis likeneſs begets affection, ſo my favourite dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the fineſt ſhap'd. He is not much

a ſpa-

a ſpaniel in his fawning, but has (what might be worth any man's while to imitate him in) a dumb ſurly ſort of kindneſs, that rather ſhows itſelf when he thinks me ill-us'd by others, than when we walk quietly and peaceably by ourſelves. If it be the chief point of friendſhip to comply with a friend's motions and inclinations, he poſſeſſes this in an eminent degree; he lies down when I ſit, and walks when I walk, which is more than many good friends can pretend to, witneſs our walk a year ago in St. James's Park. — Hiſtories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends, but I will not inſiſt upon many of them, becauſe it is poſſible ſome may be almoſt as fabulous as thoſe of Pylades and Oreſtes, &c. I will only ſay for the honour of dogs, that the two moſt antient and eſteemable books, ſacred and prophane, extant (viz. the Scripture and Homer) have ſhewn a particular regard to theſe animals. That of Toby is the more remarkable, becauſe there ſeem'd no manner of reaſon to take notice of the dog, beſides the great humanity of the author. Homer's account of Ulyſſes's dog Argus is the moſt pathetic imaginable, all the circumſtances conſider'd, and an excellent proof of the old bard's good-nature. Ulyſſes had left him at Ithaca when he embark'd for Troy, and found him at his return after twenty years (which by the way is not unnatural, as ſome critics have ſaid, ſince I remember the dam of my dog was twenty-two years old when ſhe dy'd: May the omen of longævity prove fortunate to her ſucceſſors.) You ſhall have it in verſe.

ARGUS.

When wiſe Ulyſſes, from his native coaſt
Long kept by wars, and long by tempeſts toſt,
Arriv'd at laſt, poor, old, diſguis'd, alone,
To all his friends, and ev'n his Queen unknown;

Chang'd

Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forc'd to aſk his bread,
Scorn'd by thoſe ſlaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domeſtic crew;
The faithful dog alone his rightful maſter knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old ſervant now caſhier'd, he lay;
Touch'd with reſentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient Lord again.
Him when he ſaw—he roſe, and crawl'd to meet,
('Twas all he cou'd) and fawn'd, and kiſs'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy—then falling by his ſide,
Own'd his returning Lord, look'd up, and dy'd!

Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens in the time of Themiſtocles, ſteps back again out of the way of his hiſtory, purely to deſcribe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one, that follow'd his maſter acroſs the ſea to Salamis, where he dy'd, and was honour'd with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of the Dog's Grave to that part of the iſland where he was buried. This reſpect to a dog in the moſt polite people of the world, is very obſervable. A modern inſtance of gratitude to a dog (tho' we have but few ſuch) is, that the chief order of Denmark (now injuriouſly call'd the order of the Elephant) was inſtituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, nam'd Wild-brat, to one of their Kings who had been deſerted by his ſubjects: he gave his Order this motto, or to this effect (which ſtill remains) *Wild-brat was faithful.* Sir William Trumbull has told me a ſtory* which he heard from one that was preſent: King Charles I. being with ſome of his court during his troubles, a diſcourſe aroſe what ſort of dogs de-

* Sir Philip Warwick tells this ſtory in his Memoirs.

ſerv'd pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the ſpaniel or grey-hound, the King gave his opinion on the part of the grey-hound, becauſe (ſaid he) it has all the Good-nature of the other without the Fawning. A good piece of ſatire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my diſcourſe of dogs. Call me a cynic, or what you pleaſe, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but believe me, when I ſay a bold word for a Chriſtian, that, of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than

Your, &c.

LETTER XI.

April 10, 1710.

I Had written to you ſooner, but that I made ſome ſcruple of ſending profane things to you in holy week. Beſides, our family would have been ſcandaliz'd to ſee me write, who take it for granted I write nothing but ungodly verſes. I aſſure you, I am look'd upon in the neighbourhood for a very well-diſpoſs'd perſon, no great Hunter indeed, but a great admirer of the noble ſport, and only unhappy in my want of conſtitution for that, and Drinking. They all ſay, 'tis pity I am ſo ſickly, and I think 'tis pity they are ſo healthy. But I ſay nothing that may deſtroy their good opinion of me: I have not quoted one Latin author ſince I came down, but have learn'd without book a ſong of Mr. Thomas Durfey's, who is your only Poet of tolerable reputation in this country. He makes all the merriment in our entertainments, and but for him, there would be ſo miſerable a dearth of catches, that, I fear, they would put either the Parſon or me upon making ſome for 'em. Any man, of any quality, is heartily welcome to the beſt topeing table of our gentry, who

who can roar out ſome Rhapſodies of his works: ſo that in the ſame manner as it was ſaid of Homer to his detractors, What? dares any man ſpeak againſt him who has given ſo many men to *eat?* (meaning the Rhapſodiſts who liv'd by repeating his verſes) thus may it be ſaid of Mr. Durfey to his detractors; Dares any one deſpiſe him, who has made ſo many men *drink?* Alas, Sir! this is a glory which neither you nor I muſt ever pretend to. Neither you with your Ovid, nor I with my Statius, can amuſe a board of juſtices and extraordinary 'ſquires, or gain one hum of approbation, or laugh of admiration. Theſe Things (they would ſay) are too ſtudious, they may do well enough with ſuch as love reading, but give us your antient Poet Mr. Durfey! 'Tis mortifying enough, it muſt be confeſs'd; but however let us proceed in the way that nature has directed us---*Multi multa ſciunt, ſed nemo omnia*, as it is ſaid in the almanack. Let us communicate our works for our mutual comfort; ſend me elegies, and you ſhall not want heroics. At preſent, I have only theſe Arguments in proſe to the Thebaid, which you claim by promiſe, as I do your Tranſlation of *Pars me Sulmo tenet*,--and the *Ring*; the reſt I hope for as ſoon as you can conveniently tranſcribe them, and whatſoever orders you are pleas'd to give me ſhall be punctually obey'd by Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

May 10, 1710.

I Had not ſo long omitted to expreſs my acknowledgments to you for ſo much good-nature and friendſhip as you lately ſhow'd me; but that I am but juſt return'd to my own hermitage, from Mr. C*'s, who has done me ſo many favours, that I am almoſt inclin'd to think my friends infect one another,

ther, and that your converſation with him has made him as obliging to me as yourſelf. I can aſſure you, he has a ſincere reſpect for you, and this, I believe, he has partly contracted from me, who am too full of you not to overflow upon thoſe I converſe with. But I muſt now be contented to converſe only with the dead of this world, that is to ſay, the dull and obſcure, every way obſcure, in their intellects as well as their perſons: or elſe have recourſe to the living dead, the old Authors with whom you are ſo well acquainted, even from Virgil down to Aulus Gellius, whom I do not think a critic by any means to be compar'd to Mr. Dennis: and I muſt declare poſitively to you, that I will perſiſt in this opinion, till you become a little more civil to Atticus. Who could have imagin'd, that he, who had eſcap'd all the misfortunes of his time, unhurt even by the proſcriptions of Antony and Auguſtus, ſhould in theſe days find an enemy more ſevere and barbarous than thoſe tyrants? and that enemy the gentleſt too, the beſt-natur'd of mortals Mr. Cromwell, whom I muſt in this compare once more to Auguſtus; who ſeem'd not more unlike himſelf, in the ſeverity of one part of his life and the clemency of the other, than you. I leave you to reflect on this, and hope that time (which mollifies rocks, and of ſtiff things makes limber) will turn a reſolute critic to a gentle reader; and inſtead of this poſitive, tremendous, new-faſhion'd Mr. Cromwell, reſtore unto us our old acquaintance, the ſoft, beneficent, and courteous Mr. Cromwell.

I expect much, towards the civilizing of you in your critical capacity, from the innocent air and tranquillity of our Foreſt, when you do me the favour to viſit it. In the mean time, it would do well by way of preparative, if you would duly and conſtantly every morning read over a paſtoral of Theocritus or Virgil; and let the lady Iſabella put your

Macrobius

Macrobius and Aulus Gellius ſomewhere out of your way, for a month or ſo. Who knows, but travelling and long airing in an open field, may contribute more ſucceſsfully to the cooling a critic's ſeverity, than it did to the aſſuaging of Mr. Cheek's anger, of old? In theſe fields, you will be ſecure of finding no enemy, but the moſt faithful and affectionate of your friends, &c.

LETTER XIII.

May 17, 1710.

AFTER I had recovered from a dangerous illneſs which was firſt contracted in town, about a fortnight after my coming hither I troubled you with a letter, and * paper inclos'd, which you had been ſo obliging as to deſire a ſight of when laſt I ſaw you, promiſing me in return ſome tranſlations of yours from Ovid. Since when, I have not had a Syllable from your hands, ſo that 'tis to be fear'd that tho' I have eſcap'd death, I have not oblivion. I ſhould at leaſt have expected you to have finiſh'd that elegy upon me, which, you told me, you was upon the point of beginning when I was ſick in London; if you will but do ſo much for me firſt, I will give you leave to forget me afterwards; and for my own part will die at diſcretion, and at my leiſure. But I fear I muſt be forced, like many learned authors, to write my own epitaph, if I would be remember'd at all. Monſieur de la Fontaine's would fit me to a hair, but it is a kind of ſacrilege (do you think it is not?) to ſteal epitaphs. In my preſent, living dead condition, nothing would be properer

* Verſes on Silence, in imitation of the Earl of Rocheſter's poem on Nothing; done at fourteen years old. P.

than

than *Oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus & illis*, but that unluckily I can't forget my friends, and the civilities I received from yourſelf, and ſome others. They ſay indeed 'tis one quality of generous minds to forget the obligations they have conferr'd, and perhaps too it may be ſo to forget thoſe on whom they conferr'd 'em: Then indeed I muſt be forgotten to all intents and purpoſes! I am, it muſt be own'd, dead in a natural capacity, according to Mr. Bickerſtaff; dead in a poetical capacity, as a damn'd author; and dead in a civil capacity, as a uſeleſs member of the Commonwealth. But reflect, dear Sir, what melancholy effects may enſue, if dead men are not civil to one another! If he who has nothing to do himſelf, will not comfort and ſupport another in his idleneſs: If thoſe who are to die themſelves, will not now and then pay the charity of viſiting a tomb and a dead friend, and ſtrowing a few flowers over him: In the ſhades where I am, the Inhabitants have a mutual compaſſion for each other; being all alike Inanes; we ſaunter to one another's habitations, and daily aſſiſt each other in doing nothing at all. This I mention for your edification and example, that all alive as you are, you may not ſometimes diſdain — *deſipere in loco*. Tho' you are no Papiſt, and have not ſo much regard to the dead as to addreſs yourſelf to them (which I plainly perceive by your ſilence) yet I hope you are not one of thoſe heterodox, who hold them to be totally inſenſible of the good offices and kind wiſhes of their living friends, and to be in a dull ſtate of ſleep, without one dream of thoſe they left behind them. If you are, let this letter convince you to the contrary, which aſſures you, I am ſtill, tho' in a ſtate of ſeparation,

Your, &c.

P. S. This letter of deaths, puts me in mind of poor Mr. Betterton's; over whom I would have this

ſentence of Tully for an epitaph, which will ſerve him as well in his Moral, as his Theatrical capacity.

Vitæ bene actæ jucundiſſima eſt recordatio.

LETTER XIV.

June 24, 1710.

'TIS very natural for a young friend, and a young lover, to think the perſons they love have nothing to do but to pleaſe them; when perhaps they, for their parts, had twenty other engagements before. This was my caſe when I wonder'd I did not hear from you; but I no ſooner receiv'd your ſhort letter, but I forgot your long ſilence: and ſo many fine things as you ſaid of me could not but have wrought a cure on my own ſickneſs, if it had not been of the nature of that, which is deaf to the voice of the charmer. 'Twas impoſſible you could have better tim'd your compliment on my philoſophy; it was certainly propereſt to commend me for it juſt when I moſt needed it, and when I could leaſt be proud of it; that is, when I was in pain. 'Tis not eaſy to expreſs what an exaltation it gave to my ſpirits, above all the cordials of my doctor; and 'tis no compliment to tell you, that your compliments were ſweeter than the ſweeteſt of his juleps and ſyrups. But if you will not believe ſo much,

Pour le moins, votre compliment
M'a ſoulagé dans ce moment;
Et dès qu'on me l'eſt venu faire
J'ai chaſſé mon apoticaire,
Et renvoyé mon lavement.

Nevertheleſs I would not have you entirely lay aſide the thoughts of my epitaph, any more than I do thoſe of the probability of my becoming (e're long)

long) the ſubject of one. For death has of late been very familiar with ſome of my ſize; I am told my Lord Lumley and Mr. Litton are gone before me; and tho' I may now, without vanity, eſteem myſelf the leaſt thing like a man in England, yet I can't but be ſorry, two heroes of ſuch a make ſhould die inglorious in their beds; when it had been a fate more worthy our ſize, had they met with theirs from an irruption of cranes, or other warlike animals, thoſe ancient enemies to our Pygmæan anceſtors! You of a ſuperior ſpecies little regard what befals us *homunciones ſeſquipedales*; however, you have no reaſon to be ſo unconcern'd, ſince all phyſicians agree there is no greater ſign of a plague among men, than a mortality among frogs. I was the other day in company with a lady, who rally'd my perſon ſo much, as to cauſe a total ſubverſion of my countenance: ſome days after, to be revenged on her, I preſented her, among other company, the following Rondeau on that occaſion, which I deſire you to ſhow Sappho.

You know where you did deſpiſe
(T'other day) my little eyes,
Little legs, and little thighs,
And ſome things of little ſize,
You know where.

You, 'tis true, have fine black eyes,
Taper legs, and tempting thighs,
Yet what more than all we prize
Is a thing of little ſize,
You know where.

This ſort of writing call'd the Rondeau is what I never knew practis'd in our nation, and, I verily believe, it was not in uſe with the Greeks or Romans, neither Macrobius nor Hyginus taking the leaſt notice of it. 'Tis to be obſerv'd, that the vulgar ſpelling and pronouncing it Round O, is a manifeſt corruption,

corruption, and by no means to be allow'd of by critics. Some may mistakenly imagine that it was a sort of Rondeau which the Gallick soldiers sung in Cæsar's triumph over Gaul — *Gallias Cæsar subegit*, &c. as it is recorded by Suetonius in Julio, and so derive its original from the ancient Gauls to the modern French: but this is erroneous; the words there not being ranged according to the Laws of the Rondeau, as laid down by Clement Marot. If you will say, that the song of the soldiers might be only the rude beginning of this kind of poem, and so consequently imperfect, neither Heinsius nor I can be of that opinion; and so I conclude, that we know nothing of the matter.

But, Sir, I ask your pardon for all this buffoonery, which I could not address to any one so well as to you, since I have found by experience, you most easily forgive my impertinencies. 'Tis only to show you that I am mindful of you at all times, that I write at all times; and as nothing I can say can be worth your reading, so I may as well throw out what comes uppermost, as study to be dull. I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

July 15, 1710.

AT last I have prevail'd over a lazy humour to transcribe this elegy: I have changed the situation of some of the Latin verses, and made some interpolations, but I hope they are not absurd, and foreign to my author's sense and manner; but they are refer'd to your censure, as a debt; whom I esteem no less a critic than a poet: I expect to be treated

with the ſame rigour as I have practis'd to Mr. Dryden and you.

Hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim.

I deſire the favour of your opinion, why Priam, in his ſpeech to Pyrrhus in the ſecond Æneid, ſays this to him,

At non ille, ſatum quo te mentiris, Achilles.

He would intimate (I fancy by Pyrrhus's anſwer) only his degeneracy: but then theſe following lines of the verſion (I ſuppoſe from Homer's hiſtory) ſeem abſurd in the mouth of Priam, viz.

He chear'd my ſorrows, and for ſums of gold
The bloodleſs carcaſe of my Hector *ſold.*

I am

Your, &c.

LETTER XVI.

July 20, 1710.

I Give you thanks for the verſion you ſent me of Ovid's elegy. It is very much an image of that author's writing, who has an agreeableneſs that charms us without correctneſs, like a miſtreſs, whoſe faults we ſee, but love her with them all. You have very judiciouſly alter'd his method in ſome places, and I can find nothing which I dare inſiſt upon as an error: what I have written in the margins being merely gueſſes at a little improvement, rather than criticiſms. I aſſure you I do not expect you ſhould ſubſcribe to my private notions but when you ſhall judge them agreeable to reaſon and good ſenſe. What I have done is not as a critic, but as a friend; I know too well how many qualities are requiſite to make the one, and that I want almoſt all I can reckon

kon up; but I am ſure I do not want inclination, nor, I hope, capacity, to be the other. Nor ſhall I take it at all amiſs, that another diſſents from my opinion: 'Tis no more than I have often done from my own; and indeed, the more a man advances in underſtanding, he becomes the more every day a critic upon himſelf, and finds ſomething or other ſtill to blame in his former notions and opinions. I could be glad to know if you have tranſlated the 11th elegy of lib. ii. *Ad amicam navigantem.* The 8th of book iii, or the 11th of book iii, which are above all others my particular favourites, eſpecially the laſt of theſe.

As to the paſſage of which you aſk my opinion in the ſecond Æneid, it is either ſo plain as to require no ſolution; or elſe (which is very probable) you ſee farther into it than I can. Priam would ſay, that "Achilles (whom ſurely you only feign to be your "father, ſince your actions are ſo different from his) "did not uſe me thus inhumanly. He bluſh'd at "his murder of Hector, when he ſaw my ſorrows "for him; and reſtored his dead body to me to be "buried." To this the anſwer of Pyrrhus ſeems to be agreeable enough. "Go then to the ſhades, and "tell Achilles how I degenerate from him:" granting the truth of what Priam had ſaid of the difference between them. Indeed Mr. Dryden's mentioning here what Virgil more judiciouſly paſſes in ſilence, the circumſtance of Achilles's ſelling *for money* the body of Hector, ſeems not ſo proper; it in ſome meaſure leſſening the character of Achilles's generoſity and piety, which is the very point of which Priam endeavours in this place to convince his ſon, and to reproach him with the want of. But the truth of this circumſtance is no way to be queſtion'd, being expreſly taken from Homer, who repreſents Achilles weeping for Priam, yet receiving the gold, Iliad xxiv. For when he gives the body,

he uſes theſe words, "O my friend Patroclus! for-
"give me that I quit the corpſe of him who kill'd
"thee; I have great gifts in ranſom for it, which I
"will beſtow upon thy funeral."

I am, &c.

LETTER XVII.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Aug. 5, 1710.

LOOKING among ſome French rhymes, I was agreeably ſurpriz'd to find in the Rondeau of ** Pour le moins* — your Apoticaire and Lavement, which I took for your own; ſo much is your Muſe of intelligence with the wits of all languages. You have refin'd upon Voiture, whoſe *Où vous ſavez* is much inferior to your *You know where* — You do not only pay your club with your author (as our friend ſays) but the whole reckoning; who can form ſuch pretty lines from ſo trivial a hint.

For my † Elegy; 'tis confeſs'd, that the topography of Sulmo in the Latin makes but an awkward figure in the verſion. Your couplet of the dog-ſtar is very fine, but may be too ſublime in this place. I laugh'd heartily at your note upon Paradiſe; for to make Ovid talk of the garden of Eden, is certainly moſt abſurd; but Xenophon in his Oeconomics, ſpeaking of a garden finely planted and watered (as is here deſcribed) calls it Paradiſos: 'Tis an interpolation indeed, and ſerves for a gradation to

* In Voiture's Poems. P.

† Ovid's Amorum, l. ii. el. xvi. Pars me Sulmo, &c. P.

the

the celestial orb; which expresses in some sort the *Sidus Castoris in parte cæli*—How trees can enjoy, let the naturalists determine; but the poets make them sensitive, lovers, batchelors, and married. Virgil in his Georgics, lib. ii. Horace Ode xv. lib. ii. *Platanus cælebs evincet ulmos.* Epod. ii. *Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine Altas maritat populos.* Your critique is a very *Dolcepiccante*; for after the many faults you justly find, you smooth your rigour: but an obliging thing is owing (you think) to one who so much esteems and admires you, and who shall ever be

Your, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

August 21, 1710.

YOUR Letters are a perfect charity to a man in retirement, utterly forgotten of all his friends but you; for since Mr. Wycherley left London, I have not heard a word from him; tho' just before, and once since, I writ to him, and tho' I know myself guilty of no offence but of doing sincerely just what he * bid me—*Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit!* But the greatest injury he does me is the keeping me in ignorance of his welfare, which I am always very solicitous for, and very uneasy in the fear of any indisposition that may befal him. In what I sent you some time ago, you have not verse enough to be severe upon, in revenge for my last criticism: In one point I must persist, that is to say, my dislike of your Paradise, in which I take no pleasure; I know very well that in Greek 'tis not only us'd by Xenophon, but is a common word for

* Correcting his verses. See the letters in 1706, and the following years, of Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope. P.

any garden; but in Engliſh it bears the ſignification and conveys the Idea of Eden, which alone is (I think) a reaſon againſt making Ovid uſe it; who will be thought to talk too much like a Chriſtian in your verſion at leaſt, whatever it might have been in Latin or Greek. As for all the reſt of my remarks, ſince you do not laugh at them as at this, I can be ſo civil as not to lay any ſtreſs upon them (as, I think, I told you before) and in particular in the point of *trees enjoying*, you have, I muſt own, fully ſatisfied me that the expreſſion is not only defenſible, but beautiful. I ſhall be very glad to ſee your tranſlation of the elegy, *Ad Amicam navigantem*, as ſoon as you can; for (without a compliment to you) every thing you write, either in verſe or proſe, is welcome to me; and you may be confident, (if my opinion can be of any ſort of conſequence in any thing) that I will never be unſincere, tho' I may be often miſtaken. To uſe ſincerity with you is but paying you in your own coin, from whom I have experienced ſo much of it; and I need not tell you, how much I really eſteem you, when I eſteem nothing in the world ſo much as that quality. I know, you ſometimes ſay civil things to me in your epiſtolary ſtyle, but thoſe I am to make allowance for, as particularly when you talk of *admiring*; 'tis a word you are ſo us'd to in converſation of Ladies, that it will creep into your diſcourſe, in ſpite of you, even to your friends. But as women, when they think themſelves ſecure of admiration, commit a thouſand negligences, which ſhow them ſo much at diſadvantage and off their guard, as to loſe the little real love they had before: ſo when men imagine others entertain ſome eſteem for their abilities, they often expoſe all their imperfections and fooliſh works, to the diſparagement of the little wit they were thought maſters of. I am going to exemplify this to you, in putting into your hands (being encouraged by ſo much

much indulgence) ſome verſes of my youth, or rather childhood; which (as I was a great admirer of Waller) were intended in imitation of his manner; * and are, perhaps, ſuch imitations, as thoſe you ſee in awkward country dames, of the fine and well-bred ladies of the court. If you will take them with you into Lincolnſhire, they may ſave you one hour from the converſation of the country gentlemen and their tenants (who differ but in dreſs and name) which, if it be there as bad as here, is even worſe than my poetry. I hope your ſtay there will be no longer than (as Mr. Wycherley calls it) to rob the country, and run away to London with your money. In the mean time I beg the favour of a line from you, and am (as I will never ceaſe to be)

Your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

Oct. 12, 1710.

I Deferr'd anſwering your laſt, upon the advice I receiv'd, that you were leaving the town for ſome time, and expected your return with impatience, having then a deſign of ſeeing my friends there, among the firſt of which I have reaſon to account yourſelf. But my almoſt continual illneſſes prevent that, as well as moſt other ſatisfactions of my life: However, I may ſay one good thing of ſickneſs, that it is the beſt cure in nature for ambition, and deſigns upon the world or fortune: It makes a man pretty indifferent for the future, provided he can but be eaſy, by intervals, for the preſent. He will be content to compound for his quiet only, and leave all

* One or two of theſe were ſince printed among other Imitations done in his youth. P.

the

the circumſtantial part and pomp of life to thoſe, who have a health vigorous enough to enjoy all the miſtreſſes of their deſires. I thank God, there is nothing out of myſelf which I would be at the trouble of ſeeking, except a friend; a happineſs I once hop'd to have poſſeſs'd in Mr. Wycherley; but —*Quantum mutatus ab illo!*—I have for ſome years been employ'd much like children that build houſes with cards, endeavouring very buſily and eagerly to raiſe a friendſhip, which the firſt breath of any ill-natur'd by-ſtander could puff away.—But I will trouble you no farther with writing, nor myſelf with thinking, of this ſubject.

I was mightily pleas'd to perceive by your quotation from Voiture, that you had track'd me ſo far as France. You ſee 'tis with weak heads as with weak ſtomachs, they immediately throw out what they received laſt; and what they read, floats upon the ſurface of the mind, like oil upon water, without incorporating. This, I think, however can't be ſaid of the love-verſes I laſt troubled you with, where all (I am afraid) is ſo puerile and ſo like the author, that no body will ſuſpect any thing to be borrow'd. Yet you (as a friend, entertaining a better opinion of them) it ſeems, ſearch'd in Waller, but ſearch'd in vain. Your judgment of them is (I think) very right,—for it was my own opinion before. If you think 'em not worth the trouble of correcting, pray tell me ſo freely, and it will ſave me a labour; if you think the contrary, you would particularly oblige me by your remarks on the ſeveral thoughts as they occur. I long to be nibling at your verſes, and have not forgot who promis'd me Ovid's elegy *Ad Amicam navigantem*. Had Ovid been as long compoſing it, as you in ſending it, the lady might have ſail'd to Gades, and receiv'd it at her return. I have really a great itch of criticiſm upon me, but want matter here

here in the country; which I desire you to furnish me with, as I do you in the town,

Sic servat studii fœdera quisque sui.

I am obliged to Mr. Caryl (whom, you tell me, you met at Epsom) for telling you truth, as a man is in these days to any one that will tell truth to his advantage; and I think none is more to mine, than what he told you, and I should be glad to tell all the world, that I have an extreme affection and esteem for you.

Tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles,
Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes;
Unum opus & requiem pariter disponimus ambo,
Atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa.

By these *Epulæ*, as I take it, Persius meant the Portugal snuff and burnt Claret, which he took with his master Cornutus; and the *verecunda mensa* was, without dispute, some coffee-house table of the ancients.—I will only observe, that these four lines are as elegant and musical as any in Persius, not excepting those six or seven which Mr. Dryden quotes as the only such in all that author.—I could be heartily glad to repeat the satisfaction describ'd in them, being truly

Your, &c.

LETTER XX.

October 28, 1710.

I AM glad to find by your last letter that you write to me with the freedom of a friend, setting down your thoughts as they occur, and dealing plainly with me in the matter of my own trifles, which, I assure you, I never valued half so much as I do that sincerity in you which they were the occasion of discovering

covering to me; and which while I am happy in, I may be truſted with that dangerous weapon, Poetry; ſince I ſhall do nothing with it but after aſking and following your advice. I value ſincerity the more, as I find by ſad experience, the practice of it is more dangerous; writers rarely pardoning the executioners of their verſes, even tho' themſelves pronounce ſentence upon them.—As to Mr. Philips's Paſtorals, I take the firſt to be infinitely the beſt, and the ſecond the worſt; the third is for the greateſt part a tranſlation from Virgil's Daphnis. I will not foreſtal your judgment of the reſt, only obſerve in that of the Nightingale theſe lines (ſpeaking of the muſician's playing on the harp)

Now lightly ſkimming o'er the ſtrings they paſs,
Like winds that gently bruſh the plying graſs,
And melting airs ariſe at their command;
And now, laborious, with a weighty hand,
He ſinks into the cords, with ſolemn pace,
And gives the ſwelling tones a manly grace.

To which nothing can be objected, but that they are too lofty for paſtoral, eſpecially being put into the mouth of a ſhepherd, as they are here; in the poet's own perſon they had been (I believe) more proper. They are more after Virgil's manner than that of Theocritus, whom yet in the character of paſtoral he rather ſeems to imitate. In the whole, I agree with the Tatler, that we have no better Eclogues in our language. There is a ſmall copy of the ſame author publiſh'd in the Tatler N° 12. on the Daniſh winter: 'Tis poetical painting, and I recommend it to your peruſal.

Dr. Garth's poem I have not ſeen, but believe I ſhall be of that critic's opinion you mention at *Will's*, who ſwore it was good: for, tho' I am very cautious of ſwearing after critics, yet I think one may do it more

more ſafely when they commend, than when they blame.

I agree with you in your cenſure of the uſe of ſea-terms in Mr. Dryden's Virgil; not only becauſe Helenus was no great prophet in thoſe matters, but becauſe no terms of art or cant words ſuit with the majeſty and dignity of ſtyle which epic poetry requires.——*Cui mens divinior atque os magna ſonaturum.*——The Tarpawlin phraſe can pleaſe none but ſuch *qui aurem habent Batavam*; they muſt not expect *auribus Atticis probari*, I find by you. (I think I have brought in two phraſes of Martial here very dextrouſly.)

Tho' you ſay you did not rightly take my meaning in the verſe I quoted from Juvenal, yet I will not explain it; becauſe, tho' it ſeems you are reſolv'd to take me for a critic, I would by no means be thought a commentator.—And for another reaſon too, becauſe I have quite forgot both the verſe and the application.

I hope it will be no offence to give my moſt hearty ſervice to Mr. Wycherley, tho' I perceive by his laſt to me, I am not to trouble him with my letters, ſince he there told me he was going inſtantly out of town,-and till his return was my ſervant, *&c.* I gueſs by yours he is yet with you, and beg you to do what you may with all truth and honour, that is, aſſure him I have ever borne all the reſpect and kindneſs imaginable to him. I do not know to this hour what it is that has eſtranged him from me; but this I know, that he may for the future be more ſafely my friend, ſince no invitation of his ſhall ever more make me ſo free with him. I could not have thought any man ſo very cautious and ſuſpicious, as not to credit his own experience of a friend. Indeed to believe no body, may be a maxim of ſafety, but not ſo much of honeſty. There is but one way I know of converſing ſafely, with all men, that is,

not by concealing what we ſay or do, but by ſaying or doing nothing that deſerves to be conceal'd, and I can truly boaſt this comfort in my affairs with Mr. Wycherley. But I pardon his Jealouſy, which is become his nature, and ſhall never be his enemy whatſoever he ſays of me.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXI.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Nov. 5, 1710.

I Find I am obliged to the ſight of your love-verſes, for your opinion of my ſincerity; which had never been call'd in queſtion, if you had not forced me, upon ſo many other occaſions to expreſs my eſteem.

I have juſt read and compar'd * Mr. Row's verſion of the ix^th^ of Lucan, with very great pleaſure, where I find none of thoſe abſurdities ſo frequent in that of Virgil, except in two places, for the ſake of laſhing the prieſts; one where Cato ſays — *Sortilegis egeant dubii* — and one in the ſimile of the Hæmorrhois — *fatidici Sabæi* — He is ſo errant a whig, that he ſtrains even beyond his author, in paſſion for liberty, and averſion to tyranny; and errs only in amplification. *Lucan* ix *in initio*, deſcribing the ſeat of the *Semidei manes*, ſays,

Quodque patet terras inter lunæque meatus,
Semidei manes habitant.

Mr. Row has this Line,

Then looking down on the Sun's feeble Ray.

* Pieces printed in the 6th vol. of Tonſon's Miſcellanies. P.

Pray

Pray your opinion, if there be an Error-Sphæricus in this or no?

Your, &c.

LETTER XXII.

Nov. 11, 1710.

YOU miſtake me very much in thinking the freedom you kindly us'd with my love-verſes, gave me the firſt opinion of your ſincerity: I aſſure you it only did what every good-natur'd action of yours has done ſince, confirm'd me more in that opinion. The fable of the nightingale in Philips's paſtoral, is taken from Famianus Strada's Latin poem on the ſame ſubject, in his *Proluſiones Academicæ*; only the tomb he erects at the end, is added from Virgil's concluſion of the *Culex*. I can't forbear giving you a paſſage out of the Latin poem I mention, by which you will find the Engliſh poet is indebted to it.

Alternat mira arte fides: dum torquet acutas,
Inciditque, graves operoſo verbere pulſat.
Jamque manu per fila volat; ſimul hos, ſimul illos
Explorat numeros, chordaque laborat in omni.—
Mox ſilet. Illa modis totidem reſpondet, & artem
Arte refert. Nunc ceu rudis, aut incerta canendi,
Præbet iter liquidum labenti e pectore voci,
Nunc cæſim variat, moduliſque canora minutis
Delibrat vocem, tremuloque reciprocat ore.

This poem was many years ſince imitated by Craſhaw, out of whoſe verſes the following are very remarkable.

From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels muſic's pulſe in all its arteries;
Caught in a net which there Apollo *ſpreads,*
His fingers ſtruggle with the vocal threads.

I have (as I think I formerly told you) a very good opinion of Mr. Row's ix^th book of Lucan: Indeed he amplifies too much, as well as Brebœuf, the famous French imitator. If I remember right, he ſometimes takes the whole comment into the text of the verſion, as particularly in lin. 808. *Utque ſolet pariter totis ſe effundere ſignis Corycii preſſura croci.*— And in the place you quote, he makes of thoſe two lines in the Latin,

Vidit quanta ſub nocte jaceret
Noſtra dies, riſitque ſui ludibria trunci,

no leſs than eight in Engliſh.

What you obſerve, ſure, cannot be an Error-Sphæricus, ſtrictly ſpeaking, either Ptolemaic*, or our Copernican ſyſtem; Tycho Brahe himſelf will be on the tranſlator's ſide. For Mr. Row here ſays no more, than that he look'd down on the rays of the ſun, which Pompey might do, even tho' the body of the ſun were above him.

You can't but have remarked what a journey Lucan here makes Cato take for the ſake of his fine deſcriptions. From Cyrene he travels by land, for no better reaſon than this;

Hæc eadem ſuadebat hiems, quæ clauſerat æquor.

The winter's effects on the ſea, it ſeems, were more to be dreaded than all the ſerpents, whirlwinds, ſands, &c. by land, which immediately after he paints out in his ſpeech to the ſoldiers: Then he fetches a compaſs a vaſt way round about, to the Naſamones and Jupiter Ammon's temple, purely to ridicule the oracles: and Labienus muſt pardon me, if I do not believe him when he ſays —*ſors obtulit, & fortuna viæ*— either Labienus or the map, is very much miſtaken here. Thence he returns back to the Syrtes (which he might have taken firſt in his way to Utica) and ſo to Leptis Minor, where our author leaves

* according to the

leaves him; who ſeems to have made Cato ſpeak his own mind, when he tells his army—*Ire ſat eſt*—no matter whither. I am,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Nov. 20, 1710.

THE ſyſtem of Tycho Brahe (were it true, as as it is novel) could have no room here: Lucan with the reſt of the Latin poets, ſeems to follow Plato; whoſe order of the ſpheres is clear in Cicero, *De natura Deorum*, *De ſomnio Scipionis*, and in Macrobius. The ſeat of the *Semidei manes* is Platonic too, for *Apuleius De deo Socratis* aſſigns the ſame to the Genii, viz. the region of the Air for their intercourſe with gods and men; ſo that, I fancy, Row miſtook the ſituation, and I can't be reconcil'd to, *Look down on the ſun's rays*. I am glad you agree with me about the latitude he takes; and wiſh you had told me, if the *ſortilegi*, and *fatidici*, could licenſe his invective againſt prieſts; but, I ſuppoſe, you think them (with Helena) undeſerving of your protection. I agree with you in Lucan's errors, and the cauſe of them, his poetic deſcriptions: for the Romans then knew the coaſt of Africa from Cyrene (to the ſouth-eaſt of which lies Ammon toward Egypt) to Leptis and Utica: but, pray, remember how your Homer nodded while Ulyſſes ſlept, and waking knew not where he was, in the ſhort paſſage from Corcyra to Ithaca I like Trapp's verſions for their juſtneſs; his Pſalm is excellent, the prodigies in the firſt Georgic judicious (whence I conclude that 'tis eaſier to turn Virgil juſtly in

blank verſe, than rhyme.) The eclogue of Gallus, and fable of Phaeton pretty well; but he is very faulty in his numbers; the fate of Phaeton might run thus,

The blaſted Phaeton *with blazing hair*
Shot gliding thro' the vaſt abyſs of air,
And tumbled headlong, like a falling ſtar.

I am Your, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

Nov. 24, 1710.

TO make uſe of that freedom and familiarity of ſtyle, which we have taken up in our correſpondence, and which is more properly talking upon paper, than writing; I will tell you without any preface, that I never took Tycho Brahe for one of the ancients, or in the leaſt an acquaintance of Lucan's; nay, 'tis a mercy on this occaſion that I do not give you an account of his life and converſation; as how he liv'd ſome years like an inchanted knight in a certain iſland, with a tale of a King of Denmark's miſtreſs that ſhall be nameleſs—But I have compaſſion on you, and would not for the world you ſhould ſtay any longer among the Genii and Semidei Manes, you know where; for if once you get ſo near the moon, Sappho will want your preſence in the clouds and inferior regions; not to mention the great loſs Drury-lane will ſuſtain, when Mr. *C*— is in the milky way. Theſe celeſtial thoughts put me in mind of the prieſts you mention, who are a ſort of Sortilegi in one ſenſe, becauſe in their lottery there are more blanks than prizes; the adventurers being at beſt in an uncertainty, whereas the ſetters-up are ſure of ſomething. Prieſts indeed in their

character,

character, as they repreſent God, are ſacred; and ſo are Conſtables as they repreſent the King; but you will own a great many of them are very odd fellows, and the devil of any likeneſs in them. Yet I can aſſure you, I honour the good as much as I deteſt the bad, and I think, that in condemning theſe, we praiſe thoſe. The tranſlations from Ovid I have not ſo good an opinion of as you; becauſe I think they have little of the main characteriſtic of this author, a graceful eaſineſs. For let the ſenſe be ever ſo exactly render'd, unleſs an author looks like himſelf, in his air, habit, and manner, 'tis a diſguiſe, and not a tranſlation. But as to the Pſalm, I think David is much more beholden to the tranſlator than Ovid; and as he treated the Roman like a Jew, ſo he has made the Jew ſpeak like a Roman.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXV.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Dec. 5, 1710.

THE ſame judgment we made on Row's ixth of Lucan will ſerve for his part of the vith, where I find this memorable line,

Parque novum Fortuna videt concurrere, bellum
Atque virum.

For this he employs ſix verſes, among which is this,

As if on Knightly terms in liſts they ran.

Pray can you trace chivalry up higher than Pharamond? will you allow it an anachroniſm? — Tickel in his verſion of the Phœnix from Claudian,

When nature ceaſes, thou ſhalt ſtill remain,
Nor ſecond Chaos bound thy endleſs reign.

Claudian thus,

Et clades te nulla rapit, ſoluſque ſuperſtes,
Edomita tellure, manes.

which plainly refers to the deluge of Deucalion and the conflagration of Phaeton; not to the final diſſolution. Your thought of the prieſts lottery is very fine: you play the wit, and not the critic, upon the errors of your brother.

Your obſervations are all very juſt: Virgil is eminent for adjuſting his diction to his ſentiments; and, among the moderns, I find you practiſe the Proſodia of your rules. Your * poem ſhews you to be, what you ſay of Voiture — *with books well bred:* the ſtate of the fair, tho' ſatirical, is touch'd with that delicacy, and gallantry, that not the court of Auguſtus, not — But hold, I ſhall loſe what I lately recover'd, your opinion of my ſincerity: yet I muſt ſay, 'tis as faultleſs as the fair to whom 'tis addreſs'd, be ſhe never ſo perfect. The M. G. (who, it ſeems, had no right notion of you, as you of him) tranſcrib'd it by lucubration: From ſome diſcourſe of yours, he thought your inclination led you to (what the men of faſhion call learning) pedantry; but now, he ſays, he has no leſs, I aſſure you, than a veneration for you.

Your, &c.

* To a Lady, with the Works of Voiture. P.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

Decemb. 17, 1710.

IT ſeems that my late mention of Craſhaw, and my quotation from him, has mov'd your curioſity. I therefore ſend you the whole Author, who has held a place among my other books of this nature for ſome years; in which time having read him twice or thrice, I find him one of thoſe whoſe works may juſt deſerve reading. I take this poet to have writ like a gentleman, that is, at leiſure hours, and more to keep out of idleneſs, than to eſtabliſh a reputation: ſo that nothing regular or juſt can be expected from him. All that regards deſign, form, fable (which is the ſoul of poetry) all that concerns exactneſs, or conſent of parts (which is the body) will probably be wanting; only pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glittering expreſſions, and ſomething of a neat caſt of verſe (which are properly the dreſs, gems, or looſe ornaments of poetry) may be found in theſe verſes. This is indeed the caſe of moſt other poetical writers of miſcellanies; nor can it well be otherwiſe, ſince no man can be a true poet, who writes for diverſion only. Theſe authors ſhould be conſider'd as verſifiers and witty men, rather than as poets; and under this head will only fall the thoughts, the expreſſion, and the numbers. Theſe are only the pleaſing part of poetry, which may be judged of at a view, and comprehended all at once. And (to expreſs myſelf like a painter) their colouring entertains the ſight, but the lines and life of the picture are not to be inſpected too narrowly.

This Author form'd himſelf upon Petrarch, or rather upon Marino. His thoughts, one may obſerve, in the main, are pretty; but oftentimes far fetch'd, and too often ſtrain'd and ſtiffen'd to make

them appear the greater. For men are never ſo apt to think a thing great, as when it is odd or wonderful; and inconſiderate authors would rather be admir'd than underſtood. This ambition of ſurprizing a reader, is the true natural cauſe of all ſuſtian, or bombaſt in poetry. To confirm what I have ſaid, you need but look into his firſt Poem of the Weeper, where the 2d, 4th, 6th, 14th, 21ſt ſtanzas are as ſublimely dull, as the 7th, 8th, 9th, 16th, 17th, 20th, and 23d ſtanzas of the ſame copy, are ſoft and pleaſing: and if theſe laſt want any thing, it is an eaſier and more unaffected expreſſion. The remaining thoughts in that poem might have been ſpared, being either but repetitions, or very trivial and mean. And by this example in the firſt one may gueſs at all the reſt; to be like this, a mixture of tender gentle thoughts and ſuitable expreſſions, of forced and inextricable conceits, and of needleſs fillers-up to the reſt. From all which it is plain, this author writ faſt, and ſet down what came uppermoſt. A reader may ſkim off the froth, and uſe the clear underneath; but if he goes too deep will meet with a mouthful of dregs; either the top or bottom of him are good for little, but what he did in his own, natural, middle-way, is beſt.

To ſpeak of his numbers, is a little difficult, they are ſo various and irregular, and moſtly Pindaric; 'tis evident his heroic verſe (the beſt example of which is his Muſic's Duel) is careleſly made up; but one may imagine from what it now is, that, had he taken more care, it had been muſical and pleaſing enough, not extremely majeſtic, but ſweet: and the time conſider'd of his writing, he was (even as uncorrect as he is) none of the worſt verſificators.

I will juſt obſerve, that the beſt pieces of this author are, a Paraphraſe on Pſal. xxiii. On Leſſius, Epitaph on Mr. Aſhton, Wiſhes to his ſuppos'd miſtreſs, and the *Dies Iræ*.

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

Decemb. 30, 1710.

I Reſume my old liberty of throwing out myſelf upon paper to you, and making what thoughts float uppermoſt in my head, the ſubject of a letter. They are at preſent upon laughter, which (for aught I know) may be the cauſe you might ſometimes think me too remiſs a friend, when I was moſt intirely ſo: for I am never ſo inclin'd to mirth as when I am moſt pleas'd and moſt eaſy, which is in the company of a friend like yourſe'f.

As the fooling and toying with a miſtreſs is a proof of fondneſs, not diſreſpect, ſo is raillery with a friend. I know there are prudes in friendſhip, who expect diſtance, awe, and adoration, but I know you are not of them; and I for my part am no Idol-worſhipper, tho' a Papiſt. If I were to addreſs Jupiter himſelf in a heathen way, I fancy I ſhould be apt to take hold of his knée in a familiar manner, if not of his beard like Dionyſius; I was juſt going to ſay of his buttons; but I think Jupiter wore none (however I won't be poſitive to ſo nice a critic as you, but his robe might be ſubnected with a Fibula.) I know ſome philoſophers define laughter, *A recommending ourſelves to our own favour, by compariſon with the weakneſs of another:* but I am ſure I very rarely laugh with that view, nor do I believe children have any ſuch conſideration in their heads, when they expreſs their pleaſure this way: I laugh full as innocently as they, for the moſt part, and as ſillily. There is a difference too betwixt laughing *about* a thing, and laughing *at* a thing: one may find the inferior man (to make a kind of caſuiſtical diſtinction) provoked to folly at the ſight or obſervation of ſome *circumſtance of a thing*, when the *thing itſelf* appears ſolemn and auguſt to the ſuperior man, that

is, our judgment and reaſon. Let an Ambaſſador ſpeak the beſt ſenſe in the world and deport himſelf in the moſt graceful manner before a Prince, yet if the tail of his ſhirt happen (as I have known it happen to a very wiſe man) to hang out behind, more people ſhall laugh at that than attend to the other; till they recollect themſelves, and then they will not have a jot the leſs reſpect for the miniſter. I muſt confeſs the iniquity of my countenance before you; ſeveral muſcles of my face ſometimes take an impertinent liberty with my judgment, but then my judgment ſoon riſes, and ſets all right again about my mouth: and I find I value no man ſo much, as him in whoſe ſight I have been playing the fool I cannot be *ſub perſona* before a man I love; and not to laugh with honeſty, when nature prompts, or folly (which is more a ſecond nature than any thing I know) is but a knaviſh hypocritical way of making a maſk of one's own face.—To conclude, thoſe that are my friends, I *laugh with*, and thoſe that are not I *laugh at*; ſo am merry in company, and if ever I am wiſe, it is all by myſelf. You take juſt another courſe, and to thoſe that are not your friends, are very civil; and to thoſe that are, very endearing and complaiſant: thus when you and I meet, there will be the *Riſus & Blanditiæ* united together in converſation, as they commonly are in a verſe. But without laughter on the one ſide, or compliment on the other, I aſſure you I am, with real eſteem,

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXVIII.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Oct. 26, 1711.

MR. Wycherley viſited me at Bath in my ſickneſs, and expreſs'd much affection to me: hearing from me how welcome his letters would be, he preſently writ to you; in which I inſerted my ſcrall, and after, a ſecond. He went to Glouceſter in his way to Salop, but was diſappointed of a boat, and ſo return'd to the Bath; then he ſhewed me your anſwer to his letters, in which you ſpeak of my good-nature, but, I fear, you found me very froward at Reading; yet you allow for my illneſs. I could not poſſibly be in the ſame houſe with Mr. Wycherley, tho' I ſought it earneſtly; nor come up to town with him, he being engaged with others; but, whenever we met, we talk'd of you. He praiſes your * Poem, and even out-vies me in kind expreſſions of you. As if he had not wrote two letters to you, he was for writing every poſt; I put him in mind he had already. Forgive me this wrong; I know not whether my talking ſo much of your great humanity and tenderneſs to me, and love to him; or whether the return of his natural diſpoſition to you, was the cauſe; but certainly you are now highly in his favour: now he will come this winter to your houſe, and I muſt go with him; but firſt he will invite you ſpeedily to town.—I arrived on Saturday laſt much wearied, yet had wrote ſooner, but was told by Mr. Gay (who has writ a pretty poem to Lintot, and who gives you his ſervice) that you was gone from home. Lewis ſhewed me your Letter, which ſet me right, and your next letter is impatiently expected

* Eſſay on Criticiſm. P.

from

from me. Mr. Wycherley came to town on Sunday laſt, and kindly ſurprized me with a viſit on Monday morning. We dined and drank together; and I ſaying, *To our Loves*, he reply'd, *'Tis Mr. Pope's health:* He ſaid he would go to Mr. Thorold's and leave a letter for you. Tho' I cannot anſwer for the event of all this, in reſpect to him; yet I can aſſure you, that, when you pleaſe to come, you will be moſt deſirable to me, as always by inclination, ſo now by duty, who ſhall ever be

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

Nov. 12, 1711.

I Received the entertainment of your letter the day after I had ſent you one of mine, and I am but this morning returned hither. The news you tell me of the many difficulties you found in your return from Bath, gives me ſuch a kind of pleaſure as we uſually take in accompanying our friends in their mix'd adventures; for, methinks, I ſee you labouring thro' all your inconveniencies of the rough roads, the hard ſaddle, the trotting horſe, and what not? What an agreeable ſurprize would it have been to me, to have met you by pure accident, (which I was within an ace of doing) and to have carried you off triumphantly, ſet you on an eaſier pad, and relieved the wandring knight with a night's lodging and rural repaſt, at our caſtle in the foreſt? But theſe are only the pleaſing imaginations of a diſappointed lover, who muſt ſuffer in a melancholy abſence yet theſe two months. In the mean time, I take up with the Muſes for want of your better company; the Muſes, *quæ nobiſcum pernoctant, peregrinantur, ruſticantur.* Thoſe aërial ladies juſt diſcover enough

to

to me of their beauties to urge my purſuit, and draw me on in a wandering maze of thought, ſtill in hopes (and only in hopes) of a taining thoſe favours from them, which they confer on their more happy admirers. We graſp ſome more beautiful idea in our own brain, than our endeavours to expreſs it can ſet to the view of others; and ſtill do but labour to fall ſhort of our firſt imagination. The gay colouring which fancy gave at the firſt tranſient glance we had of it, goes off in the execution: like thoſe various figures in the gilded clouds, which while we gaze long upon, to ſeparate the parts of each imaginary image, the whole faints before the eye, and decays into confuſion.

I am highly pleaſed with the knowledge you give me of Mr. Wycherley's preſent temper, which ſeems ſo favourable to me. I ſhall ever have ſuch a fund of affection for him as to be agreeable to myſelf when I am ſo to him, and cannot but be gay when he is in good humour, as the ſurface of the earth (if you will pardon a poetical ſimilitude) is clearer or gloomier, juſt as the ſun is brighter or more over-caſt — I ſhould be glad to ſee the verſes to Lintot which you mention, for, methinks, ſomething oddly agreeable may be produced from that ſubject — For what remains, I am ſo well, that nothing but the aſſurance of your being ſo can make me better; and if you would have me live with any ſatisfaction theſe dark days in which I cannot ſee you, it muſt be by your writing ſometimes to

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Dec. 7, 1711.

MR. Wycherley has, I believe, ſent you two or three letters of invitation; but you, like the fair, will be long ſollicited before you yield, to make the favour the more acceptable to the lover. He is much yours by his talk; for that unbounded genius which has rang'd at large like a libertine, now ſeems confin'd to you: and I ſhould take him for your miſtreſs too by your ſimile of the ſun and earth: 'Tis very fine, but inverted by the application; for the gaiety of your fancy, and the drooping of his by the withdrawing of your luſtre, perſuades me it would be juſter by the reverſe. Oh happy favourite of the Muſes! how *pernoctare*, all night long with them? but alas! you do but toy, but ſkirmiſh with them, and decline a cloſe engagement. Leave Elegy and tranſlation to the inferior claſs, on whom the Muſes only glance now and then like our winter-ſun, and then leave them in the dark. Think on the dignity of Tragedy, which is of the greater poetry, as Dennis ſays, and foil him at his other weapon, as you have done in Criticiſm. Every one wonders that a genius like yours will not ſupport the ſinking Drama; and Mr. Wilks (tho', I think, his talent is Comedy) has expreſs'd a furious ambition to ſwell in your buſkins We have had a poor Comedy of Johnſon's (not Ben) which held ſeven nights, and has got him three hundred pounds, for the town is ſharp-ſet on new plays. In vain would I fire you by intereſt or ambition, when your mind is not ſuſceptible of either; 'tho' your authority (ariſing from the general eſteem, like that of Pompey) muſt infallibly aſſure you of ſucceſs; for

for which in all your wiſhes you will be attended with thoſe of

Your, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

Dec. 21, 1711.

IF I have not writ to you ſo ſoon as I ought, let my writing now atone for the delay; as it will infallibly do, when you know what a ſacrifice I make you at this time, and that every moment my eyes are employ'd upon this paper, they are taken off from two of the fineſt faces in the univerſe. But indeed 'tis ſome conſolation to me to reflect, that while I but write this period, I eſcape ſome hundred fatal darts from thoſe unerring eyes, and about a thouſand deaths or better. Now you, that delight in dying, would not once have dreamt of an abſent friend in theſe circumſtances; you that are ſo nice an admirer of beauty, or (as a Critic would ſay after Terence) *ſo elegant a ſpectator of forms*; you muſt have a ſober diſh of coffee, and a ſolitary candle at your ſide, to write an epiſtle lucubratory to your friend; whereas I can do it as well with two pair of radiant lights, that outſhine the golden god of day and ſilver goddeſs of night, and all the refulgent eyes of the firmament.—You fancy now that Sappho's eyes are two of theſe my tapers, but it is no ſuch matter; theſe are eyes that have more perſuaſion in one glance than all Sappho's oratory and geſture together, let her put her body into what moving poſtures ſhe pleaſes. Indeed, indeed, my friend, you could never have found ſo improper a time to tempt me with intereſt or ambition: let me but have the reputation of theſe in my keeping, and as for my own, let the devil, or let Dennis, take it for ever. How gladly would I give all I am worth,

that is to say, my Paſtorals, for one of them, and my Eſſay for the other? I would lay out all my Poetry in Love; an Original for a Lady, and a Tranſlation for a Waiting-maid! Alas! what have I to do with Jane Gray, as long as Miſs Molly, Miſs Betty, or Miſs Patty are in this world? Shall I write of beauties murdered long ago, when there are thoſe at this inſtant that murder me? I'll e'en compoſe my own Tragedy, and the poet ſhall appear in his own perſon to move compaſſion: 'Twill be far more effectual than Bays's entring with a rope about his neck, and the world will own, there never was a more miſerable object brought upon the ſtage.

Now you that are a critic, pray inform me, in what manner I may connect the foregoing part of this letter with that which is to follow, according to the rules? I would willingly return Mr. Gay my thanks for the favour of his poem, and in particular for his kind mention of me; I hoped, when I heard a new Comedy had met with ſucceſs upon the ſtage, that it had been his, to which I really wiſh no leſs; and (had it been any way in my power) ſhould have been very glad to have contributed to its introduction into the world. His verſes to Lintot * have put a whim into my head, which you are like to be troubled with in the oppoſite page: take it as you find it, the production of half an hour t'other morning. I deſign very ſoon to put a taſk of a more ſerious nature upon you, in reviewing a piece of mine that may better deſerve criticiſm; and by that time you have done with it, I hope to tell you in perſon with how much fidelity I am

Your, &c.

* Theſe verſes are printed in Dr. Swift's, and our Author's Miſcellanies. P.

LETTERS
TO
SEVERAL LADIES*.

LETTER I.

MADAM, March 1, 1705.

I Send you the book of rudiments of Drawing, which you were pleas'd to command, and think myself obliged to inform you at the same time of one of the many excellencies you possess without knowing of them. You are but too good a Painter already; and no picture of Raphael's was ever so beautiful, as that which you have form'd in a certain heart of my acquaintance. Indeed it was but just that the finest lines in nature should be drawn upon the most durable ground, and none could ever be met with, that would so readily receive, or so faithfully retain them, as this Heart. I may boldly say of it, that you will not find its fellow in all the parts of the body in this book. But I must com-

* Most of these were printed without the Author's Consent, and no doubt are the same upon which the censure is passed in the Preface. "That they have too much "of a juvenile ambition of Wit, and affectation of "Gaiety." And it is pleaded in Excuse, "that they "were written very young, and the folly was soon "over." P.

plain

plain to you of my hand, which is an arrant traitor to my heart; for having been copying your picture from thence and from Kneller these three days, it has done all possible injury to the finest face that ever was made, and to the liveliest image that ever was drawn. I have Imagination enough in your absence, to trace some resemblance of you; but I have been so long us'd to lose my Judgment at the sight of you, that 'tis past my power to correct it by the life. Your picture seems least like when placed before your eyes; and, contrary to all other pictures, receives a manifest disadvantage by being set in the fairest light in the world. The Painters are a very vain generation, and have a long time pretended to rival nature; but to own the truth to you, she made such a finish'd piece about three and twenty years ago (I beg your pardon, Madam; I protest, I meant but two and twenty) that 'tis in vain for them any longer to contend with her. I know you indeed made one something like it, betwixt five and six years past: 'Twas a little girl, done with abundance of spirit and life, and wants nothing but time to be an admirable piece: but, not to flatter your work, I don't think 'twill ever come up to what your father made. However I would not discourage you; 'tis certain you have a strange happiness, in making fine things of a sudden and at a stroke, with incredible ease and pleasure.

I am, &c.

LETTER II.

IT is too much a rule in this town, that when a lady has once done a man a favour, he is to be rude to her ever after. It becomes our sex to take upon us twice as much as yours allow us; by this method I may write to you most impudently, because

cauſe you once anſwer'd me modeſtly; and if you ſhould never do me that honour for the future, I am to think (like a true coxcomb) that your ſilence gives conſent. Perhaps you wonder why this is addreſs'd to you rather than to Mrs. M—, with whom I have the right of an old acquaintance, whereas you are a fine lady, have bright eyes, &c. Firſt, Madam, I make choice of you rather than of your mother, becauſe you are younger than your mother. Secondly, becauſe I fancy you ſpell better, as having been at ſchool later. Thirdly, becauſe you have nothing to do but to write if you pleaſe, and poſſibly it may keep you from employing yourſelf worſe: it may ſave ſome honeſt neighbouring gentleman from three or four of your peſtilent glances. Caſt your eyes upon paper, Madam, there you may look innocently: men are ſeducing, books are dangerous, the amorous ones ſoften you, and the godly ones give you the ſpleen: If you look upon trees, they claſp in embraces; birds and beaſts make love; the ſun is too warm for your blood; the moon melts you into yielding and melancholy. Therefore I ſay once more, caſt your eyes upon paper, and read only ſuch letters as I write, which convey no darts, no flames, but proceed from innocence of ſoul, and ſimplicity of heart. Thank God I am an hundred miles off from thoſe eyes! I would ſooner truſt your hand than them for doing me miſchief; and tho' I doubt not ſome part of the rancour and iniquity of your heart will drop into your pen, yet ſince it will not attack me on a ſudden and unprepar'd, ſince I may have time while I break open your letter to croſs myſelf and ſay a Pater-noſter, I hope Providence will protect me from all you can attempt at this diſtance. I am told you are at this hour as handſome as an angel; for my part I have forgot your face ſince two winters. You may be grown to a gianteſs for all I know. I can't tell in any reſpect

what ſort of creature you are, only that you are a very miſchievous one, whom I ſhall ever pray to be defended from. But when your Miniſter ſends me word you have the ſmall-pox, a good many freckles, or are very pale, I will deſire him to give thanks for it in your pariſh church; which as ſoon as he ſhall inform me he has done, I will make you a viſit without armour: I will eat any thing you give me without ſuſpicion of poiſon, take you by the hand without gloves, nay venture to follow you into an arbour without calling the company. This, Madam, is the top of my wiſhes, but how differently are our deſires inclin'd! You ſigh out, in the ardour of your heart, Oh play-houſes, parks, operas, aſſemblies, London! I cry with rapture, Oh woods, gardens, rookeries, fiſh-ponds, arbours! Mrs. M——.

LETTER III.

To a Lady.

Written on one column of a Letter, while Lady M. wrote to the Lady's Huſband on the other.

THE wits would ſay, that this muſt needs be a dull letter becauſe it is a married one. I am afraid indeed you will find, what ſpirit there is, muſt be on the ſide of the wife, and the huſband's part, as uſual, will prove the dulleſt. What an unequal pair are put together in this ſheet? in which, tho' we ſin, it is you muſt do penance. When you look on both ſides of this paper, you may fancy that our words (according to a Scripture expreſſion) are as a two-edg'd ſword, whereof lady M. is the ſhining blade, and I only the handle. But I can't proceed without ſo far mortifying Sir Robert as to tell him, that ſhe writes this purely in obedience to me, and that

that it is but one of thoſe honours a huſband receives for the ſake of his wife.

It is making court but ill to one fine woman to ſhew her the regard we have for another; and yet I muſt own there is not a period of this epiſtle but ſquints towards another over-againſt it. It will be in vain to diſſemble: your penetrating eyes cannot but diſcover, how all the letters that compoſe theſe words lean forward after lady M's. letters, which ſeem to bend as much from mine, and fly from them as faſt as they are able. Ungrateful letters that they are! which give themſelves to another man, in the very preſence of him who will yield to no mortal, in knowing how to value them.

You will think I forget myſelf, and am not writing to you; but, let me tell you, 'tis you forget yourſelf in that thought, for you are almoſt the only woman to whom one can ſafely addreſs the praiſes of another. Beſides, can you imagine a man of my importance ſo ſtupid, as to ſay fine things to you before your huſband? Let us ſee how far Lady M. herſelf dares do any thing like it, with all the wit and addreſs ſhe is miſtreſs of. If Sir Robert can be ſo ignorant (now he is left to himſelf in the country) to imagine any ſuch matter, let him know from me, that here in town every thing that lady ſays, is taken for ſatire. For my part, every body knows it is my conſtant practice to ſpeak truth, and I never do it more than when I call myſelf

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

YOU have put me into ſo much gaiety of temper, that there will not be a ſerious word in this day's letter. No more, you'll ſay, there would, if I told you the whole ſerious buſineſs of the town.

All laſt night I continued with you, tho' your unreaſonable regularity drove me out of your doors at three a clock. I dreamed all over the evening's converſation, and ſaw the little bed in ſpite of you. In the morning I waked, very angry at your phantom for leaving me ſo abruptly.—I know you delight in my mortification. I dined with an old Beauty; ſhe appear'd at the table like a Death's head enamell'd. The Egyptians, you know, had ſuch things at their entertainments; but do you think they painted and patched them? However, the laſt of theſe objections was ſoon removed; for the lady had ſo violent an appetite for a ſalmon, that ſhe quickly eat all the patches off her face. She divided the fiſh into three parts; not equal, God knows; for ſhe helped Gay to the head, me to the middle, and making the reſt much the largeſt part took it herſelf, and cried very naively, I'll be content with my own tail.

My ſupper was as ſingular as my dinner. It was with a great Poet and Ode-maker (that is, a great poet out of his wits, or out of his way.) He came to me very hungry; not for want of a dinner (for that I ſhould make no jeſt of) but, having forgot to dine. He fell moſt furiouſly on the broil'd relics of a ſhoulder of mutton, commonly call'd a bladebone: he profeſſed he never taſted ſo exquiſite a thing! begged me to tell him what joint it was; wondered he had never heard the name of this joint, or ſeen it at other tables; and deſir'd to know how he might direct his butcher to cut out the ſame for the future? And yet this man, ſo ignorant in modern butchery, has cut up half an hundred heroes, and quartered five or ſix miſerable lovers in every tragedy he has written. I have nothing more to tell you to day.

LET-

LETTER V.

The Anſwer.

YOU ſhould have my Day too, Sir, but indeed I ſlept it out, and ſo I'll give you all that was left, my laſt Night's entertainment. You know the company. I went in late, in order to be better received; but unluckily came in, as Deuce-ace was flinging (Lord H. would ſay I came in the Nick.) The Lady colour'd, and the men took the name of the Lord in vain: No body ſpoke to me, and I ſat down diſappointed; then affecting a careleſs air, gap'd, and cried ſeven or eight times, *D'ye win or loſe?* I could ſafely ſay at that moment I had no temptation to any one of the ſeven, lively ſins; and in the innocent way I was, happy had it been for me if I had died! Moralizing ſat I by the hazard-table; I looked upon the uncertainty of riches, the decay of beauty, and the craſh of worlds with as much contempt as ever Plato did. But ah! the frailty of human nature! ſome ridiculous thought came into my head, wakened my paſſions, which burſt forth into a violent laughter: I roſe from my ſeat, and not conſidering the juſt reſentments of the loſing gameſters, hurl'd a ball of paper croſs the table, which ſtop'd the dice, and turn'd up ſeven inſtead of five. Curs'd on all ſides, and not knowing where to fly, I threw myſelf into a chair, which I demoliſh'd and never ſpoke a word after. We went to ſupper, and a lady ſaid, *Miſs G. looks prodigiouſly like a Tree.* Every body agreed to it, and I had not curioſity to aſk the meaning of that ſprightly fancy: Find it out, and let me know. Adieu, 'tis time to dreſs, and begin the buſineſs of the day.

LETTER VI.

In the Style of a Lady.

PRAY what is your opinion of *Fate?* for I muſt confeſs I am one of thoſe that believe in Fate and Predeſtination.—No, I can't go ſo far as that, but I own I am of opinion one's ſtars may incline, tho' not compel one; and that is a ſort of free-will; for we may be able to reſiſt inclination, but not compulſion.

Don't you think they have got into the moſt prepoſterous faſhion this winter that ever was, of flouncing the petticoat ſo very deep, that it looks like an entire coat of luteſtring?

It is a little cool indeed for this time of year, but then, my dear, you'll allow it has an extreme clean pretty look.

Ay, ſo has my muſlin apron; but I would not chuſe to make it a winter ſuit of cloaths.

Well now I'll ſwear, child, you have put me in mind of a very pretty dreſs; let me die if I don't think a muſlin flounce, made very full, would give one a very agreeable *Flirtation*-air.

Well, I ſwear it would be charming! and I ſhould like it of all things—Do you think there are any ſuch things as *Spirits?*

Do you believe there is any ſuch place as the Elyſian Fields? O Gad, that would be charming! I wiſh I were to go to the Elyſian fields when I die, and then I ſhould not care if I were to leave the world to-morrow: But is one to meet there with what one has lov'd moſt in this world?

Now you muſt tell me this poſitively. To be ſure you can, or what do I correſpond with you for, if you won't tell me all? you know I abominate Reſerve.

LET-

LETTER VII.

Bath, 1714.

YOU are to underſtand, Madam, that my paſſion for your fair ſelf and your ſiſter, has been divided with the moſt wonderful regularity in the world. Even from my infancy, I have been in love with one after the other of you, week by week, and my journey to Bath fell out in the three hundred ſeventy-ſixth week of the reign of my ſovereign lady Sylvia. At the preſent writing hereof it is the three hundred eighty-ninth week of the reign of your moſt ſerene majeſty, in whoſe ſervice I was liſted ſome weeks before I beheld your ſiſter. This Information will account for my writing to either of you hereafter, as either ſhall happen to be Queen-regent at that time.

Pray tell your ſiſter, all the good qualities and virtuous inclinations ſhe has, never gave me ſo much pleaſure in her converſation, as that one vice of her obſtinacy will give me mortification this month. Ratcliffe commands her to the Bath, and ſhe refuſes! indeed if I were in Berkſhire I ſhould honour her for this obſtinacy, and magnify her no leſs for diſobedience than we do the Barcelonians. But people change with the change of places (as we ſee of late) and virtues become vices when they ceaſe to be for one's intereſt, with me, as with others.

Yet let me tell her, ſhe will never look ſo finely while ſhe is upon earth, as ſhe would here in the water. It is not here as in moſt other inſtances, for thoſe ladies that would pleaſe extremely, muſt go out of their own element. She does not make half ſo good a figure on horſeback as Chriſtina Queen of Sweden; but were ſhe once ſeen in the Bath, no man would part with her for the beſt meirmaid in Chriſtendom. You know I have ſeen you often, I

perfectly know how you look in black and in white, I have experienced the utmoſt you can do in colours; but all your movements, all your graceful ſteps, deſerve not half the glory you might here attain, of a moving and eaſy behaviour in buckram: Something between ſwimming and walking, free enough, and more modeſtly-half-naked than you can appear any where elſe. You have conquer'd enough already by land; ſhow your ambition, and vanquiſh alſo by water. The buckram I mention is a dreſs particularly uſeful at this time, when, we are told, they are bringing over the faſhion of German ruffs: You ought to uſe yourſelves to ſome degrees of ſtiffneſs beforehand; and when our ladies chins have been tickled a-while with ſtarched muſlin and wire, they may poſſibly bear the bruſh of a German beard and whiſker.

I could tell you a delightful ſtory of Doctor P. but want room to diſplay it in all its ſhining circumſtances. He had heard it was an excellent cure for love, to kiſs the Aunt of the perſon beloved, who is generally of years and experience enough to damp the fierceſt flame: he try'd this courſe in his paſſion, and kiſſed Mrs. E— at Mr. D—'s, but, he ſays, it will not do, and that he loves you as much as ever.

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

To the ſame.

IF you aſk how the waters agree with me, I muſt tell you, ſo very well, that I queſtion how you and I ſhould agree if we were in a room by ourſelves. Mrs. —— has honeſtly aſſured me, that but for

for ſome whims which ſhe can't entirely conquer, ſhe would go and ſee the world with me in man's cloaths. Even you, Madam, I fancy (if you would not partake in our adventures) would wait our coming in at the evening with ſome impatience, and be well enough pleas'd to hear them by the fire-ſide. That would be better than reading romances, unleſs lady M. would be our hiſtorian. What raiſes theſe deſires in me, is an acquaintance I am beginning with my lady Sandwich, who has all the ſpirit of the laſt age, and all the gay experience of a pleaſurable life. It were as ſcandalous an omiſſion to come to the Bath and not to ſee my lady Sandwich, as it had formerly been to have travelled to Rome without viſiting the Queen of Sweden. She is, in a word, the beſt thing this country has to boaſt of; and as ſhe has been all that a woman of ſpirit could be, ſo ſhe ſtill continues that eaſy and independent creature that a ſenſible woman always will be.

I muſt tell you a truth, which is not, however, much to my credit. I never thought ſo much of yourſelf and your ſiſter, as ſince I have been fourſcore miles diſtance from you. In the Foreſt I look'd upon you as good neighbours, at London as pretty kind of women, but here as divinities, angels, goddeſſes, or what you will. In the ſame manner I never knew at what rate I valued your life, till you were upon the point of dying. If Mrs. — and you will but fall very ſick every ſeaſon, I ſhall certainly die for you. Seriouſly I value you both ſo much, that I eſteem others much the leſs for your ſakes; you have robb'd me of the pleaſure of eſteeming a thouſand pretty qualities in them, by ſhowing me ſo many finer in yourſelves. There are but two things in the world which could make you indifferent to me, which, I believe, you are not capable of, I mean ill-nature and malice. I have ſeen enough of you, not to overlook any frailty you could have,

and

and nothing leſs than a vice can make me like you leſs. I expect you ſhould diſcover by my conduct towards you both, that this is true, and that therefore you ſhould pardon a thouſand things in me for that one diſpoſition. Expect nothing from me but truth and freedom, and I ſhall always be thought by you what I always am,

Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

To the ſame.

1714.

I Return'd home as ſlow and as contemplative after I had parted from you, as my Lord * retired from the Court and glory to his Country ſeat and wife, a week ago. I found here a diſmal deſponding letter from the ſon of another great courtier who expects the ſame fate, and who tells me the great ones of the earth will now take it very kindly of the mean ones, if they will favour them with a viſit by day-light. With what joy would they lay down all their ſchemes of glory, did they but know you have the generoſity to drink their healths once a day, as ſoon as they are fallen? Thus the unhappy, by the ſole merit of their misfortunes, become the care of Heaven and you. I intended to have put this laſt into verſe, but in this age of ingratitude my beſt friends forſake me, I mean my rhymes.

I deſire Mrs. P— to ſtay her ſtomach with theſe half hundred Plays, till I can procure her a Romance big enough to ſatisfy her great ſoul with adventures. As for Novels, I fear ſhe can depend upon none from me but that of my Life, which I am ſtill, as I have been, contriving all poſſible methods to ſhorten, for the greater eaſe both of the hiſtorian and the reader.

reader. May ſhe believe all the paſſion and tenderneſs expreſs'd in theſe Romances to be but a faint image of what I bear her, and may you (who read nothing) take the ſame truth upon hearing it from me. You will both injure me very much, if you don't think me a truer friend, than ever any romantic lover, or any imitator of their ſtyle could be.

The days of beauty are as the days of greatneſs, and ſo long all the world are your adorers. I am one of thoſe unambitious people, who will love you forty years hence when your eyes begin to twinkle in a retirement, and without the vanity which every one now will take to be thought

Your, &c.

LETTER X.

THE more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myſelf. Methinks it is a noble ſpirit of contradiction to Fate and Fortune, not to give up thoſe that are ſnatched from us; but to follow them the more, the farther they are remov'd from the ſenſe of it. Sure, Flattery never travelled ſo far as three thouſand miles; it is now only for Truth, which overtakes all things, to reach you at this diſtance. 'Tis a generous piece of Popery, that purſues even thoſe who are to be eternally abſent, into another world; whether you think it right or wrong, you'll own the very extravagance a ſort of piety. I can't be ſatisfied with ſtrowing flowers over you, and barely honouring you as a thing loſt: but muſt conſider you as a glorious tho' remote being, and be ſending addreſſes after you. You have carried away ſo much of me, that what remains is daily languiſhing and dying over my acquaintance here, and, I believe, in three or four months more

I ſhall

I ſhall think *Aurat Bazar* * as good a place as *Covent Garden*. You may imagine this is raillery, but I am really ſo far gone as to take pleaſure in reveries of this kind. Let them ſay I am romantic, ſo is every one ſaid to be, that either admires a fine thing or does one. On my conſcience, as the world goes, 'tis hardly worth any body's while to do one for the honour of it: Glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other juſt debts; and neither Mrs. Macfarland for immolating her lover, nor you, for conſtancy to your lord, muſt ever hope to be compared to Lucretia or Portia.

I write this in ſome anger; for having, ſince you went, frequented thoſe people moſt, who ſeemed moſt in your favour, I heard nothing that concerned you talked of ſo often, as that you went away in a black full-bottom'd wig; which I did but aſſert to be a bob, and was anſwered, *Love is blind*. I am perſuaded your wig had never ſuffered this criticiſm, but on the ſcore of your head, and the two eyes that are in it.

Pray when you write to me, talk of yourſelf; there is nothing I ſo much deſire to hear of: talk a great deal of yourſelf; that ſhe who I always thought talked beſt, may ſpeak upon the beſt ſubject. The ſhrines and reliques you tell me of, no way engage my curioſity; I had ten times rather go on pilgrimage to ſee one ſuch face as yours, than both St. John Baptiſt's heads. I wiſh (ſince you are grown ſo covetous of golden things) you had not only all the fine ſtatues you talk of, but even the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar ſet up, provided you were to travel no farther than you could carry it.

The court of Vienna is very edifying. The ladies, with reſpect to their huſbands, ſeem to underſtand that text literally, that commands to *bear one*

* At Conſtantinople.

another's

another's burthens: but, I fancy, many a man there is like *Iſſachar*, an *aſs* between *two burthens.* I ſhall look upon you no more as a Chriſtian, when you paſs from that charitable court to the land of jealouſy. I expect to hear an exact account how, and at what places, you leave one of the thirty-nine articles after another, as you approach to the lands of infidelity. Pray how far are you got already? amidſt the pomp of a high maſs, and the raviſhing trills of a Sunday opera, what did you think of the doctrine and diſcipline of the church of England? had you from your heart a reverence for Sternhold and Hopkins? How did your Chriſtian virtues hold out in ſo long a voyage? you have, it ſeems (without paſſing the bounds of Chriſtendom) out-travelled the ſin of fornication: in a little time you'll look upon ſome others with more patience, than the ladies here are capable of. I reckon, you'll time it ſo well as to make your religion laſt to the verge of Chriſtendom, that you may diſcharge your Chaplain (as humanity requires) in a place where he may find ſome buſineſs.

I doubt not but I ſhall be told (when I come to follow you through thoſe countries) in how pretty a manner you accommodated yourſelf to the cuſtoms of the true Muſlemen. They will tell me at what town you practiſed to ſit on the Sopha, at what village you learned to fold a Turbant, where you was bathed and anointed, and where you parted with your black full-bottom. How happy muſt it be for a gay young woman, to live in a country where it is a part of religious worſhip to be *giddy-headed?* I ſhall hear at Belgrade how the good Baſhaw received you with tears of joy, how he was charmed with your agreeable manner of pronouncing the words *Allah* and *Muhamed*; and how earneſtly you joined with him in exhorting your friend to embrace that religion. But I think his objection was a juſt one, that

that it was attended with ſome circumſtances under which he could not properly repreſent his Britannic Majeſty.

Laſtly, I ſhall hear how, the firſt night you lay at Pera, you had a viſion of Mahomet's Paradiſe; and happily awaked without a ſoul, from which bleſſed moment the beautiful body was left at full liberty to perform all the agreeable functions it was made for.

I ſee I have done in this letter, as I often have done in your company, talk'd myſelf into a good humour, when I begun in an ill one; the pleaſure of addreſſing to you makes me run on, and 'tis in your own power to ſhorten this letter as much as you pleaſe, by giving over when you pleaſe; ſo I'll make it no longer by apologies.

LETTER XI.

YOU have aſked me news a hundred times at the firſt word you ſpoke to me, which ſome would interpret as if you expected nothing better from my lips: and truly 'tis not a ſign two lovers are together, when they can be ſo impertinent as to enquire what the world does. All I mean by this is, that either you or I are not in love with the other: I leave you to gueſs which of the two is that ſtupid and inſenſible creature, ſo blind to the other's excellencies and charms?

This then ſhall be a letter of News; and ſure, if you did not think me the humbleſt creature in the world, you could never imagine a Poet could dwindle to a brother of Dawks and Dyer, from a rival of Tate and Brady.

The Earl of Oxford has behaved ſo bravely, that in this act at leaſt he might ſeem above man, if he had not juſt now voided a ſtone to prove him ſubject

ject to human infirmities. The utmoſt weight of affliction from miniſterial power and popular hatred, were almoſt worth bearing, for the glory of ſuch a dauntleſs conduct as he has ſhewn under it.

You may ſoon have your wiſh, to enjoy the gallant ſights of armies, incampments, ſtandards waving over your brother's corn-fields, and the pretty windings of the Thames ſtained with the blood of men. Your barbarity, which I have heard ſo long exclaim'd againſt in town and country, may have its fill of deſtruction. I would not add one circumſtance uſual in all deſcriptions of calamity, that of the many rapes committed, or to be committed upon thoſe unfortunate women that *delight in war*. But God forgive me—in this martial age, if I could, I would buy a regiment for your ſake and Mrs. P—'s and ſome others, whom, I have cauſe to fear, no fair means will prevail upon.

Thoſe eyes, that care not how much miſchief is done, or how great ſlaughter committed, ſo they have but a fine ſhow; thoſe very female eyes, will be infinitely delighted with the camp which is ſpeedily to be formed in Hyde-park. The tents are carried thither this morning, new regiments with new cloaths and furniture (far exceeding the late cloth and linen deſigned by his Grace for the ſoldiery.) The ſight of ſo many gallant fellows, with all the pomp and glare of war yet undeform'd by battles, thoſe ſcenes which England has for many years only beheld on ſtages, may poſſibly invite your curioſity to this place.

By our lateſt account from Duke-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, the converſion of T. G. Eſq. is reported in a manner ſomewhat more particular. That upon the ſeizure of his Flanders mares, he ſeem'd more than ordinarily diſturbed for ſome hours, ſent for his ghoſtly father, and reſolved to bear his loſs like a Chriſtian; till about the hours of ſeven or eight

the coaches and horſes of ſeveral of the Nobility paſſing by his window towards Hyde-park, he could no longer endure the diſappointment, but inſtantly went out, took the oath of Abjuration, and recover'd his dear horſes, which carry'd him in triumph to the Ring. The poor diſtreſſed Roman Catholicks, now unhors'd and uncharioted, cry out with the Pſalmiſt, *Some in Chariots and ſome in Horſes, but we will invocate the name of the Lord.*

I am, &c.

LETTER XII.

THE weather is too fine for any one that loves the country to leave it at this ſeaſon; when every ſmile of the ſun, like the ſmile of a coy lady, is as dear as it is uncommon: and I am ſo much in the taſte of rural pleaſures, I had rather ſee the ſun than any thing he can ſhew me, except yourſelf. I deſpiſe every fine thing in town, not excepting your new gown, till I ſee you dreſs'd in it (which by the way I don't like the better for the red; the leaves, I think, are very pretty.) I am growing fit, I hope, for a better world, of which the light of the ſun is but a ſhadow: for I doubt not but God's works here, are what come neareſt to his works there; and that a true reliſh of the beauties of nature is the moſt eaſy preparation and gentleſt tranſition to an enjoyment of thoſe of heaven: as on the contrary, a true town-life of hurry, confuſion, noiſe, ſlander, and diſſenſion, is a ſort of apprenticeſhip to hell and its furies. I'm endeavouring to put my mind into as quiet a ſituation as I can, to be ready to receive that ſtroke which, I believe is coming upon me, and have fully reſign'd myſelf to yield to it. The ſeparation of my ſoul and body is what I could think of with leſs pain; for I am very ſure he that made it will

take care of it, and in whatever ſtate he pleaſes it ſhall be, that ſtate muſt be right: But I cannot think without tears of being ſeparated from my friends, when their condition is ſo doubtful, that they may want even ſuch aſſiſtance as mine. Sure, it is more merciful to take from us after death all memory of what we lov'd or purſued here: for elſe what a torment would it be to a ſpirit, ſtill to love thoſe creatures it is quite divided from? Unleſs we ſuppoſe, that in a more exalted life, all that we eſteemed in this imperfect ſtate will affect us no more, than what we lov'd in our infancy concerns us now.

This is an odd way of writing to a lady, and, I'm ſenſible, would throw me under a great deal of ridicule, were you to ſhow this letter among your acquaintance. But perhaps you may not yourſelf be quite a ſtranger to this way of thinking. I heartily wiſh your life may be ſo long and ſo happy, as never to let you think *quite ſo far* as I am now led to do; but, to think *a little towards it*, is what will make you the happier, and the eaſier at all times.

There are no pleaſures or amuſements that I don't wiſh you, and therefore 'tis no ſmall grief to me that I ſhall for the future be leſs able to partake with you in them. But let fortune do her worſt, whatever ſhe makes us loſe, as long as ſhe never makes us loſe our honeſty and our independance; I deſpiſe from my heart whoever parts with the firſt, and I pity from my ſoul whoever quits the latter.

I am grieved at Mr. G—'s condition in this laſt reſpect of dependance. He has Merit, Good-nature, and Integrity, three qualities, that I fear are too often loſt upon great men; or at leaſt are not all three a match for that one which is oppos'd to them, Flattery. I wiſh it may not ſoon or late diſplace him from the favour he now poſſeſſes, and ſeems to like. I'm ſure his late action deſerves eternal favour and eſteem: Lord Bathurſt was charm'd with it,

who came hither to ſee me before his journey. He aſk'd and ſpoke very particularly of you. To-morrow Mr. Forteſcue comes to me from London about B—'s ſuit in *forma pauperis*. That poor man looks ſtarved: he tells me you have been charitable to him. Indeed 'tis wanted; the poor creature can ſcarce ſtir or ſpeak; and I apprehend he will die, juſt as he gets ſomething to live upon. Adieu.

LETTER XIII.

THIS is a day of wiſhes for you, and I hope you have long known, there is not one good one which I do not form in your behalf. Every year that paſſes, I wiſh ſome things more for my friends, and ſome things leſs for myſelf. Yet were I to tell you what I wiſh for you in particular, it would be only to repeat in proſe, what I told you laſt year in rhyme (ſo ſincere is my poetry:) I can only add, that as I then wiſh'd you a friend *, I now wiſh that friend were Mrs. ——

Abſence is a ſhort kind of death; and in either, one can only wiſh, that the friends we are ſeparated from, may be happy with thoſe that are left them. I am therefore very ſollicitous that you may paſs much agreeable time together: I am ſorry to ſay I envy you no other companion; tho' I hope you have others that you like; and I am always pleas'd in that hope, when it is not attended with any fears on your own account.

I was troubled to leave you both, juſt as I fancy'd we ſhould begin to live together in the country. 'Twas a little like dying the moment one had got all

* *To Mrs.* —— *on her Birth-day.*

" O be thou bleſt with all that heav'n can ſend,
" Long health, long life, long pleaſure, and a *friend.*"

one desir'd in this world. Yet I go away with one generous sort of satisfaction, that what I part with, you are to inherit.

I know you would both be pleas'd to hear some certain news of a friend departed; to have the adventures of his passage, and the new regions thro' which he travell'd, described; and, upon the whole, to know, that he is as happy where he now is, as while he liv'd among you. But indeed I (like many a poor unprepar'd soul) have seen nothing I like so well as what I left: No scenes of Paradise, no happy bowers, equal to those on the banks of the Thames. Wherever I wander, one reflection strikes me: I wish you were as free as I; or at least had a tye as tender, and as reasonable as mine, to a relation that as well deserved your constant thought, and to whom you would be always pull'd back (in such a manner as I am) by the heart-string. I have never been well since I set out: but don't tell my mother so; it will trouble her too much: And as probably the same reason may prevent her sending a true account of her health to me, I must desire you to acquaint me. I would gladly hear the country air improves your own; but don't flatter me when you are ill, that I may be the better satisfy'd when you say you are well: for these are things in which one may be sincerer to a reasonable friend, than to a fond and partial parent. Adieu.

LETTER XIV.

YOU can't be surpriz'd to find him a dull correspondent whom you have known so long for a dull companion. And tho' I am pretty sensible, that, if I have any wit, I may as well write to show it, as not; yet I'll content myself with giving you as plain a history of my pilgrimage, as Purchas him-

ſelf, or as John Bunyan could do of his *walking through the wilderneſs of this world*, &c.

Firſt then I went by water to Hampton Court, unattended by all but my own virtues; which were not of ſo modeſt a nature as to keep themſelves, or me, conceal'd: For I met the Prince with all his ladies on horſeback, coming from hunting. Mrs. B* and Mrs. L* took me into protection (contrary to the laws againſt harbouring Papiſts) and gave me a dinner, with ſomething I liked better, an opportunity of converſation with Mrs. H*. We all agreed that the life of a Maid of honour was of all things the moſt miſerable: and wiſh'd that every woman who envy'd it, had a ſpecimen of it. To eat Weſtphalia-ham in a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worſe a hundred times) with a red mark in the forehead from an uneaſy hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for fox-hunters, and bear abundance of ruddy complexion'd children. As ſoon as they can wipe off the ſweat of the day, they muſt ſimper an hour and catch cold, in the Princeſs's apartment: from thence (as Shakeſpear has it) to *dinner*, *with what appetite they may*—and after that, till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they pleaſe. I can eaſily believe, no lone-houſe in Wales, with a mountain and a rookery, is more contemplative than this Court; and as a proof of it I need only tell you, Mrs. L* walk'd with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the King, who gave audience to the vice-chamberlain, all alone, under the garden-wall.

In ſhort, I heard of no ball, aſſembly, baſſet-table, or any place where two or three were gathered together, except Madam Kilmanſegg's, to which I had the honour to be invited, and the grace to ſtay away.

I was heartily tired, and poſted to — park: there we had an excellent diſcourſe of quackery; Dr. S* was mentioned with honour. Lady — walked a whole hour abroad without dying after it, at leaſt in the time I ſtay'd, tho' ſhe ſeem'd to be fainting, and had convulſive motions ſeveral times in her head.

I arrived in the foreſt by Tueſday noon, having fled from the face (I wiſh I could ſay the horned face) of Moſes, who dined in the mid-way thither. I paſs'd the reſt of the day in thoſe woods where I have ſo often enjoy'd a book and a friend; I made a Hymn as I paſs'd thro', which ended with a ſigh, that I will not tell you the meaning of.

Your Doctor is gone the way of all his patients, and was hard put to it how to diſpoſe of an eſtate miſerably unwieldly, and ſplendidly unuſeful to him. Sir Samuel Garth ſays, that for Ratcliffe to leave a library, was as if a Eunuch ſhould found a Seraglio. Dr. S— lately told a lady, he wonder'd ſhe could be alive after him: ſhe made anſwer, ſhe wonder'd at it for two reaſons, becauſe Dr. Ratcliffe was dead, and becauſe Dr. S— was living. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER XV.

NOthing could have more of that melancholy which once uſed to pleaſe me, than my laſt day's journey; for after having paſs'd through my favourite woods in the foreſt, with a thouſand reveries of paſt pleaſures, I rid over hanging hills, whoſe tops were edged with groves, and whoſe feet water'd with winding rivers, liſtening to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above: The gloomy verdure of Stonor ſucceeded to theſe; and then the ſhades of the evening overtook

me. The moon roſe in the cleareſt ſky I ever ſaw, by whoſe ſolemn light I paced on ſlowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reach'd Oxford, all the bells toll'd in different notes; the clocks of every college anſwer'd one another, and ſounded forth (ſome in a deeper, ſome a ſofter tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led ſince, among thoſe old walls, venerable galleries, ſtone porticos, ſtudious walks, and ſolitary ſcenes of the Univerſity. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a ſalary, to be as mere a book-worm as any there. I conform'd myſelf to the college hours, was roll'd up in books, lay in one of the moſt ancient, duſky parts of the Univerſity, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the deſart. If any thing was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, ſuch as even thoſe good men us'd to entertain, when the monks *of their own order* extoll'd their piety and abſtraction. For I found myſelf receiv'd with a ſort of reſpect, which this idle part of mankind, the Learned, pay to their own ſpecies; who are as conſiderable here, as the buſy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world.

Indeed I was treated in ſuch a manner, that I could not but ſometimes aſk myſelf in my mind, what college I was founder of, or what library I had built? Methinks, I do very ill to return to the world again, to leave the only place where I make a figure, and, from ſeeing myſelf ſeated with dignity on the moſt conſpicuous ſhelves of a library, put myſelf into the abject poſture of lying at a lady's feet in St. James's ſquare.

I will not deny, but that, like Alexander, in the midſt of my glory I am wounded, and find myſelf a mere man. To tell you from whence the dart comes, is to no purpoſe, ſince neither of you will take

take the tender care to draw it out of my heart, and ſuck the poiſon with your lips.

Here, at my Lord H——'s, I ſee a creature nearer an angel than a woman (tho' a woman be very near as good as an angel;) I think you have formerly heard me mention Mrs. T— as a credit to the Maker of angels; ſhe is a relation of his lordſhip's, and he gravely propos'd her to me for a wife; being tender of her intereſts, and knowing (what is a ſhame to Providence) that ſhe is leſs indebted to fortune than I. I told him, 'twas what he could never have thought of, if it had not been his misfortune to be blind; and what I never could think of, while I had eyes to ſee both her and myſelf.

I muſt not conclude without telling you, that I will do the utmoſt in the affair you deſire. It would be an inexpreſſible joy to me if I could ſerve you, and I will always do all I can to give myſelf pleaſure. I wiſh as well for you as for myſelf; I am in love with you both, as much as I am with myſelf, for I find myſelf moſt ſo with either, when I leaſt ſuſpect it.

LETTER XVI.

THE chief cauſe I have to repent my leaving the town, is the uncertainty I am in every day of your ſiſter's ſtate of health. I really expected by every poſt to have heard of her recovery, but on the contrary each letter has been a new awakening to my apprehenſions, and I have ever ſince ſuffer'd alarms upon alarms on her account. No one can be more ſenſibly touch'd at this than I; nor any danger of any I love could affect me with more uneaſineſs. I have felt ſome weakneſſes of a tender kind, which I would not be free from; and I am

glad to find my value for people ſo rightly placed, as to perceive them on this occaſion.

I cannot be ſo good a Chriſtian as to be willing to reſign my own happineſs here, for hers in another life. I do more than wiſh for her ſafety, for every wiſh I make I find immediately changed into a prayer, and a more fervent one than I had learn'd to make till now.

May her life be longer and happier than perhaps herſelf may deſire, that is, as long and as happy as you can wiſh: May her beauty be as great as poſſible, that is, as it always was, or as yours is. But whatever ravages a mercileſs diſtemper may commit, I dare promiſe her boldly, what few (if any) of her makers of viſits and compliments dare to do: ſhe ſhall have one man as much her admirer as ever. As for your part, Madam, you have me ſo more than ever, ſince I have been a witneſs to the generous tenderneſs you have ſhewn upon this occaſion.

Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

I AM not at all concern'd to think that this letter may be leſs entertaining than ſome I have ſent: I know you are a friend that will think a kind letter as good as a diverting one. He that gives you his mirth makes a much leſs preſent than he that gives you his heart; and true friends would rather ſee ſuch thoughts as they communicate only to one another, than what they ſquander about to all the world. They who can ſet a right va'ue upon any thing, will prize one tender, well-meant word, above all that ever made them laugh in their lives. If I did not think ſo of you, I ſhould never have taken much pains to endeavour to pleaſe you, by writing, or any thing elſe. Wit, I am ſure, I want; at leaſt in the degree

gree that I ſee others have it, who would at all ſeaſons alike be entertaining; but I would willingly have ſome qualities that may be (at ſome ſeaſons) of more comfort to myſelf, and of more ſervice to my friends. I would cut off my own head, if it had nothing better than wit in it; and tear out my own heart, if it had no better diſpoſitions than to love only myſelf, and laugh at all my neighbours.

I know you'll think it an agreeable thing to hear that I have done a great deal of Homer. If it be tolerable, the world may thank you for it: for if I could have ſeen you every day, and imagin'd my company could have every day pleas'd you, I ſhould ſcarce have thought it worth my while to pleaſe the world. How many verſes could I gladly have left unfiniſh'd, and turn'd into it, for people to ſay what they would of, had I been permitted to paſs all thoſe hours more pleaſingly? Whatever ſome may think, Fame is a thing I am much leſs covetous of, than your Friendſhip; for that, I hope, will laſt all my life; the other I cannot anſwer for. What if they ſhould both grow greater after my death? alas! they would both be of no advantage to me! Therefore think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can, while I live.

Now I talk of fame, I ſend you my Temple of Fame, which is juſt come out: but my ſentiments about it you will ſee better by this Epigram.

What's Fame with Men, by cuſtom of the Nation,
Is call'd in Women only Reputation:
About them both why keep we ſuch a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

ALL the pleaſure or uſe of familiar letters, is to give us the aſſurance of a friend's welfare; at leaſt 'tis all I know, who am a mortal enemy and deſpiſer of what they call fine letters. In this view, I promiſe you, it will always be a ſatisfaction to me to write letters and to receive them from you; becauſe I unfeignedly have your good at my heart, and am that thing, which many people make only a ſubject to diſplay their fine ſentiments upon, a Friend: which is a character that admits of little to be ſaid, till ſomething may be done. Now let me fairly tell you, I don't like your ſtyle: 'tis very pretty, therefore I don't like it; and if you writ as well as Voiture, I would not give a farthing for ſuch letters, unleſs I were to ſell them to be printed. Methinks I have loſt the Mrs. L* I formerly knew, who writ and talked like other people (and ſometimes better.) You muſt allow me to ſay, you have not ſaid a ſenſible word in all your letter, except where you ſpeak of ſhewing kindneſs and expecting it in return: but the addition you make about your being but two and twenty, is again in the ſtyle of wit and abomination. To ſhew you how very unſatisfactorily you write, in all your letters you've never told me how you do. Indeed I ſee 'twas abſolutely neceſſary for me to write to you, before you continued to take more notice of me, for I ought to tell you what you are to expect; that is to ſay, Kindneſs, which I never fail'd (I hope) to return; and not Wit, which if I want, I am not much concerned, becauſe Judgment is a better thing; and if I had, I would make uſe of it rather to play upon thoſe I deſpiſed, than to trifle with thoſe I loved. You ſee, in ſhort, after what manner you may moſt agreeably write to me: tell me you are my friend, and you can be no more at a loſs

a loſs about that article. As I have open'd my mind upon this to you, it may alſo ſerve for Mr. H—, who will ſee by it what manner of letters he muſt expect if he correſponds with me. As I am too ſeriouſly yours and his ſervant to put turns upon you inſtead of good wiſhes, ſo in return I ſhould have nothing but honeſt plain How-d'ye's and Pray remember me's; which not being fit to be ſhown to any body for wit, may be a proof we correſpond only for ourſelves, in mere friendlineſs; as doth, God is my witneſs,

Your very, &c.

LETTER XIX.

IT is with infinite ſatisfaction I am made acquainted that your brother will at laſt prove your relation, and has entertained ſuch ſentiments as become him in your concern. I have been prepared for this by degrees, having ſeveral times received from Mrs. * that which is one of the greateſt pleaſures, the knowledge that others entered into my own ſentiments concerning you. I ever was of opinion that you wanted no more to be vindicated than to be known. As I have often condoled with you in your adverſities, ſo I have a right, which but few can pretend to, of congratulating on the proſpect of your better fortunes: and I hope, for the future, to have the concern I have felt for you overpaid in your felicities. Tho' you modeſtly ſay the world has left you, yet, I verily believe, it is coming to you again as faſt as it can: for, to give the world its due, it is always very fond of Merit when 'tis paſt its power to oppoſe it. Therefore, if you can, take it into favour again upon its repentance, and continue in it. But if you are reſolved in revenge to rob the world of ſo much example as you may afford it, I believe,

believe, your deſign will be vain; for even in a monaſtery your devotions cannot carry you ſo far toward the next world as to make this loſe the ſight of you; but you'll be like a ſtar, that, while it is fixed to heaven, ſhines over all the earth.

Whereſoever Providence ſhall diſpoſe of the moſt valuable thing I know, I ſhall ever follow you with my ſincereſt wiſhes, and my beſt thoughts will be perpetually waiting upon you, when you never hear of me nor them. Your own guardian angels cannot be more conſtant, nor more ſilent. I beg you will never ceaſe to think me your friend, that you may not be guilty of that which you never yet knew to commit, an injuſtice. As I have hitherto been ſo in ſpite of the world, ſo hereafter, if it be poſſible you ſhould ever be more oppoſed, and more deſerted, I ſhould only be ſo much the more

Your faithful, &c.

LETTER XX.

I Can ſay little to recommend the letters I ſhall write to you, but that they will be the moſt impartial repreſentations of a free heart, and the trueſt copies you ever ſaw, tho' of a very mean original. Not a feature will be ſoftened, or any advantageous light employed to make the ugly thing a little leſs hideous; but you ſhall find it in all reſpects, moſt horribly like. You will do me an injuſtice if you look upon any thing I ſhall ſay from this inſtant, as a compliment, either to you or to myſelf: Whatever I write will be the real thought of that hour; and I know you'll no more expect it of me to perſevere till death, in every ſentiment or notion I now ſet down, than you would imagine a man's face ſhould never change when once his picture was drawn.

The

The freedom I ſhall uſe in this manner of *thinking aloud*, may indeed prove me a fool; but it will prove me one of the beſt ſort of fools, the honeſt ones. And ſince what folly we have, will infallibly buoy up at one time or other in ſpite of all our art to keep it down; methinks, 'tis almoſt fooliſh to take any pains to conceal it at all, and almoſt knaviſh to do it from thoſe that are our friends. If Momus's project had taken, of having windows in our breaſts, I ſhould be for carrying it further, and making thoſe windows, caſements; that while a man ſhowed his heart to all the world, he might do ſomething more for his friends; even give it them, and truſt it to their handling. I think I love you as well as King Herod did Herodias (tho' I never had ſo much as one dance with you) and would as freely give you my heart in a diſh, as he did another's head. But ſince Jupiter will not have it ſo, I muſt be content to ſhew my taſte in life, as I do my taſte in painting, by loving to have as little drapery as poſſible. Not that I think every body naked altogether ſo fine a ſight, as yourſelf and a few more would be, but becauſe 'tis good to uſe people to what they muſt be acquainted with; and there will certainly come ſome day of judgment or other, to uncover every ſoul of us. We ſhall then ſee that the Prudes of this world owed all their fine figure only to their being ſtraiter-laced than the reſt; and that they are naturally as arrant ſquabs as thoſe that went more looſe, nay as thoſe that never girded their loins at all.—But a particular reaſon that may engage you to write your thoughts the more freely to me, is, that I am confident no one knows you better; for I find, when others expreſs their thoughts of you, they fall very ſhort of mine, and, I know, at the ſame time, theirs are ſuch as you would think ſufficiently in your favour.

You

You may eaſily imagine how deſirous I muſt be of a correſpondence with a perſon, who had taught me long ago that it was as poſſible to eſteem at firſt ſight, as to love: and who has ſince ruin'd me for all the converſation of one ſex, and almoſt all the friendſhip of the other. I am but too ſenſible thro' your means, that the company of men wants a certain ſoftneſs to recommend it, and that of women wants every thing elſe. How often have I been quietly going to take poſſeſſion of that tranquillity and indolence I had ſo long found in the Country; when one evening of your converſation has ſpoil'd me for a Solitaire! Books have loſt their effect upon me, and I was convinced ſince I ſaw you, that there is one alive wiſer than all the ſages. A plague of female wiſdom! it makes a man ten times more uneaſy than his own. What is very ſtrange, Virtue herſelf (when you have the dreſſing her) is too amiable for one's repoſe. You might have done a world of good in your time, if you had allowed half the fine gentlemen who have ſeen you, to have converſed with you; they would have been ſtrangely bit, while they thought only to fall in love with a fair lady, and you had bewitch'd them with Reaſon and Virtue (two beauties that the very fops pretend to no acquaintance with.)

The unhappy diſtance at which we correſpond, removes a great many of thoſe reſtrictions and punctilious decorums, that oftentimes in nearer converſation prejudice truth, to ſave good-breeding. I may now hear of my faults, and you of your good qualities, without a bluſh; we converſe upon ſuch unfortunate generous terms, as exclude the regards of fear, ſhame, or deſign, in either of us. And, methinks it would be as paltry a part, to impoſe (even in a ſingle thought) upon each other in this ſtate of ſeparation, as for ſpirits of a different ſphere, who have ſo little intercourſe with us, to employ that

that little (as ſome would make us think they do) in putting tricks and deluſions upon poor mortals.

Let me begin then, Madam, by aſking you a queſtion, that may enable me to judge better of my own conduct than moſt inſtances of my life. In what manner did I behave in the laſt hour I ſaw you? What degree of concern did I diſcover when I felt a misfortune, which, I hope, you will never feel, that of parting from what one moſt eſteems? for if my parting looked but like that of your common acquaintance, I am the greateſt of all the hypocrites that ever decency made

I never ſince paſs by your houſe but with the ſame ſort of melancholy that we feel upon ſeeing the tomb of a friend, which only ſerves to put us in mind of what we have loſt. I reflect upon the circumſtances of your departure, which I was there a witneſs of (your behaviour in what I may call your laſt moments) and I indulge a gloomy kind of pleaſure in thinking that thoſe laſt moments were given to me. I would fain imagine that this was not accidental, but proceeded from a penetration, which I know, you have, in finding out the truth of people's ſentiments; and that you were willing, the laſt man that *would have* parted from you, ſhould be the laſt that *did*. I really looked upon you juſt as the friend of Curtius might have done upon that Hero, at the inſtant when he was devoting himſelf to glory, and running to be loſt out of generoſity: I was obliged to admire your reſolution, in as great a degree as I deplored it; and had only to wiſh, that Heaven would reward ſo much virtue as was to be taken from us, with all the felicities it could enjoy elſewhere.

I am, &c.

LET

LETTER XXI.

I Can never have too many of your letters. I am angry at every ſcrap of paper loſt, and tho' it is but an odd compliment to compare a fine lady to a Sibyl, your leaves, methinks, like hers, are too good to be committed to the winds; tho' I have no other way of receiving them but by thoſe unfaithful meſſengers. I have had but three, and I reckon that ſhort one from D——, which was rather a dying ejaculation than a letter.

You have contrived to ſay in your laſt the two things moſt pleaſing to me: The firſt, that whatever be the fate of your letters, you will continue to write in the diſcharge of your conſcience. The other is, the juſtice you do me, in taking what I writ to you, in the ſerious manner it was meant; it is the point upon which I can bear no ſuſpicion, and in which, above all, I deſire to be thought ſerious. It would be vexatious indeed if you ſhould pretend to take that for wit, which is no more than the natural overflowing of a heart improved by an eſteem for you: but ſince you tell me you believe me, I fancy my expreſſions have not been entirely unfaithful to my thoughts.

May your faith be encreaſed in all truths, that are as great as this; and, depend upon it, to whatever degree it may extend, you can never be a bigot.

If you could ſee the heart I talk of, you would really think it a fooliſh good kind of thing, with ſome qualities as well-deſerving to be half-laughed at, and half-eſteemed, as moſt hearts in the world.

Its grand *foible* in regard to you, is the moſt like Reaſon of any *foible* in nature. Upon my word this heart is not like a great warehouſe, ſtored only with my own goods, or with empty ſpaces to be ſupplied as faſt as Intereſt or Ambition can fill them: but is every inch of it let out into lodgings for its friends, and

and ſhall never want a corner where your idea will always lie as warm, and as cloſe, as any idea in Chriſtendom.

If this diſtance (as you are ſo kind as to ſay) enlarges your belief of my friendſhip, I aſſure you, it has ſo extended my notion of your value, that I begin to be impious upon that account, and to wiſh that even ſlaughter, ruin, and deſolation may interpoſe between you and the place you deſign for; and that you were reſtored to us at the expence of a whole people.

Is there no expedient to return you in peace to the boſom of your country? I hear you are come as far as —: do you only look back to die twice? is Eurydice once more ſnatched to the ſhades? If ever mortal had reaſon to hate the King, it is I, whoſe particular misfortune it is, to be almoſt the only innocent perſon he has made to ſuffer; both by his Government at home, and his Negotiations abroad.

If you muſt go from us, I wiſh at leaſt you might paſs to your baniſhment by the moſt pleaſant way; that all the road might be roſes and myrtles, and a thouſand objects riſe round you, agreeable enough to make England leſs deſirable to you. It is not now my intereſt to wiſh England agreeable: It is highly probable it may uſe me ill enough to drive me from it. Can I think that place my country, where I cannot now call a foot of paternal *Earth* my own? Yet it may ſeem ſome alleviation, that when the wiſeſt thing I can do is to leave my country, what was moſt agreeable in it ſhould firſt be ſnatched away from it.

I could overtake you with pleaſure in —, and make that tour in your company. Every reaſonable entertainment and beautiful view would be doubly engaging when you partook of it. I ſhould at leaſt attend you to the ſea coaſts, and caſt a look after the ſails that tranſported you. But perhaps I might

care as little to ſtay behind you; and be full as uneaſy to live in a country where I ſaw others perſecuted by the rogues of my own religion, as where I was perſecuted myſelf by the rogues of yours. And it is not impoſſible I might run into Aſia in ſearch of liberty; for who would not rather live a freeman among a nation of ſlaves, than a ſlave among a nation of freemen?

In good earneſt, if I knew your motions, and your exact time; I verily think, I ſhould be once more happy in a ſight of you next ſpring.

I'll conclude with a wiſh, God ſend you with us, or me with you.

LETTER XXII.

YOU will find me more troubleſome than ever Brutus did his evil Genius; I ſhall meet you in more places than one, and often refreſh your memory before you arrive at your Philippi. Theſe ſhadows of me (my letters) will be haunting you from time to time, and putting you in mind of the man who has really ſuffer'd very much from you, and whom you have robb'd of the moſt valuable of his enjoyments, your converſation. The advantage of hearing your ſentiments by diſcovering mine, was what I always thought a great one, and even worth the riſque I generally run of manifeſting my own indiſcretion. You then rewarded my truſt in you the moment it was given, for you pleas'd or inform'd me the minute you anſwer'd. I muſt now be contented with more ſlow returns. However, 'tis ſome pleaſure, that your thoughts upon paper will be a more laſting poſſeſſion to me, and that I ſhall no longer have cauſe to complain of a loſs I have ſo often regretted, that of any thing you ſaid, which I happen'd to forget. In earneſt, Madam, if I were

to

to write to you as often as I think of you, it muſt be every day of my life. I attend you in ſpirit thro' all your ways, I follow you thro' every ſtage in books of travels, and fear for you thro' whole folio's; you make me ſhrink at the paſt dangers of dead travellers; and if I read of a delightful proſpect, or agreeable place, I hope it yet ſubſiſts to pleaſe you. I enquire the roads, the amuſements, the company, of every town and country thro' which you paſs, with as much diligence, as if I were to ſet out next week to overtake you. In a word, no one can have you more conſtantly in mind, not even your Guardian-angel (if you have one) and I am willing to indulge ſo much Popery as to fancy ſome Being takes care of you, who knows your value better than you do yourſelf: I am willing to think that Heaven never gave ſo much ſelf-neglect and reſolution to a woman, to occaſion her calamity; but am pious enough to believe thoſe qualities muſt be intended to conduce to her benefit and her glory.

Your firſt ſhort letter only ſerves to ſhow me you are alive: it puts me in mind of the firſt dove that return'd to Noah, and juſt made him know it had found no reſt abroad.

There is nothing in it that pleaſes me, but when you tell me you had no ſea-ſickneſs. I beg your next may give me all the pleaſure it can, that is, tell me any that you receive. You can make no diſcoveries that will be half ſo valuable to me as thoſe of your own mind. Nothing that regards the ſtates or kingdoms you paſs thro', will engage ſo much of my curioſity or concern, as what relates to yourſelf: Your welfare, to ſay truth, is more at my heart than that of Chriſtendom.

I am ſure I may defend the truth, tho' perhaps not the virtue, of this declaration. One is ignorant, or doubtful at beſt, of the merits of differing religions and governments: but private virtues one

can be ſure of. I therefore know what particular Perſon has deſert enough to merit being happier than others, but not what Nation deſerves to conquer or oppreſs another. You will ſay, I am not *public-ſpirited*; let it be ſo, I may have too many tenderneſſes, particular regards, or narrow views; but at the ſame time I am certain that whoever wants theſe, can never have a Public ſpirit; for (as a friend of mine ſays) how is it poſſible for that man to love twenty thouſand people, who never loved one?

I communicated your letter to Mr. C—, he thinks of you and talks of you as he ought, I mean as I do, and one always thinks that to be juſt as it ought. His health and mine are now ſo good, that we wiſh with all our ſouls you were a witneſs of it. We never meet but we lament over you: we pay a kind of weekly rites to your memory, where we ſtrow flowers of rhetoric, and offer ſuch libations to your name as it would be profane to call Toaſting. The Duke of B—m is ſometimes the High Prieſt of your praiſes; and upon the whole, I believe there are as few men that are not ſorry at your departure, as women that are; for, you know, moſt of your ſex want good ſenſe, and therefore muſt want generoſity: You have ſo much of both, that, I am ſure, you pardon them; for one cannot but forgive whatever one deſpiſes. For my part I hate a great many women for your ſake, and undervalue all the reſt. 'Tis you are to blame, and may God revenge it upon you, with all thoſe bleſſings and earthly proſperities, which, the Divines tell us, are the cauſe of our perdition; for if he makes you happy in this world, I dare truſt your own virtue to do it in the other. I am

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

To Mrs. ARABELLA FERMOR. On her Marriage.

YOU are by this time ſatisfied how much the tenderneſs of one man of merit is to be preferred to the addreſſes of a thouſand. And by this time the Gentleman you have made choice of is ſenſible, how great is the joy of having all thoſe charms and good qualities which have pleaſed ſo many, now applied to pleaſe one only. It was but juſt, that the ſame Virtues which gave you reputation, ſhould give you happineſs; and I can wiſh you no greater, than that you may receive it in as high a degree yourſelf, as ſo much good humour muſt infallibly give it to your huſband.

It may be expected, perhaps, that one who has the title of Poet ſhould ſay ſomething more polite on this occaſion: But I am really more a well-wiſher to your felicity, than a celebrater of your beauty. Beſides, you are now a married woman, and in a way to be a great many better things than a fine lady; ſuch as an excellent wife, a faithful friend, a tender parent, and at laſt, as the conſequence of them all, a ſaint in heaven. You ought now to hear nothing but that, which was all you ever deſired to hear (whatever others may have ſpoken to you) I mean Truth: and it is with the utmoſt that I aſſure you, no friend you have can more rejoice in any good that befals you, is more ſincerely delighted with the proſpect of your future happineſs, or more unfeignedly deſires a long continuance of it.

I hope, you will think it but juſt, that a man who will certainly be ſpoken of as your admirer, after he is dead, may have the happineſs to be eſteemed, while he is living,

Your, &c.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL*,

From 1705 to 1716.

LETTER I.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to Mr. POPE.

SIR, Oct. 19, 1705.

I Return you the Book you were pleaſed to ſend me, and with it your obliging letter, which deſerves my particular acknowledgment: for, next to the pleaſure of enjoying the company of ſo good a friend, the welcomeſt thing to me is to hear from him. I expected to find, what I have met with, an admirable genius in thoſe Poems, not only becauſe they were Milton's †, or were approved by Sir Hen. Wootton, but becauſe you had commended them; and give me leave to tell you, that I know no body ſo like to equal him, even at the age he wrote moſt of them, as yourſelf. Only do not afford more cauſe of complaints againſt you, that you ſuffer no-

* Secretary of State to King William the Third. P.

† L'Allegro, Il Penſeroſo, Lycidas, and the Maſque of Comus. P.

thing

thing of yours to come abroad; which in this age, wherein wit and true ſenſe is more ſcarce than money, is a piece of ſuch cruelty as your beſt friends can hardly pardon. I hope you will repent and amend; I could offer many reaſons to this purpoſe, and ſuch as you cannot anſwer with any ſincerity; but that I dare not enlarge, for fear of engaging in a ſtyle of Compliment, which has been ſo abuſed by fools and knaves, that it is become almoſt ſcandalous. I conclude therefore with an aſſurance which ſhall never vary, of my being ever, &c.

LETTER II.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to Mr. POPE.

April 9, 1708.

I Have this moment received the favour of yours of the 8th inſtant; and will make you a true excuſe (tho' perhaps no very good one) that I deferred the troubling you with a letter, when I ſent back your papers, in hopes of ſeeing you at Binfield before this time. If I had met with any fault in your performance, I ſhould freely now (as I have done too preſumptuouſly in converſation with you) tell you my opinion; which I have frequently ventured to give you, rather in compliance with your deſires than that I could think it reaſonable. For I am not yet ſatisfied upon what grounds I can pretend to judge of poetry, who have never been practiſed in the art. There may poſſibly be ſome happy genius's, who may judge of ſome of the natural beauties of a poem, as a man may of the proportions of a building, without having read Vitruvius, or knowing any thing of the rules of architecture: but this, tho' it may ſometimes be in the right, muſt be ſub-

ject to many miſtakes, and is certainly but a ſuperficial knowledge; without entring into the art, the methods, and the particular excellencies of the whole compoſure, in all the parts of it.

Beſides my want of ſkill, I have another reaſon why I ought to ſuſpect myſelf, by reaſon of the great affection I have for you; which might give too much bias to be kind to every thing that comes from you. But after all, I muſt ſay (and I do it with an old-faſhioned ſincerity) that I entirely approve of your tranſlation of thoſe pieces of Homer, both as to the verſification and the true ſenſe that ſhines thro' the whole: Nay I am confirmed in my former application to you, and give me leave to renew it upon this occaſion, that you would proceed in tranſlating that incomparable Poet, to make him ſpeak good Engliſh, to dreſs his admirable characters in your proper, ſignificant, and expreſſive conceptions, and to make his works as uſeful and inſtructive to this degenerate age, as he was to our friend Horace, when he read him at *Præneſte*: *Qui, quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non*, &c. I break off with that *quid non?* with which I confeſs I am charm'd.

Upon the whole matter I intreat you to ſend this preſently to be added to the Miſcellanies, and, I hope, it will come time enough for that purpoſe.

I have nothing to ſay of my Nephew B.'s obſervations, for he ſent them to me ſo late, that I had not time to conſider them; I dare ſay he endeavoured very faithfully (though, he told me, very haſtily) to execute your commands.

All I can add is, that if your exceſs of modeſty ſhould hinder you from publiſhing this Eſſay, I ſhall only be ſorry that I have no more credit with you, to perſwade you to oblige the public, and very particularly, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER III.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to Mr. POPE.

March 6, 1713.

I Think a haſty ſcribble ſhows more what flows from the heart, than a letter after Balzac's manner in ſtudied phraſes; therefore I will tell you as faſt as I can, that I have received your favour of the 26th paſt, with your kind preſent of The Rape of the Lock. You have given me the trueſt ſatisfaction imaginable not only in making good the juſt opinion I have ever had of your reach of thought, and my Idea of your comprehenſive genius; but likewiſe in that pleaſure I take as an Engliſhman to ſee the French, even Boileau himſelf in his Lutrin, out-done in your poem: for you deſcend, *leviore plectro*, to all the nicer touches, that your own obſervation and wit furniſh, on ſuch a ſubject as requires the fineſt ſtrokes and the livelieſt imagination. But I muſt ſay no more (tho' I could a great deal) on what pleaſes me ſo much: and henceforth, I hope, you will never condemn me of partiality, ſince I only ſwim with the ſtream, and approve of what all men of good taſte (notwithſtanding the jarring of Parties) muſt and do univerſally applaud. I now come to what is of vaſt moment, I mean the preſervation of your health, and beg of you earneſtly to get out of all Tavern-company, and fly away *tanquam ex incendio*. What a miſery is it for you to be deſtroy'd by the fooliſh kindneſs ('tis all one whether real or pretended) of thoſe who are able to bear the poiſon of bad wine, and to engage you in ſo unequal a combat? As to Homer, by all I can learn, your buſineſs is done: therefore come away and take a little time to breathe in the country. I beg

now

now for my own ſake, but much more for yours; methinks Mr. —— has ſaid to you more than once,

Heu fuge, nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis!

I am, Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

To Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

March 12, 1713.

THough any thing you write is ſure to be a pleaſure to me, yet I muſt own your laſt letter made me uneaſy; you really uſe a ſtyle of compliment, which I expect as little as I deſerve it. I know 'tis a common opinion that a young ſcribler is as ill pleas'd to hear truth as a young lady. From the moment one ſets up for an author, one muſt be treated as ceremoniouſly, that is as unfaithfully,

As a King's Favourite, or as a King.

This proceeding, join'd to that natural vanity which firſt makes a man an author, is certainly enough to render him a coxcomb for life. But I muſt grant it is a juſt judgment upon poets, that they, whoſe chief pretence is Wit, ſhould be treated as they themſelves treat Fools, that is, be cajol'd with praiſes. And, I believe, Poets are the only poor fellows in the world whom any body will flatter.

I would not be thought to ſay this, as if the obliging letter you ſent me deſerv'd this imputation, only it put me in mind of it; and I fancy one may apply to one's friend what Cæſar ſaid of his wife: "It was not ſufficient that he knew her to be chaſte "himſelf, but ſhe ſhould not be ſo much as ſuſ-"pected."

As

As to the wonderful diſcoveries, and all the good news you are pleas'd to tell me of myſelf, I treat it, as you who are in the ſecret, treat common news, as groundleſs reports of things at a diſtance; which I, who look into the true ſprings of the affair, in my own breaſt, know to have no foundation at all. For Fame, tho' it be (as Milton finely calls it) *the laſt infirmity of noble minds*, is ſcarce ſo ſtrong a temptation as to warrant our loſs of time here: it can never make us lie down contentedly on a death-bed, (as ſome of the Ancients are ſaid to have done with that thought.) You, Sir, have yourſelf taught me, that an eaſy ſituation at that hour can proceed from no ambition leſs noble than that of an eternal felicity, which is unattainable by the ſtrongeſt endeavours of the wit, but may be gain'd by the ſincere intentions of the heart only. As in the next world, ſo in this, the only ſolid bleſſings are owing to the goodneſs of the mind, not the extent of the capacity: friendſhip here is an emanation from the ſame ſource as beatitude there: the ſame benevolence and grateful diſpoſition that qualifies us for the one, if extended farther, makes us partakers of the other. The utmoſt point of my deſires in my preſent ſtate terminates in the ſociety and good-will of worthy men, which I look upon as no ill earneſt and foretaſte of the ſociety and alliance of happy ſouls hereafter.

The continuance of your favours to me is what not only makes me happy, but cauſes me to ſet ſome value upon myſelf as a part of your care. The inſtances I daily meet with of theſe agreeable awakenings of friendſhip, are of too pleaſing a nature not to be acknowledged whenever I think of you. I am

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER V.

April 30, 1713.

I Have been almoſt every day employ'd in following your advice, and amuſing myſelf in painting, in which I am moſt particularly obliged to Mr. Jervas, who gives me daily inſtructions and examples. As to poetical affairs, I am content at preſent to be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an admirer, which is (as the world goes) not very uſual. Cato was not ſo much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and though all the fooliſh induſtry poſſible has been uſed to make it thought a party-play, yet what the author once ſaid of another may the moſt properly in the world be apply'd to him, on this occaſion,

Envy itſelf is dumb, in wonder loſt,
And Factions ſtrive, who ſhall applaud him moſt.

The numerous and violent claps of the Whig-party on the one ſide of the theatre, were echo'd back by the Tories on the other; while the author ſweated behind the ſcenes with concern to find their applauſe proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the caſe too of the prologue writer *, who was clapp'd into a ſtanch whig, at almoſt every two lines. I believe you have heard, that after all the applauſes of the oppoſite faction, my Lord Bolingbroke ſent for Booth, who play'd Cato, into the box, between one of the acts, and preſented him with fifty guineas; in acknowledgment (as he expreſs'd it) for defending the cauſe of liberty ſo well againſt a Perpetual Dictator. The whigs are unwilling to be diſtanc'd this way, and therefore deſign a preſent to the ſame Cato very ſpeedily; in

* Himſelf.

the

the mean time they are getting ready as good a ſentence as the former on their ſide: ſo betwixt them, 'tis probable that Cato (as Dr. Garth expreſs'd it) may have ſomething to live upon, after he dies. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

From Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

Eaſthamſtead, Feb. 22, 1714-15.

I AM ſenſibly oblig'd, dear Sir, by your kind preſent of the *Temple of Fame*, into which you are already enter'd, and I dare prophecy for once (tho' I am not much given to it) that you will continue there, with thoſe,

Who ever new, not ſubject to decays,
Spread and grow brighter with the length of days.

There was nothing wanting to compleat your obliging remembrance of me, but your accompanying it with your poem; your long abſence being much the ſevereſt part of the winter. I am truly ſorry that your time, which you can employ ſo much better, ſhould be ſpent in the drudgery of correcting the printers; for as to what you have done yourſelf, there will nothing of that nature be neceſſary. I wiſh you could find a few minutes leiſure to let me hear from you ſometimes, and to acquaint me how your Homer draws on towards a publication, and all things relating thereunto.

I intreat you to return my humble ſervice to Mr. Jervas. I ſtill flatter myſelf that he will take an opportunity, in a proper ſeaſon, to ſee us, and review his picture, and then to alter ſome things, ſo as to

pleaſe himſelf; which I know will not be, till every thing in it is perfect; no more than I can be, till you believe me to be with that ſincerity and eſteem, that I am and will ever continue, your moſt faithful friend.

LETTER VII.

Dec. 16, 1715.

IT was one of the Enigma's of Pythagoras, "When the winds riſe, worſhip the Echo." A modern writer explains this to ſignify, "When "popular tumults begin, retire to ſolitudes, or ſuch "places where Echos are commonly found, rocks, "woods, &c." I am rather of opinion it ſhould be interpreted, "When rumours increaſe, and when "there is abundance of noiſe and clamour, believe "the ſecond report:" This I think agrees more exactly with the echo, and is the more natural application of the ſymbol. However it be, either of theſe Precepts is extremely proper to be followed at this ſeaſon; and I cannot but applaud your reſolution of continuing in what you call your cave in the foreſt, this winter; and preferring the noiſe of breaking ice to that of breaking ſtateſmen, the rage of ſtorms to that of parties, the fury and ravage of floods and tempeſts, to the precipitancy of ſome, and the ruin of others, which, I fear, will be our daily proſpects in London.

I ſincerely wiſh myſelf with you, to contemplate the wonders of God in the firmament, rather than the madneſs of man on the earth. But I never had ſo much cauſe as now to complain of my poetical ſtar, that fixes me, at this tumultuous time, to attend the gingling of rhymes and the meaſuring of ſyllables: to be almoſt the only trifler in the nation;

and as ridiculous as the poet in Petronius, who, while all the reſt in the ſhip were either labouring or praying for life, was ſcratching his head in a little room, to write a fine deſcription of the tempeſt.

You tell me, you like the ſound of no arms but thoſe of Achilles: for my part I like them as little as any other arms. I liſted myſelf in the battles of Homer, and I am no ſooner in war, but, like moſt other folks, I wiſh myſelf out again.

I heartily join with you in wiſhing Quiet to our native country: Quiet in the ſtate, which, like Charity in religion, is too much the perfection and happineſs of either, to be broken or violated on any pretence or proſpect whatſoever. Fire and ſword, and fire and faggot, are equally my averſion. I can pray for oppoſite parties, and for oppoſite religions, with great ſincerity. I think to be a lover of one's country is a glorious elogy, but I do not think it ſo great an one as to be a lover of mankind.

I ſometimes celebrate you under theſe denominations, and join your health with that of the whole world; a truly catholic health, which far excels the poor narrow-ſpirited, ridiculous healths now in faſhion, to this church, or that church. Whatever our teachers may ſay, they muſt give us leave at leaſt to wiſh generouſly. Theſe, dear Sir, are my general diſpoſitions; but whenever I pray or wiſh for particulars, you are one of the firſt in the thoughts and affections of

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

From Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

Jan. 19, 1715-16.

I Should be aſham'd of my long idleneſs, in not acknowledging your kind advice about Echo, and your moſt ingenious explanation of it relating to popular tumults; which I own to be very uſeful; and yet give me leave to tell you, that I keep myſelf to a ſhorter receipt of the ſame Pythagoras, which is Silence; and this I ſhall obſerve, if not the whole time of his diſcipline, yet at leaſt till your return into this country. I am obliged further to this method, by the moſt ſevere weather I ever felt; when, tho' I keep as near by the fire ſide as may be, yet *gelidus concrevit frigore ſanguis*; and often I apprehend the circulation of the blood begins to be ſtop'd. I have further great loſſes (to a poor farmer) of my poor oxen — *Intereunt pecudes, ſtant circumfuſa pruinis Corpora magna boum*, &c.

Pray comfort me, if you can, by telling me that your ſecond volume of Homer is not frozen; for it muſt be expreſs'd very poetically, to ſay now, that the preſſes ſweat.

I cannot forbear to add a piece of artifice I have been guilty of, on occaſion of my being obliged to congratulate the birth-day of a friend of mine: when finding I had no materials of my own, I very frankly ſent him your imitation of Martial's epigram on *Antonius Primus* *. This has been applauded ſo

* *Jam numerat placido felix Antonius ævo, &c.*

At length my Friend (while Time with ſtill career
Wafts on his gentle wing his eightieth year)
Sees his paſt days ſafe out of Fortune's pow'r,
Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour;

much,

much, that I am in danger of commencing Poet, perhaps laureat, (pray desire my good friend Mr. Rowe to enter a caveat) provided you will further increase my stock in this bank. In which proceeding I have laid the foundation of my estate, and as honestly, as many others have begun theirs. But now being a little tender, as young beginners often are, I offer to you (for I have conceal'd the true author) whether you will give me orders to declare who is the father of this fine child or not? Whatever you determine, my fingers, pen, and ink are so frozen, that I cannot thank you more at large. You will forgive this and all other faults of, Dear Sir,

Your, &c.

Reviews his life, and in the strict survey
Finds not one moment he could wish away,
Pleas'd with the series of each happy day.
Such, such a man extends his life's short space,
And from the goal again renews the race:
For he lives twice, who can at once employ
The present well, and ev'n the past enjoy.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

SEVERAL PERSONS.

From 1711, to 1714.

LETTER I.

To the Hon. J. C. Esq.

June 15, 1711.

I Send you Dennis's remarks on the * Essay; which equally abound in just criticisms and fine railleries. The few observations in my hand in the margins, are what a morning's leisure permitted me to make purely for your perusal. For I am of opinion that such a critic, as you will find him by the latter part of his Book, is but one way to be properly answer'd, and that way I would not take after what he informs me in his preface, that he is at this time persecuted by fortune. This I knew not before; if I had, his name had been spared in the Essay, for that only reason. I can't conceive what ground he has for so excessive a resentment; nor imagine how those † three lines can be called a re-

* On Criticism.

† But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

flection

flection on his perſon, which only deſcribe him ſubject a little to anger on ſome occaſions. I have heard of combatants ſo very furious, as to fall down themſelves with that very blow which they deſign'd to lay heavy on their antagoniſts. But if Mr. Dennis's rage proceeds only from a zeal to diſcourage young and unexperienced writers from ſcribling, he ſhould frighten us with his verſe, not proſe: for I have often known, that, when all the precepts in the world would not reclaim a ſinner, ſome very ſad example has done the buſineſs. Yet to give this man his due, he has objected to one or two lines with reaſon, and I will alter them in caſe of another edition; I will make my enemy do me a kindneſs where he meant an injury, and ſo ſerve inſtead of a friend. What he obſerves at the bottom of page 20 of his reflections, was objected to by yourſelf, and had been mended but for the haſte of the preſs: I confeſs it what the Engliſh call a Bull, in the expreſſion, tho' the ſenſe be manifeſt enough: Mr. Dennis's Bulls are ſeldom in the expreſſion, they are generally in the ſenſe.

I ſhall certainly never make the leaſt reply to him; not only becauſe you adviſe me, but becauſe I have ever been of opinion, that, if a book can't anſwer for itſelf to the public, 'tis to no ſort of purpoſe for its author to do it *. If I am wrong in any ſentiment of that Eſſay, I proteſt ſincerely, I don't deſire all the world ſhould be deceived (which would be of very ill conſequence) merely that I myſelf may be thought right (which is of very little conſequence.)

* In works of Poetry, and generally, in whatever concerns the *Compoſition* of a book, this rule is a very good one. In controverted *Opinions* the caſe is different. The advancement of truth, or the defence of an Author's honeſt fame, may ſometimes make it neceſſary, or expedient for him to anſwer the Objections made to his book.

I would be the firſt to recant, for the benefit of others, and the glory of myſelf; for (as I take it) when a man owns himſelf to be in an error, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiſer than he was. But I have had an advantage by the publiſhing that book, which otherwiſe I ſhould never have known; it has been the occaſion of making me friends and open abettors, of ſeveral gentlemen of known ſenſe and wit; and of proving to me what I have till now doubted, that my writings are taken ſome notice of by the world, or I ſhould never be attacked thus in particular. I have read that 'twas a cuſtom among the *Romans*, while a General rode in triumph, to have the common ſoldiers in the ſtreets that railed at him and reproached him; to put him in mind, that tho' his ſervices were in the main approved and rewarded, yet he had faults enough to keep him humble.

You will ſee by this, that whoever ſets up for wit in theſe days ought to have the conſtancy of a primitive Chriſtian, and be prepared to ſuffer martyrdom in the cauſe of it. But ſure this is the firſt time that a Wit was attacked for his *Religion*, as, you'll find, I am moſt zealouſly in this treatiſe; and you know, Sir, what alarms I have had from the * oppoſite ſide on this account. Have I not reaſon to cry out with the poor fellow in *Virgil*,

Quid jam miſero mihi denique reſtat?
Cui neque apud Danaos *uſquam locus, et ſuper ipſi*
Dardanidæ *infenſi pœnas cum ſanguine poſcunt!*

'Tis however my happineſs that you, Sir, are impartial,

Jove *was alike to* Latian *and to* Phrygian,
For you well know, that Wit's of no Religion.

* See the enſuing Letter.

The manner in which Mr. D. takes to pieces ſeveral particular lines, detached from their natural places, may ſhew how eaſy it is to a caviller to give a new ſenſe, or a new nonſenſe to any thing. And indeed his conſtructions are not more wreſted from the genuine meaning, than theirs who objected to the hetorodox parts, as they called them.

Our friend the Abbe is not of that ſort, who with the utmoſt candour and freedom has modeſtly told me what others thought, and ſhewn himſelf one (as he very well expreſſes it) rather of a number than a party. The only difference between us in relation to the Monks, is, that he thinks moſt ſorts of learning flouriſhed among them, and I am of opinion, that only ſome ſort of learning was barely kept alive by them: he believes that in the moſt natural and obvious ſenſe, that line (A ſecond deluge learning over-run) will be underſtood of learning in general; and I fancy 'twill be underſtood only (as 'tis meant) of polite learning, criticiſm, poetry, &c. which is the only learning concerned in the ſubject of the Eſſay. It is true, that the monks did preſerve what learning there was, about Nicholas the fifth's time; but thoſe who ſucceeded fell into the depth of barbariſm, or at leaſt ſtood at a ſtay while others aroſe from thence, inſomuch that even Eraſmus and Reuchlin could hardly laugh them out of it. I am highly obliged to the Abbe's zeal in my commendation, and goodneſs in not concealing what he thinks my error. And his teſtifying ſome eſteem for the book juſt at a time when his brethren rais'd a clamour againſt it, is an inſtance of great generoſity and candour, which I ſhall ever acknowledge.

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

To the ſame.

June 18, 1711.

IN your laſt you informed me of the miſtaken zeal of ſome people, who ſeem to make it no leſs their buſineſs to perſuade men they are erroneous, than doctors do that they are ſick; only that they may magnify their own cure, and triumph over an imaginary diſtemper. The ſimile objected to in my Eſſay,

(Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide.)

plainly concludes at this ſecond line, where ſtands a full ſtop: and what follows (*Meanly they ſeek, &c.*) ſpeaks only of wit (which is meant by that bleſſing, and that ſun) for how can the ſun of faith be ſaid to ſublime the ſouthern wits, and to ripen the genius's of northern climates? I fear, theſe gentlemen underſtand grammar as little as they do criticiſm: and, perhaps, out of good-nature to the monks, are willing to take from them the cenſure of ignorance, and to have it to themſelves. The word *they* refers (as, I am ſure, I meant, and as I thought every one muſt have known) to thoſe Critics there ſpoken of, who are partial to ſome particular ſett of writers, to the prejudice of all others. And the very ſimile itſelf, if twice read, may convince them, that the cenſure here of damning, lies not on our church at all, unleſs they call our church *one ſmall ſect:* and the cautious words *(by each man)* manifeſtly ſhow it a general reflection on all ſuch (whoever they are) who entertain thoſe narrow and limited notions of the mercy of the Almighty; which the reformed miniſ-

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ters and preſbyterians are as guilty of as any people living.

Yet after all, I promiſe you, Sir, if the alteration of a word or two will gratify any man of ſound faith tho' weak underſtanding, I will (though it were from no other principle than that of common good-nature) comply with it. And if you pleaſe but to particularize the ſpot where their objection lies (for it is in a very narrow compaſs) that ſtumbling-block, tho' it be but a little pebble, ſhall be removed out of their way. If the heat of theſe good diſputants (who, I am afraid, being bred up to wrangle in the ſchools, cannot get rid of the humour all their lives) ſhould proceed ſo far as to perſonal reflections upon me, I aſſure you, notwithſtanding, I will do or ſay nothing, however provok'd (for ſome people can no more provoke than oblige) that is unbecoming the true character of a Catholic. I will ſet before me the example of that great man, and great ſaint, Eraſmus; who in the midſt of calumny proceeded with all the calmneſs of innocence *, and the unrevenging ſpirit of primitive chriſtianity. However, I would adviſe them to ſuffer the mention of him to paſs unregarded, leſt I ſhould be forced to do that for his reputation which I would never do for my own; I mean, to vindicate ſo great a light of our church from the malice of paſt times, and the ignorance of the preſent, in a language which may extend farther than that in which the trifle about criticiſm is written. I wiſh theſe gentlemen would be contented with finding fault with me only, who will ſubmit to them right or wrong, as far as I only am concerned; I have a greater regard to the quiet of mankind than to diſturb it for things of ſo little conſequence as my credit and my ſenſe. A little hu-

* I doubt this is not ſtrictly true. See his Anſwers to Lee, archbiſhop of York.

mility can do a poet no hurt, and a little charity would do a prieſt none: for, as St. Auſtin finely ſays, *Ubi charitas, ibi humilitas; ubi humilitas, ibi pax.*

Your, &c.

LETTER III.

To the ſame.

July 19, 1711.

THE concern which you more than ſeem to be affected with for my reputation, by the ſeveral accounts you have ſo obligingly given of what reports and cenſures the holy Vandals have thought fit to paſs upon me, makes me deſirous of telling ſo good a friend my whole thoughts of this matter; and of ſetting before you, in a clear light, the true ſtate of it.

I have ever believed the beſt piece of ſervice one could do to our religion, was openly to expreſs our deteſtation and ſcorn of all thoſe mean artifices and *piæ fraudes*, which it ſtands ſo little in need of, and which have laid it under ſo great a ſcandal among its enemies.

Nothing has been ſo much a ſcarecrow to them, as that too peremptory and uncharitable aſſertion of an utter impoſſibility of ſalvation to all but ourſelves: invincible ignorance excepted, which indeed ſome people define under ſo great limitations, and with ſuch excluſions, that it ſeems as if that word were rather invented as a ſalvo, or expedient, not to be thought too bold with the thunder-bolts of God (which are hurled about ſo freely on almoſt all mankind by the hands of eccleſiaſtics) than as a real exception to almoſt univerſal damnation. For beſides the ſmall number of the truly faithful in our Church,

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we muſt again ſubdivide; the Janſeniſt is damn'd by the Jeſuit, the Jeſuit by the Janſeniſt, the Scotiſt by the Thomiſt, and ſo forth.

There may be Errors, I grant, but I can't think them of ſuch conſequence as to deſtroy utterly the charity of mankind; the very greateſt bond in which we are ingaged by God to one another: therefore, I own to you, I was glad of any opportunity to expreſs my diſlike of ſo ſhocking a ſentiment as thoſe of the religion I profeſs are commonly charged with; and I hoped, a ſlight inſinuation, introduced ſo eaſily by a caſual ſimilitude only, could never have given offence; but on the contrary muſt needs have done good; in a nation and time, wherein we are the ſmaller party, and conſequently moſt miſrepreſented, and moſt in need of vindication.

For the ſame reaſon, I took occaſion to mention the ſuperſtition of ſome ages after the ſubverſion of the Roman Empire, which is too manifeſt a truth to be denied, and does in no ſort reflect upon the preſent profeſſors of our faith, who are free from it. Our ſilence in theſe points may, with ſome reaſon, make our adverſaries think we allow and perſiſt in thoſe bigotries; which yet in reality all good and ſenſible men deſpiſe, tho' they are perſuaded not to ſpeak againſt them, I can't tell why, ſince now 'tis no way the intereſt even of the worſt of our prieſthood (as it might have been then) to have them ſmothered in ſilence: For, as the oppoſite ſects are now prevailing, 'tis too late to hinder our church from being ſlander'd; 'tis our buſineſs now to vindicate ourſelves from being thought abettors of what they charge us with. This can't ſo well be brought about with ſerious faces; we muſt laugh with them at what deſerves it, or be content to be laughed at, with ſuch as deſerve it.

As to particulars: you cannot but have obſerved, that at firſt the whole objection againſt the ſimile of

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Wit and Faith lay to the word They: when that was beyond contradiction removed (the very grammar ſerving to confute them) then the objection was againſt the ſimile itſelf; or if that ſimile will not be objected to (ſenſe and common reaſon being indeed a little ſtubborn, and not apt to give way to every body) next the mention of Superſtition muſt become a crime; as if Religion and ſhe were ſiſters, or that it were ſcandal upon the family of Chriſt, to ſay a word againſt the devil's baſtard. Afterwards, more miſchief is diſcover'd in a place that ſeemed innocent at firſt, the two lines about *Schiſmatics*. An ordinary man would imagine the author plainly declared againſt thoſe ſchiſmatics, for quitting the true faith out of a contempt of the underſtanding of ſome few of its believers: but theſe believers are called *dull*, and becauſe I ſay that thoſe ſchiſmatics think ſome believers dull, therefore theſe charitable interpreters of my meaning will have it, that I think all believers dull. I was lately telling Mr. ** theſe objections: who aſſured me I had ſaid nothing which a catholic need to diſown; and I have cauſe to know that gentleman's fault (if he has any) is not want of zeal: He put a notion into my head, which, I confeſs, I can't but acquieſce in; that when a ſett of people are piqued at any truth which they think to their own diſadvantage, their method of revenge on the truth-ſpeaker is to attack his reputation a by-way, and not openly to object to the place they are really galled by: what theſe therefore (in his opinion) are in earneſt angry at, is, that Eraſmus, whom their tribe oppreſſed and perſecuted, ſhould be vindicated after an age of obloquy by one of their own people, willing to utter an honeſt truth in behalf of the dead, whom no man ſure will flatter, and to whom few will do juſtice. Others, you know, were as angry that I mentioned Mr. Walſh with honour; who as he never refuſed to any one of merit of any party

party the praiſe due to him, ſo honeſtly deſerved it from all others, tho' of ever ſo different intereſts or ſentiments. May I be ever guilty of this ſort of liberty, and latitude of principle! which gives us the hardineſs of ſpeaking well of thoſe whom envy oppreſſes even after death. As I would always ſpeak well of my living friends when they are abſent, nay becauſe they are abſent, ſo would I much more of the dead, in that eternal abſence; and the rather becauſe I expect no thanks for it.

Thus, Sir, you ſee I do in my conſcience perſiſt in what I have written; yet in my friendſhip I will recant and alter whatever you pleaſe, in caſe of a ſecond edition (which I think the book will not ſo ſoon arrive at, for Tonſon's printer told me he drew off a thouſand copies in this firſt impreſſion, and, I fancy, a treatiſe of this nature, which not one gentleman in threeſcore even of a liberal education can underſtand, can hardly exceed the vent of that number.) You ſhall find me a true Trojan in my faith and friendſhip, in both which I will perſevere to the end

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

To my Lord LANSDOWN.

Binfield, Jan. 10, 1712.

I Thank you for having given my poem of Windſor foreſt its greateſt ornament, that of bearing your name in the front of it. 'Tis one thing when a perſon of true merit permits us to have the honour of drawing him as like as we can; and another, when we make a fine thing at random, and perſuade the next vain creature we can find that 'tis his own likeneſs;

likeneſs; which is the caſe every day of my fellow ſcriblers. Yet, my Lord, this honour has given me no more pride than your honours have given you; but it affords me a great deal of pleaſure, which is much better than a great deal of pride; and it indeed would give me ſome pain, if I was not ſure of one advantage; that whereas others are offended if they have not more than juſtice done them, you would be diſpleaſed if you had ſo much: therefore I may ſafely do you as much injury in my word, as you do yourſelf in your own thoughts. I am ſo vain as to think I have ſhewn you a favour, in ſparing your modeſty, and you cannot but make me ſome return for prejudicing the truth to gratify you: This I beg may be the free correction of theſe verſes, which will have few beauties, but what may be made by your blots. I am in the circumſtance of an ordinary painter drawing Sir Godfrey Kneller, who by a few touches of his own could make the piece very valuable. I might then hope, that many years hence the world might read, in conjunction with your name, that of

Your Lordſhip's, &c.

LETTER V.

The Hon. J. C. to Mr. POPE.

May 23, 1712.

I AM very glad for the ſake of the widow, and for the credit of the deceaſed, that * Betterton's remains are fallen into ſuch hands as may render them reputable to the one, and beneficial to the other.

* A Tranſlation of ſome part of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, the Prologues, &c. printed in a Miſcellany with ſome works of Mr. Pope, in 2 Vol. 12° by B. Lintot. P.

Beſides

Beſides the public acquaintance I long had with that poor man, I alſo had a ſlender knowledge of his parts and capacity by private converſation, and ever thought it pity he was neceſſitated by the ſtraitneſs of his fortune, to act (and eſpecially to his lateſt hours) an imaginary and fictitious part, who was capable of exhibiting a real one, with credit to himſelf, and advantage to his neighbour.

I hope your health permitted you to execute your deſign of giving us an imitation of Pollio; I am ſatisfied 'twill be doubly divine, and I ſhall long to ſee it. I ever thought church-muſic the moſt raviſhing of all harmonious compoſitions, and muſt alſo believe ſacred ſubjects, well handled, the moſt inſpiring of all poetry.

But where hangs the *Lock* now? (tho' I know, that rather than draw any juſt reflection upon yourſelf of the leaſt ſhadow of ill-nature, you would freely have ſuppreſs'd one of the beſt of poems.) I hear no more of it—will it come out in Lintot's Miſcellany or not? I wrote to Lord Petre upon the ſubject of the Lock, ſome time ſince, but have as yet had no anſwer, nor indeed do I know when he'll be in London. I have, ſince I ſaw you, correſponded with Mrs. W. I hope ſhe is now with her Aunt, and that her journey thither was ſomething facilitated by my writing to that lady as preſſingly as poſſible, not to let any thing whatever obſtruct it. I ſent her obliging anſwer to the party it moſt concern'd; and when I hear Mrs. W. is certainly there, I will write again to my Lady, to urge as much as poſſible the effecting the only thing that in my opinion can make her niece eaſy. I have run out my extent of paper, and am

Your, &c.

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LETTER VI.

The Anſwer.

May 28, 1712.

IT is not only the diſpoſition I always have of converſing with you, that makes me ſo ſpeedily anſwer your obliging letter, but the apprehenſion leſt your charitable intent of writing to my lady A. on Mrs. W.'s affair ſhould be fruſtrated, by the ſhort ſtay ſhe makes there. She went thither on the 25th with that mixture of expectation and anxiety, with which people uſually go into unknown or half-diſcover'd countries, utterly ignorant of the diſpoſitions of the inhabitants, and the treatment they are to meet with. The unfortunate of all people are the moſt unfit to be left alone; yet, we ſee, the world generally takes care they ſhall be ſo; whereas, if we took a conſiderate proſpect of the world, the buſineſs and ſtudy of the happy and eaſy ſhould be to divert and humour, as well as comfort and pity, the diſtreſſed. I cannot therefore excuſe ſome near Allies of mine for their conduct of late towards this lady, which has given me a great deal of anger as well as ſorrow: all I ſhall ſay to you of them at preſent is, that they have not been my Relations theſe two months. The conſent of opinions in our minds, is certainly a nearer tye than can be contracted by all the blood in our bodies; and I am proud of finding I have ſomething congenial with you. Will you permit me to confeſs to you, that all the favours and kind offices you have ſhewn towards me, have not ſo ſtrongly cemented me yours, as the diſcovery of that generous and manly compaſſion you manifeſted in the caſe of this unhappy lady? I am afraid to inſinuate to you how much I eſteem

eſteem you: Flatterers have taken up the ſtyle which was once peculiar to friends, and an honeſt man has now no way left to expreſs himſelf beſides the common one of knaves: ſo that true friends now-a-days differ in their addreſs from flatterers, much as right maſtiffs do from ſpaniels, and ſhow themſelves by a dumb ſurly ſort of fidelity, rather than by a complaiſant and open kindneſs.—Will you never leave commending my poetry? In fair truth, Sir, I like it but too well myſelf already: expoſe me no more, I beg you, to the great danger of Vanity, (the rock of all men, but moſt of young men) and be kindly content for the future, when you would pleaſe me thoroughly, to ſay only you like what I write.

Yours, &c.

LETTER VII.

Dec. 5, 1712.

YOU have at length complied with the requeſt I have often made you, for you have ſhown me, I muſt confeſs, ſeveral of my faults in the ſight of thoſe letters. Upon a review of them, I find many things that would give me ſhame, if I were not more deſirous to be thought honeſt than prudent; ſo many things freely thrown out, ſuch lengths of unreſerved friendſhip, thoughts juſt warm from the brain, without any poliſhing or dreſs, the very diſhabile of the underſtanding. You have proved yourſelf more tender of another's embryos than the fondeſt mothers are of their own, for you have preſerv'd every thing that I miſcarried of. Since I know this, I ſhall in one reſpect be more afraid of writing to you than ever, at this careleſs rate, becauſe I ſee my evil works may again riſe in judgment againſt me; yet in another reſpect I ſhall be leſs afraid, ſince

this has given me such a proof of the extreme indulgence you afford to my slightest thoughts. The revisal of these letters has been a kind of examination of conscience to me; so fairly and faithfully have I set down in them from time to time the true and undisguised state of my mind. But I find, that these, which were intended as sketches of my friendship, give as imperfect images of it, as the little landscapes we commonly see in black and white do of a beautiful country; they can represent but a very small part of it, and that deprived of the life and lustre of nature. I perceive that the more I endeavour'd to render manifest the real affection and value I ever had for you, I did but injure it by representing less and less of it: as glasses which are design'd to make an object very clear, generally contract it. Yet as when people have a full idea of a thing first upon their own knowledge, the least traces of it serve to refresh the remembrance, and are not displeasing on that score; so, I hope, the foreknowledge you had of my esteem for you, is the reason that you do not dislike my letters.

They will not be of any great service (I find) in the design I mentioned to you: I believe I had better steal from a richer man, and plunder your letters (which I have kept as carefully as I would Letters Patents, since they intitle me to what I more value than titles of honour.) You have some cause to apprehend this usage from me, if what some say be true, that I am a great borrower; however I have hitherto had the luck that none of my creditors have challenged me for it: and those who say it are such, whose writings no man ever borrow'd from, so have the least reason to complain; and whose works are granted on all hands to be but too much their own. Another has been pleas'd to declare, that my verses are corrected by other men: I verily believe theirs were never corrected by any man: but indeed if

mine

mine have not, 'twas not my fault; I have endeavour'd my utmoſt that they ſhould. But theſe things are only whiſper'd, and I will not encroach upon Bays's province and *pen-whiſpers*, ſo haſten to conclude,

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

From my Lord LANDSDOWN.

Oct. 21, 1713.

I AM pleas'd beyond meaſure with your deſign of tranſlating Homer. The trials which you have already made and publiſhed on ſome parts of that author, have ſhewn that you are equal to ſo great a taſk: and you may therefore depend upon the utmoſt ſervices I can do you in promoting this work, or any thing that may be for your ſervice.

I hope Mr. Stafford, for whom you was pleas'd to concern yourſelf, has had the good effects of the Queen's Grace to him. I had not ce the night before I began my journey, that her Maje ty had not only directed his pardon, but order'd a Writ for reverſing his Outlawry.

Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

To General ANTHONY HAMILTON *

Upon his having tranſlated into French Verſe the *Eſſay on Criticiſm.*

Oct. 10, 1713.

IF I could as well expreſs, or (if you will allow me to ſay it) tranſlate the ſentiments of my heart as you have done thoſe of my head, in your excellent verſion of my Eſſay; I ſhould not only appear the beſt writer in the world, but, what I much more deſire to be thought, the moſt your ſervant of any man living. 'Tis an advantage very rarely known, to receive at once a great honour and a great improvement. This, Sir, you have afforded me, having at the ſame time made others take my ſenſe, and taught me to underſtand my own; if I may call that my own which is indeed more properly yours. Your verſes are no more a tranſlation of mine, than Virgil's are of Homer's; but are, like his, the juſteſt imitation and the nobleſt Commentary.

In putting me into a French dreſs, you have not only adorned my outſide, but mended my ſhape; and, if I am now a good figure, I muſt conſider you have naturaliz'd me into a country which is famous for making every man a fine gentleman. It is by your means, that (contrary to moſt young travellers) I am come back much better than I went out.

I cannot but wiſh we had a bill of commerce for tranſlation eſtabliſhed the next parliament; we could not fail of being gainers by that, nor of making ourſelves amends for any thing we have loſt by the

* Author of the Memoirs of the *Count de Grammont, Contas,* and other pieces of note in French. P.

war.

war. Nay, tho' we ſhould inſiſt upon the demoliſhing of Boileau's works, the French, as long they have writers of your form, might have as good an equivalent.

Upon the whole, I am really as proud, as our miniſters ought to be, of the terms I have gain'd from abroad; and I deſign, like them, to publiſh ſpeedily to the world the benefits accruing from them; for I cannot reſiſt the temptation of printing your admirable tranſlation here *; to which if you will be ſo obliging to give me leave to prefix your name, it will be the only addition you can make to the honour already done me. I am,

Your, &c.

* This was never done, for the two printed French verſions are neither of this hand. The one was done by Monſieur Roboton, private ſecretary to king George the firſt, printed in quarto at Amſterdam, and at London 1717. The other by the Abbe Reſnel, in octavo, with a large preface and notes, at Paris, 1730. P.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Mr. STEELE, Mr. ADDISON,
Mr. CONGREVE, etc.

From 1712 to 1715.

LETTER I.

Mr. STEELE to Mr. POPE.

June 1, 1712.

I AM at a ſolitude, an houſe between Hampſtead and London, wherein Sir Charles Sedley died. This circumſtance ſet me a thinking and ruminating upon the employments in which men of wit exerciſe themſelves. It was ſaid of Sir Charles, who breath'd his laſt in this room,

> Sedley *has that prevailing gentle art,*
> *Which can with a reſiſtleſs charm impart*
> *The looſeſt wiſhes to the chaſteſt heart;*
> *Raiſe ſuch a conflict, kindle ſuch a fire*
> *Between declining Virtue and Deſire,*
> *Till the poor vanquiſh'd Maid diſſolves away*
> *In dreams all night, in ſighs and tears all day.*

This was a happy talent to a man of the town, but, I dare ſay, without preſuming to make uncharitable con-

conjectures on the author's preſent condition, he would rather have had it ſaid of him that he had pray'd,

Oh thou my voice inſpire,
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

I have turn'd to every verſe and chapter, and think you have preſerv'd the ſublime heavenly ſpirit throughout the whole, eſpecially at — *Hark a glad voice* — and — *The lamb with wolves ſhall graze* — There is but one line which I think below the original,

He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

You have expreſs'd it with a good and pious, but not ſo exalted and poetical a ſpirit as the prophet, *The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.* If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphraſe or otherwiſe, that when it comes into a volume it may be amended. Your poem is already better than the Pollio. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

The Anſwer.

June 18, 1712.

YOU have oblig'd me with a very kind letter, by which I find you ſhift the ſcene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mix'd ſtate which wiſe men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks the moraliſts and philoſophers have generally run too much into extremes in commending entirely either ſolitude, or public life. In the former, men for the moſt part grow uſeleſs by too much reſt, and in the latter are de-

ſtroy'd by too much precipitation; as waters lying ſtill, putrify, and are good for nothing, and running violently on do but the more miſchief in their paſſage to others, and are ſwallow'd up and loſt the ſooner themſelves. Thoſe indeed who can be uſeful to all ſtates, ſhould be like gentle ſtreams, that not only glide thro' lonely valleys and foreſts amidſt the flocks and the ſhepherds, but viſit populous towns in their courſe, and are at once of ornament and ſervice to them. But there are another ſort of people who ſeem deſign'd for ſolitude, ſuch, I mean, as have more to hide than to ſhow. As for my own part, I am one of thoſe of whom Seneca ſays, *Tam umbratiles ſunt, ut putent in turbido eſſe quicquid in luce eſt.* Some men, like ſome pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and, I believe, ſuch as have a natural bent to ſolitude (to carry on the former ſimilitude) are like waters, which may be forced into fountains, and exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure and a louder noiſe, but after all they would run more ſmoothly, quietly, and plentifully, in their own natural courſe upon the ground*. The conſideration of this would make me very well contented with the poſſeſſion only of that Quiet which Cowley calls the companion of Obſcurity. But whoever has the Muſes too for his companions, can never be idle enough, to be uneaſy. Thus, Sir, you ſee, I would flatter myſelf into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch juſt now told me, that 'tis in human life as in a game at tables, where a man may wiſh for the higheſt caſt, but, if his chance be otherwiſe, he is e'en to play it as well as he can, and to make the beſt of it. I am, Your, &c.

* The foregoing Similitudes our Author had put into verſe ſome years before, and inſerted into Mr. Wycherley's poem on *Mix'd Life*. We find them in the verſification very diſtinct from the reſt of that poem. See his poſthumous works, octavo, Page 3 and 4. P.

LET-

LETTER III.

To Mr. STEELE.

July 15, 1712.

YOU formerly obſerv'd to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the diſparity we often find in him ſick and well: thus one of an unfortunate conſtitution is perpetually exhibiting a miſerable example of the weakneſs of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to conſider myſelf in theſe different views, and, I hope, have receiv'd ſome advantage by it, if what Waller ſays be true, that

The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.

Then ſurely ſickneſs, contributing no leſs than old age to the ſhaking down this ſcaffolding of the body, may diſcover the inward ſtructure more plainly. Sickneſs is a ſort of early old age: it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly ſtate, and inſpires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thouſand volumes of philoſophers and divines. It gives ſo warning a concuſſion to thoſe props of our vanity, our ſtrength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourſelves within, when there is ſo little dependance upon our out-works. Youth at the very beſt is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and ſmoother manner than age: 'tis like a ſtream that nouriſhes a plant upon a bank, and cauſes it to flouriſh and bloſſom to the ſight, but at the ſame time is undermining it at the root in ſecret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me, it has afforded ſeveral proſpects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that

the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where moſt people end, with a full conviction of the emptineſs of all ſorts of ambition, and the unſatisfactory nature of all human pleaſures. When a ſmart fit of ſickneſs tells me this ſcurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconcern'd as was that honeſt Hibernian, who being in bed in the great ſtorm ſome years ago, and told the houſe would tumble over his head, made anſwer, What care I for the houſe? I am only a lodger. I fancy 'tis the beſt time to die when one is in the beſt humour; and ſo exceſſively weak as I now am, I may ſay with conſcience, that I am not at all uneaſy at the thought, that many men, whom I never had any eſteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconſiderable little atom every ſingle man is, with reſpect to the whole creation, methinks, 'tis a ſhame to be concern'd at the removal of ſuch a trivial animal as I am The morning after my exit, the ſun will riſe as bright as ever, the flowers ſmell as ſweet, the plants ſpring as green, the world will proceed in its old courſe, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as faſt, as they were us'd to do. The memory of man, (as it is elegantly expreſs'd in the Book of Wiſdom) paſſeth away as the remembrance of a gueſt that tarrieth but one day. There are reaſons enough, in the fourth chapter of the ſame book, to make any young man contented with the proſpect of death. "For honourable age is not "that which ſtandeth in length of time, or is mea-"ſur'd by number of years. But wiſdom is the "grey hair to men, and an unſpotted life is old age. "He was taken away ſpeedily, leſt wickedneſs "ſhould alter his underſtanding, or deceit beguile "his ſoul," &c. I am

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER IV.

To Mr. STEELE.

Nov. 7, 1712.

I Was the other day in company with five or six men of ſome learning; where chancing to mention the famous verſes which the Emperor Adrian ſpoke on his death-bed, they were all agreed that 'twas a piece of gaiety unworthy of that prince in thoſe circumſtances. I could not but differ from this opinion: methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very ſerious ſoliloquy to his ſoul at the point of its departure; in which ſenſe I naturally took the verſes at my firſt reading them, when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them.

Animula vagula, blandula,
Hoſpes comeſque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut ſoles) dabis joca!

"Alas, my ſoul! thou pleaſing companion of this "body, thou fleeting thing that art now deſerting "it! whither art thou flying? to what unknown "ſcene? all trembling, fearful and penſive! what "now is become of thy former wit and humour? "thou ſhalt jeſt and be gay no more."

I confeſs I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this: 'tis the moſt natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man: and if we conſider the Emperor was a heathen, that doubt concerning the future ſtate of his ſoul will ſeem ſo far from being the effect of want of thought, that 'twas ſcarce reaſonable he ſhould think otherwiſe; not to mention that here is a plain confeſſion included of his belief

belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula*, *blandula*, and the reſt, appear not to me as expreſſions of levity, but rather of endearment and concern; ſuch as we find in Catullus, and the authors of *Hendeca-ſyllabi* after him, where they are uſed to expreſs the utmoſt love and tenderneſs for their miſtreſſes.—If you think me right in my notion of the laſt words of Adrian, be pleas'd to inſert it in the Spectator; if not, to ſuppreſs it.

I am, &c.

ADRIANI morientis Ad ANIMAM, TRANSLATED.

Ah fleeting Spirit! wand'ring fire,
That long haſt warm'd my tender breaſt,
Muſt thou no more this frame inſpire?
No more a pleaſing, chearful gueſt?

Whither, ah whither art thou flying!
To what dark, undiſcover'd ſhore?
Thou ſeem'ſt all trembling, ſhiv'ring, dying,
And Wit and Humour are no more!

LETTER V.

Mr. STEELE to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 12, 1712.

I Have read over your Temple of Fame twice, and cannot find any thing amiſs, of weight enough to call a fault, but ſee in it a thouſand thouſand beauties. Mr. Addiſon ſhall ſee it to-morrow: after his peruſal of it, I will let you know his thoughts. I deſire you would let me know whether you are at leiſure or not? I have a deſign which I ſhall open a

month

month or two hence, with the assistance of the few like yourself. If your thoughts are unengaged, I shall explain myself further. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

The Answer.

Nov. 26, 1712.

YOU oblige me by the indulgence you have shewn to the poem I sent you, but will oblige me much more by the kind severity I hope for from you. No errors are so trivial, but they deserve to be mended. But since you say you see nothing that may be called a fault, can you but think it so, that I have confin'd the attendance of * Guardian spirits to Heaven's favourites only? I could point you to several, but 'tis my business to be inform'd of those faults I do not know; and as for those I do, not to talk of them, but to correct them. You speak of that poem in a style I neither merit, nor expect; but, I assure you, if you freely mark or dash out, I shall look upon your blots to be its greatest beauties: I mean, if Mr. Addison and yourself should like it in the whole; otherwise the trouble of correction is what I would not take, for I was really so diffident of it as to let it lie by me these † two years, just as you now see it. I am afraid of nothing so much as to impose any thing on the world which is unworthy of its acceptance.

* This is not now to be found in the *Temple of Fame*, which was the Poem here spoken of. P.

† Hence it appears this Poem was writ before the Author was twenty-two years old. P.

As

As to the laſt period of your letter, I ſhall be very ready and glad to contribute to any deſign that tends to the advantage of mankind, which, I am ſure, all yours do. I wiſh I had but as much capacity as leiſure, for I am perfectly idle: (a ſign I have not much capacity.)

If you will entertain the beſt opinion of me, be pleas'd to think me your friend. Aſſure Mr. Addiſon of my moſt faithful ſervice, of every one's eſteem he muſt be aſſur'd already. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER VII.

To Mr. STEELE.

Nov. 29, 1712.

I AM ſorry you publiſhed that notion about Adrian's verſes as mine: had I imagined you would uſe my name, I ſhould have expreſs'd my ſentiments with more modeſty and diffidence. I only ſent it to have your opinion, and not to publiſh my own, which I diſtruſted. But, I think the ſuppoſition you draw from the notion of Adrian's being addicted to magic, is a little uncharitable, ("that he might fear "no ſort of deity, good or bad") ſince in the third verſe he plainly teſtifies his apprehenſion of a future ſtate, by being ſolicitous whither his ſoul was going. As to what you mention of his uſing gay and ludicrous expreſſions, I have own'd my opinion to be, that the expreſſions are not ſo, but that diminutives are as often, in the Latin tongue, uſed as marks of tenderneſs and concern.

Anima is no more than my ſoul, *animula* has the force of my dear ſoul. To ſay *virgo bella* is not half ſo endearing as *virguncula bellula*; and had Auguſtus only call'd Horace *lepidum hominem*, it had amounted

to

to no more than that he thought him a pleaſant fellow: 'twas the *homunciolum* that expreſs'd the love and tenderneſs that great Emperor had for him. And perhaps I ſhould myſelf be much better pleas'd, if I were told you call'd me your little friend, than if you complimented me with the title of a great genius, or an eminent hand, as Jacob does all his authors. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

From Mr. STEELE.

Dec. 4, 1712.

THIS is to deſire of you that you would pleaſe to make an Ode as of a chearful dying ſpirit, that is to ſay, the Emperor Adrian's *Animula vagula* put into two or three ſtanzas for muſic. If you comply with this, and ſend me word ſo, you will very particularly oblige

Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

I Do not ſend you word I will do, but have already done the thing you deſire of me. You have it (as Cowley calls it) juſt warm from the brain. It came to me the firſt moment I waked this morning: Yet, you'll ſee, it was not ſo abſolutely inſpiration, but that I had in my head not only the verſes of Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho, &c.

The dying Christian to his SOUL.

ODE.

I.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

LETTER X.

To Mr. ADDISON,

July 20, 1713.

I AM more joy'd at your return than I should be at that of the sun, so much as I wish for him this melancholy wet season; but 'tis his fate too, like

yours, to be diſpleaſing to Owls and obſcene animals, who cannot bear his luſtre. What put me in mind of theſe night-birds was John Dennis, whom, I think, you are beſt revenged upon, as the Sun was in the fable upon thoſe bats and beaſtly birds abovementioned, only by *ſhining on*. I am ſo far from eſteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your ſhare in that, which all the great men and all the good men that ever lived have had their part of, Envy and Calumny. To be uncenſured and to be obſcure, is the ſame thing. You may conclude from what I here ſay, that 'twas never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to ſuch a Critic, but only in ſome little raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him*. But indeed your opinion, that 'tis intirely to be neglected, would have been my own had it been my own caſe; but I felt more warmth here than I did when firſt I ſaw his book againſt myſelf, (tho' indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry.) He has written againſt every thing the world has approv'd theſe many years. I apprehend but one danger from Dennis's diſliking our ſenſe, that it may make us think ſo very well of it, as to become proud and conceited, upon his diſapprobation.

I muſt not here omit to do juſtice to Mr. Gay, whoſe zeal in your concern is worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the moſt preſſing terms about it, though with that juſt contempt of the Critic that he deſerves. I think in theſe days one honeſt man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends; when ſo many miſchievous inſects are daily at work to make people of merit ſuſpicious

* This relates to the Paper occaſioned by Dennis's Remarks upon Cato, call'd, Dr. Norris's *Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis*. P.

of

of each other; that they may have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing them look'd upon no better than themſelves.

I am Your, &c.

LETTER XI.

Mr. ADDISON to Mr. POPE.

Oct. 26, 1713.

I Was extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more ſo upon reading the contents of it. The * Work you mention, will I dare ſay, very ſufficiently recommend itſelf when your name appears with the Propoſals: And if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me than by employing me in ſuch an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I ſhall be very proud of ſhowing it by this, or any other inſtance. I queſtion not but your Tranſlation will enrich our Tongue and do honour to our Country; for I conclude of it already from thoſe performances with which you have oblig'd the public. I would only have you conſider how it may moſt turn to your advantage. Excuſe my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your eaſe and happineſs. The work would coſt you a great deal of Time, and, unleſs you undertake it, will, I am afraid, never be executed by any other; at leaſt I know none of this age that is equal to it beſides yourſelf.

I am at preſent wholly immerſed in country buſineſs, and begin to take delight in it. I wiſh I might hope to ſee you here ſome time, and will not deſpair of

* The Tranſlation of the Iliad. P.

it,

it, when you engage in a work that will require ſolitude and retirement. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

Mr. ADDISON to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 2, 1713.

I Have receiv'd your letter, and am glad to find that you have laid ſo good a ſcheme for your great undertaking. I queſtion not but the Proſe * will require as much care as the Poetry, but the variety will give yourſelf ſome relief, and more pleaſure to your readers.

You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend, in adviſing you not to content yourſelf with one half of the Nation for your admirers when you might command them all. If I might take the freedom to repeat it, I would on this occaſion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the Fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it.

You ſee how I preſume on your friendſhip in taking all this freedom with you: But I already fancy that we have lived many years together in an unreſerved converſation, and that we may do ſo many more, is the ſincere wiſh of

Your, &c.

* The notes to his tranſlation of Homer.

LETTER XIII.

To Mr. ADDISON.

YOUR laſt is the more obliging, as it hints at ſome little niceties in my conduct, which your candour and affection prompts you to recommend to me, and which (ſo trivial as things of this nature ſeem) are yet of no ſlight conſequence, to people whom every body talks of and every body as he pleaſes. 'Tis a ſort of Tax that attends an eſtate in Parnaſſus, which is often rated much higher than in proportion to the ſmall poſſeſſion an author holds. For indeed an author, who is once come upon the town, is enjoy'd without being thanked for the pleaſure, and ſometimes ill-treated by thoſe very perſons who firſt debauched him. Yet, to tell you the bottom of my heart, I am no way diſpleaſed that I have offended the violent of all parties already; and at the ſame time I aſſure you conſcientiouſly, I feel not the leaſt malevolence or reſentment againſt any of thoſe who miſrepreſent me, or are diſſatisfied with me. This frame of mind is ſo eaſy, that I am perfectly content with my condition.

As I hope, and would flatter myſelf, that you know me and my thoughts ſo entirely as never to be miſtaken in either, ſo 'tis a pleaſure to me that you gueſs'd ſo right in regard to the author of that Guardian you mentioned. But I am ſorry to find it has taken air, that I have ſome hand in thoſe papers, becauſe I write ſo very few as neither to deſerve the credit of ſuch a report with ſome people, nor the diſrepute of it with others. An honeſt Jacobite ſpoke to me the ſenſe or nonſenſe of the weak part of his party very fairly, that the good people took it ill of me, that I writ with Steele, tho' upon never ſo indifferent ſubjects. This, I know, you will laugh

laugh at as well as I do; yet I doubt not but many little calumniators and perſons of ſour diſpoſitions will take occaſion hence to beſpatter me. I confeſs I ſcorn narrow ſouls, of all parties, and if I renounce my reaſon in religious matters, I'll hardly do it in any other.

I can't imagine whence it comes to paſs that the few Guardians I have written are ſo generally known for mine: that in particular which you mention I never diſcovered to any man but the publiſher, till very lately: yet almoſt every body told me of it.

As to his taking a more Politic turn, I cannot any way enter into that ſecret, nor have I been let into it, any more than into the reſt of his politics. Tho' 'tis ſaid, he will take into theſe papers alſo ſeveral ſubjects of the politer kind, as before: But, I aſſure you, as to myſelf, I have quite done with them for the future. The little I have done, and the great reſpect I bear Mr. Steele as a man of wit, has rendered me a ſuſpected Whig to ſome of the violent; but (as old Dryden ſaid before me) 'tis not the violent I deſign to pleaſe.

I generally employ the mornings in painting with Mr. Jervas *, and the evenings in the converſation of ſuch as I think can moſt improve my mind, of whatever denomination they are. I ever muſt ſet the higheſt value upon men of truly great, that is honeſt principles, with equal capacities. The beſt way I know of overcoming calumny and miſconſtruction, is by a vigorous perſeverance in every thing we know to be right, and a total neglect of all that can enſue from it. 'Tis partly from this maxim that I depend upon your friendſhip, becauſe I believe it will do juſtice to my intention in every thing; and give me leave to tell you, that (as the world goes) this is no ſmall aſſurance I repoſe in you. I am

Your, &c.

* See the Epiſtle to him in verſe, writ about this time. P.

LETTER XIV.

To Mr. ADDISON.

Dec. 14, 1713.

I Have been lying in wait for my own imagination, this week and more, and watching what thoughts came up in the whirl of the fancy, that were worth communicating to you in a letter. But I am at length convinced that my rambling head can produce nothing of that ſort; ſo I muſt e'en be contented with telling you the old ſtory, that I love you heartily. I have often found by experience, that nature and truth, tho' never ſo low or vulgar, are yet pleaſing when openly and artleſsly repreſented: It would be diverting to me to read the very letters of an infant, could it write its innocent inconſiſtencies and tautologies juſt as it thought them. This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conſcious I write with more unreſervedneſs than ever man wrote, or perhaps talk'd to another. I truſt your good-nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you ſo well, that I would rather you ſhould pardon me than eſteem me; ſince one is an act of goodneſs and benevolence, the other a kind of conſtrained deference.

You can't wonder my thoughts are ſcarce conſiſtent, when I tell you how they are diſtracted. Every hour of my life my mind is ſtrangely divided; this minute perhaps I am above the ſtars, with a thouſand ſyſtems round about me, looking forward into a vaſt abyſs, and loſing my whole comprehenſion in the boundleſs ſpace of Creation, in dialogues with Whiſton and the Aſtronomers; the next moment I am below all trifles groveling with T* in the very centre of nonſenſe: Now I am recreated with the briſk

briſk ſallies and quick turns of wit, which Mr. Steele in his livelieſt and freeſt humours darts about him; and now levelling my application to the inſignificant obſervations and quirks of Grammar of C* and D*.

Good God! what an incongruous animal is man! how unſettled in his beſt part, his ſoul; and how changing and variable in his frame of body? the conſtancy of the one ſhook by every notion, the temperament of the other affected by every blaſt of wind! What is he altogether but one mighty inconſiſtency; ſickneſs and pain is the lot of one half of him: doubt and fear the portion of the other! What a buſtle we make about paſſing our time, when all our ſpace is but a point? what aims and ambitions are crowded into this little inſtant of our life, which (as Shakeſpear finely words it) is rounded with a ſleep? Our whole extent of being is no more, in the eye of him who gave it, than a ſcarce perceptible moment of duration. Thoſe animals whoſe circle of living is limited to three or four hours, as the naturaliſts tell us, are yet as long-lived and poſſeſs as wide a ſcene of action as man, if we conſider him with a view to all Space, and all Eternity. Who knows what plots, what atchievements a mite may perform in his kingdom of a grain of duſt, within his life of ſome minutes; and of how much leſs conſideration than even this, is the life of man in the ſight of God, who is from ever, and for ever?

Who that thinks in this train, but muſt ſee the world and its contemptible grandeurs, leſſen before him at every thought? 'Tis enough to make one remain ſtupify'd in a poize of inaction, void of all deſires, of all deſigns, of all friendſhips.

But we muſt return (thro' our very condition of being) to our narrow ſelves, and thoſe things that affect ourſelves: our paſſions, our intereſts flow in upon us, and unphiloſophize us into mere mortals.

For my part, I never return ſo much into myſelf, as when I think of you, whoſe friendſhip is one of the beſt comforts I have for the inſignificancy of myſelf.

I am Your, &c.

LETTER XV.

To Mr. ADDISON,

Jan. 30, 1713-14.

YOUR letter found me very buſy in my grand undertaking, to which I muſt wholly give myſelf up for ſome time, unleſs when I ſnatch an hour to pleaſe myſelf with a diſtant converſation with you and a few others, by writing. 'Tis no comfortable proſpect to be reflecting, that ſo long a ſiege as that of Troy lies upon my hands, and the campagne above half over, before I have made any progreſs. Indeed the Greek fortification upon a nearer approach does not appear ſo formidable as it did, and I am almoſt apt to flatter myſelf, that Homer ſecretly ſeems inclined to a correſpondence with me, in letting me into a good part of his intentions. There are, indeed, a ſort of underling auxiliars to the difficulty of a work, call'd Commentators and Critics, who would frighten many people by their number and bulk, and perplex our progreſs under pretence of fortifying their author. Theſe lie very low in the trenches and ditches they themſelves have digged, encompaſſed with dirt of their own heaping up; but, I think, there may be found a method of coming at the main works by a more ſpeedy and gallant way than by mining under ground, that is, by uſing the poetical engines, wings, and flying over their heads *.

* There is a ſtrange confuſion in this long continued metaphor: ſometimes the *fortifications* ſpoken of are to

While I am engaged in the fight, I find you are concerned how I ſhall be paid, and are ſolicitous that I may not have the ill fate of many diſcarded Generals, to be firſt envied and malign'd, then perhaps prais'd, and laſtly neglected. The former (the conſtant attendant upon all great and laudable enterprizes) I have already experienced. Some have ſaid I am not a maſter in the Greek, who either are ſo themſelves or are not: if they are not, they can't tell; and if they are, they can't without having catechiz'd me. But if they can read (for, I know, ſome critics can, and others cannot) there are fairly lying before them ſome ſpecimens of my tranſlation from this Author in the Miſcellanies, which they are heartily welcome to. I have met with as much malignity another way, ſome calling me a Tory, becauſe the heads of that party have been diſtinguiſhingly favourable to me; ſome a Whig, becauſe I have been favour'd with yours, Mr. Congreve's, and Mr. Craggs's friendſhip, and of late with my lord Hallifax's patronage. How much more natural a concluſion might be formed, by any good-natur'd man, that a perſon who has been well uſed by all ſides, has been offenſive to none. This miſerable age is ſo ſunk between animoſities of Party and thoſe of Religion, that I begin to fear, moſt men have Politics enough to make (thro' violence) the beſt ſcheme of government a bad one: and Belief enough to hinder their own ſalvation. I hope for my own part never to have more of either than is conſiſtent with common Juſtice and Charity, and always as much as becomes a Chriſtian and honeſt man. Tho' I find it an unfortunate thing to be bred a Papiſt

keep the ignorant out, ſometimes to let them in, and ſometimes only to quibble with, as in the words [*under pretence of fortifying their author.*] But it is no matter. The Critics and Commentators are to be abuſed, and any thing ſerves to do that.

here, where one is obnoxious to four parts in five as being ſo too much or too little; I ſhall yet be eaſy under both their miſtakes, and be what I more than ſeem to be, for I ſuffer for it. God is my witneſs that I no more envy you Proteſtants your places and poſſeſſions, than I do our Prieſts, their charity or learning. I am ambitious of nothing but the good opinion of good men, on both ſides; for I know that one virtue of a free ſpirit is worth more than all the virtues put together of all the narrow-ſoul'd people in the world. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER XVI.

To Mr. ADDISON.

Oct. 10, 1714.

I Have been acquainted by * one of my friends, who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleas'd to ſpeak of me in a manner which nothing but the real reſpect I have for you can deſerve. May I hope that ſome late malevolencies have loſt their effect? indeed it is neither for me, nor my enemies, to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not; but if you would judge by probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical acquaintance has ſo little intereſt in pretending to be ſo? Methinks no man ſhould queſtion the real friendſhip of one who deſires no real ſervice. I am only to get as much from the Whigs, as I got from the Tories, that is to ſay, Civility; being neither ſo proud as to be inſenſible of any good office, nor ſo

* See two Letters, from Mr. Jervas, and the Anſwer to it. N° 22, 23. P.

humble,

humble, as not to dare heartily to deſpiſe any man who does me an injuſtice.

I will not value myſelf upon having ever guarded all the degrees of reſpect for you: for (to ſay the truth) all the world ſpeaks well of you, and I ſhould be under a neceſſity of doing the ſame, whether I car'd for you or not.

As to what you have ſaid of me, I ſhall never believe that the author of Cato can ſpeak one thing and think another. As a proof that I account you ſincere, I beg a favour of you: It is, that you would look over the two firſt books of my tranſlation of Homer, which are in the hands of my Lord Halliſax. I am ſenſible how much the reputation of any poetical work will depend upon the character you give it: 'tis therefore ſome evidence of the truſt I repoſe in your good-will, when I give you this opportunity of ſpeaking ill of me with juſtice; and yet expect you will tell me your trueſt thoughts, at the ſame time that you tell others your moſt favourable ones.

I have a farther requeſt, which I muſt preſs with earneſtneſs. My bookſeller is reprinting the Eſſay on Criticiſm, to which you have done too much honour in your Spectator of N° 253. The period in that paper, where you ſay, "I have admitted ſome "ſtrokes of ill-nature into that Eſſay," is the only one I could wiſh omitted of all you have written; but I would not deſire it ſhould be ſo, unleſs I had the merit of removing your objection. I beg you but to point out thoſe ſtrokes to me, and, you may be aſſured, they ſhall be treated without mercy.

Since we are upon proofs of ſincerity (which I am pretty confident will turn to the advantage of us both in each other's opinion) give me leave to name another paſſage in the ſame Spectator, which I wiſh you would alter. It is where you mention an obſervation upon Homer's Verſes of Siſyphus's Stone,

as

as * never having been made before by any of the Critics: I happened to find the ſame in Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus's Treatiſe, Περὶ συνθέσεως ὀνομάτων, who treats very largely upon theſe verſes. I know you will think fit to ſoften your expreſſion, when you ſee the paſſage; which you muſt needs have read, though it be ſince ſlipt out of your memory. I am, with the utmoſt eſteem,

Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

To the Honourable ——

June 8, 1714.

THE queſtion you aſk in relation to Mr. Addiſon and Philips, I ſhall anſwer in a few words. Mr. Philips did expreſs himſelf with much indignation againſt me one evening at Button's Coffee-houſe (as I was told) ſaying, that I was enter'd into a cabal with Dean Swift and others to write againſt the Whig-Intereſt, and in particular to undermine his own reputation, and that of his friends Steele and Addiſon: but Mr. Philips never opened his lips to my face, on this or any like occaſion, tho' I was almoſt every night in the ſame room with him, nor ever offer'd me any indecorum. Mr. Addiſon came to me a night or two after Philips had talk'd in this idle manner, and aſſur'd me of his diſbelief of what had been ſaid, of the friendſhip we ſhould always maintain, and deſir'd I would ſay nothing further of it. My Lord Hallifax did me the honour to ſtir in this matter, by ſpeaking to ſeveral

* Theſe words are ſince left out in Mr. Tickel's Edition, but were extant in all during Mr. Addiſon's life. P.

people

people to obviate a falſe aſperſion, which might have done me no ſmall prejudice with one party. However Philips did all he could ſecretly to continue the report with the Hanover Club, and kept in his hands the ſubſcriptions paid for me to him, as Secretary to that Club. The heads of it have ſince given him to underſtand, that they take it ill; but (upon the terms I ought to be with ſuch a man) I would not aſk him for this money, but commiſſion'd one of the Players, his equals, to receive it. This is the whole matter; but as to the ſecret grounds* of this malignity, they will make a very pleaſant hiſtory when we meet. Mr. Congreve and ſome others have been much diverted with it, and moſt of the gentlemen of the Hanover Club have made it the ſubject of their ridicule on their Secretary. It is to this management of Philips, that the world owes Mr. Gay's Paſtorals. The ingenious author is extremely your ſervant, and would have comply'd with your kind invitation, but that he is juſt now appointed Secretary to my Lord Clarendon, in his embaſſy to Hanover.

I am ſenſible of the zeal and friendſhip with which, I am ſure, you will always defend your friend in his abſence, from all thoſe little tales and calumnies, which a man of any genius or merit is born to. I ſhall never complain while I am happy in ſuch noble defenders, and in ſuch contemptible opponents. May their envy and ill-nature ever increaſe, to the glory and pleaſure of thoſe they would injure; may they repreſent me what they will, as long as you think me, what I am,

Your, &c.

* They were Mr. Pope's writing the ironical compariſon between his and Philips's Paſtorals, in the Guardian.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

July 13, 1714.

YOU mention the account I gave you ſome time ago of the things which Philips ſaid in his fooliſhneſs: but I can't tell from any thing in your letter, whether you received a long one from me about a fortnight ſince. It was principally intended to thank you for the laſt obliging favour you did me; and perhaps for that reaſon you paſs it in ſilence. I there launch'd into ſome account of my temporal affairs, and intend now to give you ſome hints of my ſpiritual. The concluſion of your letter draws this upon you, where you tell me you prayed for me. Your proceeding, Sir, is contrary to that of moſt other friends, who never talk of praying for a man after they have done him a ſervice, but only when they will do him none. Nothing can be more kind than the hint you give me of the vanity of human ſciences, which, I aſſure you, I am daily more convinced of; and indeed I have, for ſome years paſt, look'd upon all of them no better than amuſements. To make them the ultimate end of our purſuit, is a miſerable and ſhort ambition, which will drop from us at every little diſappointment here, and even, in caſe of no diſappointments here, will infallibly deſert us hereafter. The utmoſt fame they are capable of beſtowing, is never worth the pains they coſt us, and the time they loſe us. If you attain the top of your deſires that way, all thoſe who envy you will do you harm; and of thoſe who admire you, few will do you good. The unſucceſsful writers are your declared enemies, and probably the ſucceſsful your ſecret ones: for thoſe hate not more to be excell'd, than theſe to be rival'd: And at the upſhot, after a life of perpetual application, you reflect that you have been doing nothing for your-

ſelf,

ſelf, and that the ſame or leſs induſtry might have gain'd you a friendſhip that can never deceive or end, a ſatisfaction, which praiſe cannot beſtow nor vanity feel, and a glory, which (tho' in one reſpect like fame, not to be had till after death) yet ſhall be felt and enjoy'd to eternity. Theſe, dear Sir, are unfeignedly my ſentiments, whenever I think at all: for half the things that employ our heads deſerve not the name of thoughts, they are only ſtronger dreams of impreſſions upon the imagination: our ſchemes of government, our ſyſtems of philoſophy, our golden worlds of poetry, are all but ſo many ſhadowy images, and airy proſpects, which ariſe to us but ſo much the livelier and more frequent, as we are more overcaſt with the darkneſs, and diſturbed with the fumes, of human vanity.

The ſame thing that makes old men willing to leave this world, makes me willing to leave poetry, long habit, and wearineſs of the ſame track. Homer will work a cure upon me; fifteen thouſand verſes are equivalent to fourſcore years, to make one old in rhyme: and I ſhould be ſorry and aſhamed, to go on jingling to the laſt ſtep, like a waggoner's horſe, in the ſame road, and ſo leave my bells to the next ſilly animal that will be proud of them. That man makes a mean figure in the eyes of Reaſon, who is meaſuring ſyllables and coupling rhymes, when he ſhould be mending his own ſoul, and ſecuring his own immortality. If I had not this opinion, I ſhould be unworthy even of thoſe ſmall and limited parts which God has given me; and unworthy of the friendſhip of ſuch a man as you. I am

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

July 25, 1714.

I Have no better excuſe to offer you, that I have omitted a taſk naturally ſo pleaſing to me as converſing upon paper with you, but that my time and eyes have been wholly employ'd upon Homer, whom, I almoſt fear, I ſhall find but one way of imitating, which is, in his blindneſs. I am perpetually afflicted with head-achs, that very much affect my ſight, and indeed ſince my coming hither I have ſcarce paſt an hour agreeably, except that in which I read your letter. I would ſeriouſly have you think, you have no man who more truly knows to place a right value on your friendſhip, than he who leaſt deſerves it on all other accounts than his due ſenſe of it. But, let me tell you, you can hardly gueſs what a taſk you undertake, when you profeſs yourſelf my friend; there are ſome Tories who will take you for a Whig, ſome Whigs who will take you for a Tory, ſome Proteſtants who will eſteem you a rank Papiſt, and ſome Papiſts who will account you a Heretic.

I find by dear experience, we live in an age, where it is criminal to be moderate; and where no one man can be allow'd to be juſt to all men. The notions of right and wrong are ſo far ſtrain'd, that perhaps to be in the right ſo very violently, may be of worſe conſequence than to be eaſily and quietly in the wrong. I really wiſh all men ſo well, that, I am ſatisfied, but few can wiſh me ſo; but if thoſe few are ſuch as tell me they do, I am content, for they are the beſt people I know. While you believe me what I profeſs as to religion, I can bear any thing the bigotted may ſay; while Mr. Congreve likes my poetry, I can endure Dennis, and a thouſand more like him; while the moſt honeſt and moral

ral of each party think me no ill man, I can eaſily bear that the moſt violent and mad of all parties riſe up to throw dirt at me.

I muſt expect an hundred attacks upon the publication of my Homer. Whoever in our times would be a profeſſor of learning above his fellows, ought at the very firſt to enter the world with the conſtancy and reſolution of a primitive Chriſtian, and be prepared to ſuffer all ſort of public perſecution. It is certainly to be lamented, that if any man does but endeavour to diſtinguiſh himſelf, or gratify others by his ſtudies, he is immediately treated as a common enemy, inſtead of being looked upon as a common friend; and aſſaulted as generally as if his whole deſign were to prejudice the State or ruin the Public. I will venture to ſay, no man ever roſe to any degree of perfection in writing, but thro' obſtinacy, and an inveterate reſolution againſt the ſtream of mankind: So that if the world has received any benefit from the labours of the learned, it was in its own deſpite. For when firſt they eſſay their parts, all people in general are prejudiced againſt new beginners; and when they have got a little above contempt, then ſome particular perſons, who were before unfortunate in their own attempts, are ſworn foes to them only becauſe they ſucceed.—Upon the whole, one may ſay of the beſt writers, that they pay a ſevere fine for their fame, which it is always in the power of the moſt worthleſs part of mankind to levy upon them when they pleaſe.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XX.

To Mr. JERVAS.

July 28, 1714.

I AM juſt enter'd upon the old way of life again, ſleep and muſing. It is my employment to revive the old of paſt ages to the preſent, as it is yours to tranſmit the young of the preſent, to the future. I am copying the great maſter in one art, with the ſame love and diligence with which the Painters hereafter will copy you in another.

Thus I ſhould begin my Epiſtle to you, if it were a Dedicatory one. But as it is a friendly letter, you are to find nothing mention'd in your own praiſe but what one only in the world is witneſs to, your particular good-natur'd offices to me.

I am cut out from any thing but common acknowledgments, or common diſcourſe: The firſt you would take ill, though I told but half what I ought: ſo in ſhort the laſt only remains.

And as for the laſt, what can you expect from a man who has not talk'd theſe five days? who is withdrawing his thoughts as far as he can, from all the preſent world, its cuſtoms, and its manners, to be fully poſſeſs'd and abſorpt in the paſt? When people talk of going to Church, I think of ſacrifices and libations; when I ſee the parſon, I addreſs him as Chryſes prieſt of Apollo; and inſtead of the Lord's prayer, I begin,

God of the ſilver Bow, &c.

While you in the world are concerned about the Proteſtant Succeſſion, I conſider only how Menelaus may recover Helen, and the Trojan war be put to a ſpeedy concluſion. I never inquire if the Queen be well or not, but heartily wiſh to be at Hector's fu-

neral. The only things I regard in this life, are whether my friends are well? whether my Tranſlation go well on? whether Dennis be writing criticiſms? whether any body will anſwer him, ſince I don't? and whether Lintot be not yet broke?

I am, &c.

LETTER XXI.

To the ſame.

Aug. 16, 1714.

I Thank you for your good offices, which are numberleſs. Homer advances ſo faſt, that he begins to look about for the ornaments he is to appear in, like a modiſh modern author,

Picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't.

I have the greateſt proof in nature at preſent of the amuſing power of Poetry, for it takes me up ſo entirely, that I ſcarce ſee what paſſes under my noſe, and hear nothing that is ſaid about me. To follow poetry as one ought, one muſt forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone. My Rêverie has been ſo deep, that I have ſcarce had an interval to think myſelf uneaſy in the want of your company. I now and then juſt miſs you as I ſtep into bed; this minute indeed I want extremely to ſee you, the next I ſhall dream of nothing but the taking of Troy, or the recovery of Briſeis.

I fancy no friendſhip is ſo likely to prove laſting as ours, becauſe, I am pretty ſure, there never was a friendſhip of ſo eaſy a nature. We neither of us demand any mighty things from each other; what Vanity we have expects its gratification from other people. It is not I, that am to tell you what an

Artiſt you are, nor is it you that are to tell me what a Poet I am; but 'tis from the world abroad we hope, (piouſly hope) to hear theſe things. At home we follow our buſineſs, when we have any; and think and talk moſt of each other when we have none. 'Tis not unlike the happy friendſhip of a ſtay'd man and his wife, who are ſeldom ſo fond as to hinder the buſineſs of the houſe from going on all day, or ſo indolent as not to find conſolation in each other every evening. Thus well-meaning couples hold in amity to the laſt, by not expecting too much from human nature; while romantic friendſhips, like violent loves, begin with diſquiets, proceed to jealouſies, and conclude in animoſities. I have lived to ſee the fierce advancement, the ſudden turn, and the abrupt period, of three or four of theſe enormous friendſhips, and am perfectly convinced of the truth of a maxim we once agreed in, that nothing hinders the conſtant agreement of people who live together, but merely vanity; a ſecret inſiſting upon what they think their dignity of merit, and an inward expectation of ſuch an Over-meaſure of deference and regard, as anſwers to their own extravagant falſe ſcale; and which no body can pay, becauſe none but themſelves can tell, exactly, to what pitch it amounts.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXII.

Mr. JERVAS to Mr. POPE.

Aug. 20, 1714.

I Have a particular to tell you at this time, which pleaſes me ſo much, that you muſt expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know I could

could keep you in ſuſpence for twenty lines, but I will tell you directly, that Mr. Addiſon and I have had a converſation, that it would have been worth your while to have been placed behind the wainſcot, or behind ſome half-length picture, to have heard. He aſſur'd me, that he would make uſe not only of his intereſt, but of his art to do you ſome ſervice; he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at Court; and he is ſenſible that nothing can have a better air for himſelf than moving in your favour, eſpecially ſince inſinuations were ſpread, that he did not care you ſhould proſper too much as a poet. He proteſts that it ſhall not be his fault, if there is not the beſt intelligence in the world, and the moſt hearty friendſhip, &c. He owns, he was afraid Dr. Swift might have carried you too far among the enemy, during the heat of the animoſity; but now all is ſafe, and you are eſcap'd even in his opinion. I promis'd in your name, like a good Godfather, not that you ſhould renounce the devil and all his works, but that you would be delighted to find him your friend merely for his own ſake; therefore prepare yourſelf for ſome civilities.

I have done Homer's head, ſhadow'd and heighten'd carefully; and I incloſe the out-line of the ſame ſize, that you may determine whether you would have it ſo large, or reduced to make room for feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the ſquare of the Buſto? perhaps there is ſomething more ſolemn in the image itſelf, if I can get it well perform'd.

If I have been inſtrumental in bringing you and Mr. Addiſon together with all ſincerity, I value myſelf upon it as an acceptable piece of ſervice to ſuch a one as I know you to be.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

Mr. POPE's Anſwer.

Aug. 27, 1714.

I AM juſt arrived from Oxford, very well diverted and entertain'd there. Every one is much concern'd for the Queen's death. No panegyrics ready yet for the King.

I admire your whig-principles of reſiſtance exceedingly, in the ſpirit of the Barcelonians: I join in your wiſh for them. Mr. Addiſon's verſes on Liberty, in his letter from Italy, would be a good form of prayer in my opinion, *O Liberty! thou Goddeſs heavenly bright!* &c.

What you mention of the friendly office you endeavour'd to do betwixt Mr. Addiſon and me, deſerves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propenſity to teſtify it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly know the ſcandalous meanneſs of that proceeding which was uſed by Philips, to make a man I ſo highly value, ſuſpect my diſpoſitions toward him. But as, after all, Mr. Addiſon muſt be the judge in what regards himſelf, and has ſeem'd to be no very juſt one to me; ſo, I muſt own to you, I expect nothing but civility from him, how much ſoever I wiſh for his friendſhip. As for any offices of real kindneſs or ſervice which it is in his power to do me, I ſhould be aſhamed to receive them from any man who had no better opinion of my Morals, than to think me a Party-man: nor of my Temper, than to believe me capable of maligning, or envying another's reputation as a poet. So I leave it to time to convince him as to both, to ſhew him the ſhallow depths of thoſe half-witted creatures who miſ-inform'd him, and to prove that I am incapable

of

of endeavouring to leſſen a perſon whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore aſham'd to flatter. In a word, Mr. Addiſon is ſure of my reſpect at all times, and of my real friendſhip whenever he ſhall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that paſs'd betwixt Dr. Swift and me, you know the whole (without reſerve) of our correſpondence. The engagements I had to him were ſuch as the actual ſervices he had done me, in relation to the ſubſcription for Homer, obliged me to. I muſt have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who ſerves me, let him be never ſo obnoxious to any party: nor did the Tory-party ever put me to the hardſhip of aſking this leave, which is the greateſt obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the Whig-party than the ſame liberty. —A curſe on the word Party, which I have been forced to uſe ſo often in this period! I wiſh the preſent reign may put an end to the diſtinction, that there may be no other for the future than that of Honeſt and Knave, Fool and Man of ſenſe; theſe two ſorts muſt always be enemies; but for the reſt, may all people do as you and I, believe what they pleaſe, and be friends.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Earl of HALLIFAX*.

My LORD, Dec. 1, 1714.

I AM obliged to you both for the favours you have done me, and for thoſe you intend me. I diſtruſt neither your will nor your memory, when it is to

* See the note on v. 116. of his Imit. of the firſt Satire, Book ii. of Horace.

do good: and if ever I become troubleſome or ſolicitous, it muſt not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordſhip may either cauſe me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I ſet between an eaſy fortune and a ſmall one. It is indeed a high ſtrain of generoſity in you, to think of making me eaſy all my life, only becauſe I have been ſo happy as to divert you ſome few hours: but if I may have leave to add, it is becauſe you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reaſon; for I muſt of conſequence be very much (as I ſincerely am)

Yours, &c.

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*LETTER XXV.

Dr. PARNELLE to Mr. POPE.

I AM writing you a long letter, but all the tedioufneſs I feel in it is, that it makes me during the time think more intently of my being far from you. I fancy, if I were with you, I could remove ſome of the uneaſineſs which you may have felt from the oppoſition of the world, and which you ſhould be aſhamed to feel, ſince it is but the teſtimony which one part of it gives you that your merit is unqueſtionable. What would you have otherwiſe, from ignorance, envy, or thoſe tempers which vie with you in your own way? I know this in mankind, that when our ambition is unable to attain its end, it is not only wearied, but exaſperated too at the vanity of its labours; then we ſpeak ill of hap-

* This, and the three Extracts following, concerning the Tranſlation of the firſt Iliad, ſet on foot by Mr. Addiſon, Mr. Pope has omitted in his firſt Edition. P.

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pier ſtudies, and ſighing condemn the excellence which we find above our reach ——

My * Zoilus, which you us'd to write about, I finiſh'd laſt ſpring, and left in town. I waited till I came up to ſend it you, but not arriving here before your book was out, imagin'd it a loſt piece of labour. If you will ſtill have it, you need only write me word.

I have here ſeen the Firſt Book of Homer †, which came out at a time when it could not but appear as a kind of ſetting up againſt you. My opinion is, that you may, if you pleaſe, give them thanks who writ it. Neither the numbers nor the ſpirit have an equal maſtery with yours; but what ſurprizes me more is, that, a ſcholar being concerned, there ſhould happen to be ſome miſtakes in the author's ſenſe; ſuch as putting the light of Pallas's eyes into the eyes of Achilles, making the taunt of Achilles to Agamemnon (that he ſhould have the ſpoils when Troy ſhould be taken) to be a cool and ſerious propoſal; the tranſlating what you call *Ablution* by the word *offals*, and ſo leaving Water out of the rite of luſtration, &c. but you muſt have taken notice of all this before. I write not to inform you, but to ſhew I always have you at heart.

I am, &c.

* Printed for B. Lintot, 1715. 8°, and afterwards added to the laſt edition of his poems.

† Written by Mr. Addiſon, and publiſhed in the name of Mr. Tickell.

Extract from a LETTER of the Rev. Dr. BERKLEY, Dean of London-derry.

July 7, 1715.

—Some days ago, three or four gentlemen and myſelf, exerting that right which all readers pretend to over authors, ſate in judgment upon the two new Tranſlations of the firſt Iliad. Without partiality to my countrymen, I aſſure you, they all gave the preference where it was due; being unanimouſly of opinion, that yours was equally juſt to the ſenſe with Mr. —'s, and without compariſon more eaſy, more poetical, and more ſublime. But I will ſay no more on ſuch a thread-bare ſubject, as your late performance is at this time.

I am, &c.

Extract from a LETTER of Mr. GAY to Mr. POPE.

July 8, 1715.

—I have juſt ſet down Sir Samuel Garth at the Opera. He bid me tell you, that every body is pleas'd with your tranſlation, but a few at Button's; and that Sir Richard Steele told him, that Mr. Addiſon ſaid the other tranſlation was the beſt that ever was in any language *. He treated me with extreme civility, and out of kindneſs gave me a ſqueeze by the fore finger.—I am inform'd that at Button's your cha-

* Sir Richard Steele afterwards, in his Preface to an Edition of the Drummer, a Comedy by Mr. Addiſon, ſhews it to be his opinion, that "Mr. Addiſon himſelf "was the perſon who tranſlated this book." P.

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racter is made very free with as to Morals, &c. and Mr. Addiſon ſays, that your tranſlation and Tickel's are both very well done, but that the latter has more of Homer.

I am, &c.

Extract from a LETTER of Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Mr. POPE.

July 9, 1715.

—I congratulate you upon Mr. T*'s firſt book. It does not indeed want its merit; but I was ſtrangely diſappointed in my expectation of a tranſlation nicely true to the Original; whereas in thoſe parts where the greateſt exactneſs ſeems to be demanded, he has been the leaſt careful, I mean the hiſtory of ancient ceremonies and rites, &c. in which you have with great judgment been exact.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. POPE to the Honourable JAMES CRAGGS, Eſq.

July 15, 1715.

I Lay hold of the opportunity given me by my Lord Duke of Shrewſbury, to aſſure you of the continuance of that eſteem and affection I have long born you, and the memory of ſo many agreeable converſations as we have paſs'd together. I wiſh it were a compliment to ſay, ſuch converſations as are not to be found on this ſide of the water: for the Spirit of diſſenſion is gone forth among us: nor is

it

it a wonder that Button's is no longer Button's, when old England is no longer old England, that region of hoſpitality, ſociety, and good humour. Party affects us all, even the wits, tho' they gain as little by politics as they do by their wit. We talk much of fine ſenſe, refin'd ſenſe, and exalted ſenſe; but for uſe and happineſs, give me a little common ſenſe. I ſay this in regard to ſome gentlemen, profeſs'd Wits of our acquaintance, who fancy they can make Poetry of conſequence at this time of day, in the midſt of this raging fit of Politics. For, they tell me, the buſy part of the nation are not more divided about Whig and Tory, than theſe idle fellows of the feather about Mr. T*'s and my Tranſlation. I (like the Tories) have the town in general, that is the mob, on my ſide; but it is uſual with the ſmaller party to make up in induſtry what they want in number, and that is the caſe with the little Senate of Cato. However, if our principles be well conſider'd, I muſt appear a brave Whig, and Mr. T. a rank Tory: I tranſlated Homer for the public in general, he to gratify the inordinate deſires of one man only. We have, it ſeems, a great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne; and has his mutes too, a ſett of nodders, winkers, and whiſperers, whoſe buſineſs is to ſtrangle all other offſprings of wit in their birth. The new tranſlator of Homer is the humbleſt ſlave he has, that is to ſay, his firſt Miniſter; let him receive the honours he gives me, but receive them with fear and trembling; let him be proud of the approbation of his abſolute Lord, I appeal to the people, as my rightful judges and maſters; and if they are not inclined to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying proceeding from the ſmall Court-faction at Button's. But after all I have ſaid of this great man, there is no rupture between us. We are each of us ſo civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged:

liged: And I, for my part, treat with him, as we do with the Grand Monarch; who has too many great qualities not to be reſpected, though we know he watches any occaſion to oppreſs us *.

When I talk of Homer, I muſt not forget the early preſent you made me of Monſieur de la Motte's book: And I can't conclude this letter without telling you a melancholy piece of news, which affects our very entrails, L* is dead, and ſoupes are no more! You ſee I write in the old familiar way. "This is not to the miniſter, but to the friend †." However, it is ſome mark of uncommon regard to the miniſter that I ſteal an expreſſion from a Secretary of State.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

Jan. 16, 1714-15.

METhinks when I write to you, I am making a confeſſion; I have got (I can't tell how) ſuch a cuſtom of throwing myſelf out upon paper without reſerve. You were not miſtaken in what you judged of my temper of mind when I writ laſt. My faults will not be hid from you, and perhaps it is no diſpraiſe to me that they will not: the cleanneſs and purity of one's mind is never better proved, than in diſcovering its own fault at firſt view; as when a ſtream ſhews the dirt at its bottom, it ſhews alſo the tranſparency of the water.

* We find here moſt of the ſentiments he ſoon after put into verſe on this occaſion.

† Alluding to St. John's Letter to Prior, publiſhed in the *Report of the Secret Committee.*

My

My ſpleen was not occaſioned, however, by any thing an abuſive angry critic could write of me. I take very kindly your heroic manner of congratulation upon this ſcandal; for I think nothing more honourable, than to be involved in the ſame fate with all the great and the good that ever lived; that is, to be envied and cenſured by bad writers.

You do no more than anſwer my expectations of you, in declaring how well you take my freedom, in ſometimes neglecting, as I do, to reply to your letters ſo ſoon as I ought. Thoſe who have a right taſte of the ſubſtantial part of friendſhip, can wave the ceremonial: a friend is the only one that will bear the omiſſion; and one may find who is not ſo, by the very trial of it.

As to any anxiety I have concerning the fate of my Homer, the care is over with me: the world muſt be the judge, and I ſhall be the firſt to conſent to the juſtice of its judgment, whatever it be. I am not ſo arrant an Author as even to deſire, that if I am in the wrong, all mankind ſhould be ſo.

I am mightily pleas'd with a ſaying of Monſieur Tourreil: "When a man writes, he ought to animate himſelf with the thoughts of pleaſing all "the world: but he is to renounce that deſire or "hope, the very moment the book goes out of his "hands."

I write this from Binfield, whither I came yeſterday, having paſs'd a few days in my way with my Lord Bolingbroke; I go to London in three days time, and will not fail to pay a viſit to Mr. M—, whom I ſaw not long ſince at my Lord Hallifax's. I hoped from thence he had ſome hopes of advantage from the preſent adminiſtration: for few people (I think) but I, pay reſpects to great men without any proſpects. I am in the faireſt way in the world of not being worth a groat, being born both a Papiſt and a Poet. This puts me in mind of re-acknowledging

ledging your continued endeavours to enrich me. But, I can tell you, 'tis to no purpoſe, for without the *Opes*, *æquum mi animum ipſe parabo.*

LETTER XXVIII.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

March 19, 1714-15.

THE Farce of the What-d'ye-call it * has occaſioned many different ſpeculations in the town. Some look'd upon it as a mere jeſt upon the Tragic poets, others as a ſatire upon the late War. Mr. Cromwell, hearing none of the words, and ſeeing the action to be tragical, was much aſtoniſhed to find the audience laugh; and ſays the Prince and Princeſs muſt doubtleſs be under no leſs amazement on the ſame account. Several templars and others of the more vociferous kind of critics, went with a reſolution to hiſs, and confeſs'd they were forced to laugh ſo much, that they forgot the deſign they came with. The Court in general has in a very particular manner come into the jeſt, and the three firſt nights (notwithſtanding two of them were court-nights) were diſtinguiſhed by very full audiences of the firſt Quality. The common people of the pit and gallery received it at firſt with great gravity and ſedateneſs, ſome few with tears; but after the third day they alſo took the hint, and have ever ſince been very loud in their claps. There are ſtill ſome ſober men who cannot be of the general opinion; but the laughers are ſo much the majority, that one or two critics ſeem determined to undeceive the town at their proper coſt, by writing grave diſſertations againſt it: to encourage them in which laudable deſign, it is re-

* Written by Gay.

ſolved a Preface ſhall be prefix'd to the Farce, in vindication of the nature and dignity of this new way of writing.

Yeſterday Mr. Steele's affair was decided: I am ſorry I can be of no other opinion than yours, as to his whole carriage and writings of late. But certainly he has not only been puniſhed by others, but ſuffered much even from his own party in the point of character, nor (I believe) received any amends in that of intereſt, as yet, whatever may be his proſpects for the future.

This Gentleman, among a thouſand others, is a great inſtance of the fate of all who are carried away by party-ſpirit, of any ſide. I wiſh all violence may ſucceed as ill: but am really amazed that ſo much of that ſour and pernicious quality ſhould be joined with ſo much natural good humour as, I think, Mr. Steele is poſſeſſed of.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

April 7, 1715.

MR. Pope is going to Mr. Jervas's, where Mr. Addiſon is ſitting for his picture; in the mean time amidſt clouds of Tobacco at a coffee-houſe I write this letter. There is a grand revolution at Will's; Morice has quitted for a coffee-houſe in the city, and Titcomb is reſtored, to the great joy of Cromwell, who was at a great loſs for a perſon to converſe with upon the fathers and church-hiſtory; the knowledge I gain from him, is entirely in painting and poetry; and Mr. Pope owes all his ſkill in aſtronomy to him and Mr. Whiſton, ſo celebrated

of

of late for his diſcovery of the longitude in an extraordinary copy of verſes *. Mr. Rowe's Jane Gray is to be play'd in Eaſter-week, when Mrs. Oldfield is to perſonate a character directly oppoſite to female nature; for what woman ever deſpiſed Sovereignty? You know Chaucer has a tale where a knight ſaves his head, by diſcovering it was the thing which all women moſt coveted. Mr. Pope's Homer is retarded by the great rains that have fallen of late, which cauſes the ſheets to be long a drying: this gives Mr. Lintot great uneaſineſs, who is now endeavouring to corrupt the Curate of his pariſh to pray for fair weather, that his work may go on. There is a ſix-penny Criticiſm lately publiſhed upon the tragedy of the What-d'ye call-it, wherein he with much judgment and learning calls me a blockhead, and Mr. Pope a knave. His grand charge is againſt the Pilgrim's Progreſs being read, which, he ſays, is directly levell'd at Cato's reading Plato; to back this cenſure, he goes on to tell you, that the Pilgrim's Progreſs being mentioned to be the eighth edition, makes the reflection evident, the Tragedy of Cato having juſt eight times (as he quaintly expreſſes it) viſited the preſs. He has alſo endeavoured to ſhow, that every particular paſſage of the play alludes to ſome fine part of tragedy, which, he ſays, I have injudiciouſly and profanely abuſed †. Sir Samuel Garth's poem upon my Lord Clare's houſe, I believe, will be publiſhed in the Eaſter-week.

Thus far Mr. Gay, who has in his letter foreſtall'd all the ſubjects of diverſion; unleſs it ſhould

* Call'd, *An Ode on the Longitude*, in Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies. P.

† This curious piece was entituled, A compleat Key to the What-d'ye call-it, written by one Griffin a Player, aſſiſted by Lewis Theobald. P.

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be one to you to ſay, that I ſit up till two a clock over Burgundy and Champagne; and am become ſo much a rake, that I ſhall be aſhamed in a ſhort time to be thought to do any ſort of buſineſs. I fear I muſt get the gout by drinking; purely for a faſhionable pretence to ſit ſtill long enough to tranſlate four books of Homer. I hope you'll by that time be up again, and I may ſucceed to the bed and couch of my predeceſſor: pray cauſe the ſtuffing to be repaired, and the crutches ſhorten'd for me. The calamity of your gout is what all your friends, that is to ſay, all that know you, muſt ſhare in; we deſire you in your turn to condole with us, who are under a perſecution, and much afflicted with a diſtemper which proves mortal to many poets, a Criticiſm. We have indeed ſome relieving intervals of laughter (as you know there are in ſome diſeaſes) and it is the opinion of divers good gueſſers, that the laſt fit will not be more violent than advantageous; for poets aſſail'd by critics, are like men bitten by Tarantula's, they dance on ſo much the faſter.

Mr. Thomas Burnet hath play'd the precurſor to the coming of Homer, in a treatiſe called Homerides. He has ſince riſen very much in his criticiſms, and, after aſſaulting Homer, made a daring attack upon the * What-d'ye-call-it. Yet is there not a Proclamation iſſued for the burning of Homer and the Pope by the common hangman; nor is the What-d'ye-call it yet ſilenced by the Lord chamberlain.

Your, &c.

* In one of his papers called *The Grumbler*. P.

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LETTER XXX.

Mr. CONGREVE to Mr. POPE.

May 6.

I Have the pleaſure of your very kind letter. I have always been obliged to you for your friendſhip and concern for me, and am more affected with it, than I will take upon me to expreſs in this letter. I do aſſure you there is no return wanting on my part, and am very ſorry I had not the good luck to ſee the Dean before I left the town: it is a great pleaſure to me, and not a little vanity to think that he miſſes me. As to my health, which you are ſo kind to enquire after, it is not worſe than in London: I am almoſt afraid yet to ſay that it is better, for I cannot reaſonably expect much effect from theſe waters in ſo ſhort a time; but in the main they ſeem to agree with me. Here is not one creature that I know, which, next to the few I would chuſe, contributes very much to my ſatisfaction. At the ſame time that I regret the want of your converſation, I pleaſe myſelf with thinking that you are where you firſt ought to be, and engaged where you cannot do too much. Pray, give my humble ſervice, and beſt wiſhes to your good mother. I am ſorry you don't tell me how Mr. Gay does in his health; I ſhould have been glad to have heard he was better. My young Amanuenſis, as you call him, I am afraid, will prove but a wooden one: and you know *ex quovis ligno*, &c. You will pardon Mrs. R—'s pedantry, and believe me to be Your, &c.

P. S. By the incloſed you will ſee I am like to be impreſs'd, and enroll'd in the liſt of Mr. Curll's Authors; but, I thank God! I ſhall have your company. I believe it high time you ſhould think of adminiſtring another Emetic.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

SEVERAL PERSONS.

From 1714, to 1721.

LETTER I.

The Rev. Dean BERKLEY to Mr. POPE.

Leghorn, May 1, 1714.

AS I take ingratitude to be a greater crime than impertinence, I chuſe rather to run the riſque of being thought guilty of the latter, than not to return you my thanks for a very agreeable entertainment you juſt now gave me. I have accidentally met with your Rape of the Lock here, having never ſeen it before. Style, painting, judgment, ſpirit, I had already admired in other of your writings; but in this I am charm'd with the magic of your invention, with all thoſe images, alluſions, and inexplicable beauties, which you raiſe ſo ſurpriſingly, and at the ſame time ſo naturally, out of a trifle. And yet I cannot ſay that I was more pleas'd with the reading of it, than I am with the pretext it gives me to renew in your thoughts, the remembrance of one who values no happineſs beyond the friendſhip of men of wit, learning, and good-nature.

I re-

I remember to have heard you mention ſome half-form'd deſign of coming to Italy. What might we not expect from a Muſe that ſings ſo well in the bleak climate of England, if ſhe felt the ſame warm ſun, and breathed the ſame air with Virgil and Horace?

There are here an incredible number of Poets, that have all the inclination, but want the genius, or perhaps the art, of the Ancients. Some among them, who underſtand Engliſh, begin to reliſh our Authors; and I am informed, that at Florence they have tranſlated Milton into Italian verſe. If one who knows ſo well how to write like the old Latin poets, came among them; it would probably be a means to retrieve them from their cold, trivial conceits, to an imitation of their predeceſſors.

As merchants, antiquaries, men of pleaſure, &c. have all different views in travelling; I know not whether it might not be worth a Poet's while, to travel, in order to ſtore his mind with ſtrong images of Nature.

Green fields and groves, flowery meadows and purling ſtreams are no where in ſuch perfection as in England: but if you would know lightſome days, warm ſuns, and blue ſkies, you muſt come to Italy: and to enable a man to deſcribe rocks and precipices, it is abſolutely neceſſary that he paſs the Alps.

You will eaſily perceive that it is ſelf-intereſt makes me ſo fond of giving advice to one who has no need of it. If you came into theſe parts I ſhould fly to ſee you. I am here (by the favour of my good friend the Dean of St. Patrick's) in quality of Chaplain to the Earl of Peterborough; who about three months ſince left the greateſt part of his family in this town. God knows how long we ſhall ſtay here. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

Mr. POPE to Mr. JERVAS in Ireland.

July 9, 1716.

THO', as you rightly remark, I pay my tax but once in half a year, yet you ſhall ſee by this letter upon the neck of my laſt, that I pay a double tax, as we non-jurors ought to do. Your acquaintance on this ſide of the ſea are under terrible apprehenſions from your long ſtay in Ireland, that you may grow too polite for them; for we think (ſince the great ſucceſs of ſuch a play as the Non-juror) that politeneſs is gone over the water. But others are of opinion it has been longer among you, and was introduced much about the ſame time with Frogs, and with equal ſucceſs. Poor Poetry! the little that is left of it here longs to croſs the ſeas, and leave Euſden in full and peaceable poſſeſſion of the Britiſh laurel: and we begin to wiſh you had the ſinging of our poets, as well as the croaking of our frogs, to yourſelves, *in ſæcula ſæculorum.* It would be well in exchange, if Parnelle, and two or three more of your Swans would come hither, eſpecially that Swan, who, like a true modern one, does not ſing at all, Dr. Swift. I am (like the reſt of the world) a ſufferer by his idleneſs. Indeed I hate that any man ſhould be idle, while I muſt tranſlate and comment; and I may the more ſincerely wiſh for good poetry from others becauſe I am become a perſon out of the queſtion; for a Tranſlator is no more a poet, than a Taylor is a man.

You are, doubtleſs, perſuaded of the validity of that famous verſe,

'Tis Expectation makes a Bleſſing dear:

but

but why would you make your friends fonder of you than they are? There is no manner of need of it. We begin to expect you no more than Anti-chriſt; a man that hath abſented himſelf ſo long from his friends, ought to be put into the Gazette.

Every body here has great need of you. Many faces have died for want of your pencil, and blooming Ladies have wither'd in expecting your return. Even Frank and Betty (that conſtant pair) cannot conſole themſelves for your abſence; I fancy they will be forced to make their own picture in a pretty babe, before you come home: 'twill be a noble ſubject for a family piece. Come then, and having peopled Ireland with a world of beautiful ſhadows, come to us, and ſee with that eye (which, like the eye of the world, creates beauties by looking on them) ſee, I ſay, how England has alter'd the airs of all its heads in your abſence: and with what ſneaking city attitudes our moſt celebrated perſonages appear, in the mere mortal works of our painters.

Mr. Forteſcue is much yours; Gay commemorates you; and laſtly (to climb by juſt ſteps and degrees) my Lord Burlington deſires you may be put in mind of him. His gardens flouriſh, his ſtructures riſe, his pictures arrive, and (what is far more valuable than all) his own good qualities daily extend themſelves to all about him: of whom I the meaneſt (next, to ſome Italian Fidlers, and Engliſh Bricklayers) am a living inſtance. Adieu.

LETTER III.

To the ſame.

Nov. 14, 1716.

IF I had not done my utmoſt to lead my life ſo pleaſantly as to forget all misfortunes, I ſhould tell you I reckoned your abſence no ſmall one; but I hope you have alſo had many good and pleaſant reaſons to forget your friends on this ſide the world. If a wiſh could tranſport me to you and your preſent companions, I could do the ſame. Dr. Swift, I believe, is a very good landlord, and a chearful hoſt at his own table: I ſuppoſe he has perfectly learnt himſelf, what he has taught ſo many others, *rupta non inſanire lagena*: elſe he would not make a proper hoſt for your humble ſervant, who (you know) tho' he drinks a glaſs as ſeldom as any man, contrives to break one as often. But 'tis a conſolation to me, that I can do this, and many other enormities, under my own roof.

But that you and I are upon equal terms, in all friendly lazineſs, and have taken an inviolable oath to each other, always to do what we will; I ſhould reproach you for ſo long a ſilence. The beſt amends you can make for ſaying nothing to me, is by ſaying all the good you can of me, which is, that I heartily love and eſteem the Dean and Dr. Parnelle.

Gay is yours and theirs. His ſpirit is awakened very much in the cauſe of the Dean, which has broke forth in a courageous couplet or two upon Sir Richard Blackmore: He has printed it with his name to it, and bravely aſſigns no other reaſon, than that the ſaid Sir Richard has abuſed Dr. Swift. I have alſo ſuffered in the like cauſe, and ſhall ſuffer more: unleſs Parnelle ſends me his Zoilus and Bookworm (which the Biſhop of Clogher, I hear, greatly extols)

it

it will be ſhortly, *concurrere Bellum atque Virum*— I love you all, as much as I deſpiſe moſt wits in this dull country. Ireland has turned the tables upon England; and if I have no poetical friend in my own nation, I'll be as proud as Scipio, and ſay (ſince I am reduced to ſkin and bone) *Ingrata patria, ne* oſſa *quidem habeas.*

LETTER IV.

To the ſame.

Nov. 29, 1716.

THAT you have not heard from me of late, aſcribe not to the uſual lazineſs of your correſpondent, but to a ramble to Oxford, where your name is mentioned with honour, even in a land flowing with Tories. I had the good fortune there to be often in the converſation of Doctor Clarke: He entertain'd me with ſeveral drawings, and particularly with the original deſigns of Inigo Jones's Whitehall. I there ſaw and reverenced ſome of your firſt pieces; which future painters are to look upon as we Poets do on the Culex of Virgil and Batrachom. of Homer.

Having named this latter piece, give me leave to aſk what is become of Dr. Parnelle and his Frogs *? *Oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus et illis*, might be Horace's wiſh, but will never be mine while I have ſuch *meorums* as Dr. Parnelle and Dr. Swift. I hope the Spring will reſtore you to us, and with you all the beauties and colours of nature. Not but I congratulate you on the pleaſure you muſt take in being

* He tranſlated the Batrachom. of Homer, which is printed amongſt his Poems.

admir'd in your own country, which ſo ſeldom happens to Prophets and Poets: but in this you have the advantage of Poets; you are maſter of an art that muſt proſper and grow rich, as long as people love, or are proud of themſelves, or their own perſons. However, you have ſtay'd long enough, methinks, to have painted all the numberleſs Hiſtories of old Ogygia. If you have begun to be hiſtorical, I recommend to your hand the ſtory which every pious Iriſhman ought to begin with, that of St. Patrick; to the end you may be obliged (as Dr. P. was, when he tranſlated the Batrachomuomachia) to come into England, to copy the Frogs, and ſuch other vermin as were never ſeen in that land ſince the time of that Confeſſor.

I long to ſee you a Hiſtory painter. You have already done enough for the private, do ſomething for the public; and be not confined, like the reſt, to draw only ſuch ſilly ſtories as our own faces tell of us. The Ancients too expect you ſhould do them right; thoſe Statues from which you learned your beautiful and noble Ideas, demand it as a piece of gratitude from you, to make them truly known to all nations, in the account you intend to write of their Characters. I hope you think more warmly than ever of that deſign.

As to your enquiry about your houſe, when I come within the walls, they put me in mind of thoſe of Carthage, where your friend, like the wandring Trojan,

animum Pictura paſcit inani.

For the ſpacious manſion, like a Turkiſh Caravanſerah, entertains the vagabonds with only bare lodging. I rule the family very ill, keep bad hours, and lend out your pictures about the town. See what it is to have a poet in your houſe! Frank indeed does all he can in ſuch a circumſtance; for, conſidering he

he has a wild beaſt in it, he conſtantly keeps the door chain'd: Every time it is open'd, the links rattle, the ruſty hinges roar. The houſe ſeems ſo ſenſible that you are its ſupport, that it is ready to drop in your abſence; but I ſtill truſt myſelf under its roof, as depending that Providence will preſerve ſo many Raphael's, Titian's, and Guido's, as are lodged in your Cabinet. Surely the ſins of one Poet can hardly be ſo heavy, as to bring an old houſe over the heads of ſo many painters. In a word, your houſe is falling; but what of that? I am only a lodger *.

LETTER V.

The Hon. Mr. CRAGGS to Mr. POPE.

Paris, Sept. 2, 1716.

LAST poſt brought me the favour of your letter of the 10th Aug. O. S. It would be taking too much upon me to decide, that it was a witty one; I never pretend to more judgment than to know what pleaſes me, and can aſſure you, it was a very agreeable one. The proof I can give you of my ſincerity in this opinion, is, that I hope and deſire you would not ſtop at this, but continue more of them.

I am in a place where pleaſure is continually flowing. The Princes ſet the example, and the ſubjects follow at a diſtance. The Ladies are of all parties †, by which means the converſation of the men is very much ſoftened and faſhioned from thoſe blunt diſputes on Politics, and rough jeſts, we are ſo guilty of; while the freedom of the women takes away all

* Alluding to the ſtory of the Iriſhman.

† *i. e.* In all companies.

 formality

formality and conſtraint. I muſt own, at the ſame time, theſe Beauties are a little too artificial for my taſte: you have ſeen a French picture, the Original is more painted, and ſuch a cruſt of powder and eſſence in their hair, that you can ſee no difference between black and red. By diſuſing Stays and indulging themſelves at table, they run out of all ſhape; but as to that, they may give a good reaſon, they prefer Conveniency to Parade, and are, by this means, as ready, as they are generally willing, to be charitable.

I am ſurpriz'd to find I have wrote ſo much ſcandal; I fancy I am either ſetting up for a wit, or imagine I muſt write in this ſtyle to a wit; I hope you'll prove a good-natur'd one, and not only let me hear from you ſometimes, but forgive the ſmall encouragement you meet with. I won't trouble myſelf to finiſh finely; a true compliment is better than a good one, and I can aſſure you without any, that I am very ſincerely,

Sir, Yours, &c.

LETTER VI.

To Mr. FENTON.

SIR, May 5.

I Had not omitted anſwering yours of the 18th of laſt month, but out of a deſire to give you ſome certain and ſatisfactory account, which way, and at what time, you might take your journey. I am now commiſſioned to tell you, that Mr. Craggs will expect you on the riſing of the Parliament, which will be as ſoon as he can receive you in the manner he would receive a man *de belles Lettres*, that is, in tranquillity and full leiſure. I dare ſay your way of life

(which,

(which, in my taſte, will be the beſt in the world, and with one of the beſt men in the world) muſt prove highly to your contentment. And, I muſt add, it will be ſtill the more a joy to me, as I ſhall reap a peculiar advantage from the good I ſhall have done in bringing you together *, by ſeeing it in my own neighbourhood. Mr. Craggs has taken a houſe cloſe by mine, whither he propoſes to come in three weeks: In the mean time I heartily invite you to live with me; where a frugal and philoſophical diet, for a time, may give you a higher reliſh of that elegant way of life you will enter into after. I deſire to know by the firſt poſt how ſoon I may hope for you.

I am a little ſcandalized at your complaint that your time lies heavy on your hands, when the Muſes have put ſo many good materials into your head to employ them. As to your queſtion, What I am doing? I anſwer, Juſt what I have been doing ſome years, my duty; ſecondly, relieving myſelf with neceſſary amuſements, or exerciſes, which ſhall ſerve me inſtead of phyſic as long as they can; thirdly, reading till I am tired; and laſtly, writing when I have no other thing in the world to do, or no friend to entertain in company.

My mother is, I thank God, the eaſier, if not the better, for my cares; and I am the happier in that regard, as well as in the conſciouſneſs of doing my beſt. My next felicity is in retaining the good opinion of honeſt men, who think me not quite un-

* Mr. Craggs had had no learned education: he wanted to improve himſelf in knowledge of that kind, and deſired Mr. Pope to chuſe him out a polite ſcholar, by whoſe converſation and inſtruction he might improve himſelf in letters. Mr. Pope recommended Mr Fenton: but Mr. Craggs' untimely death prevented both from receiving the benefits of this connexion.

deſerving

deſerving of it; and in finding no injuries from others hurt me, as long as I know myſelf. I will add the ſincerity with which I act towards ingenious and undeſigning men, and which makes me always (even by a natural bond) their friend; therefore believe me very affectionately

Your, &c.

LETTER VII.

Rev. Dean * BERKLEY to Mr. POPE.

Naples, Oct. 22, N. S. 1717.

I Have long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a letter, but was diſcouraged for want of ſomething that I could think worth fifteen hundred miles. Italy is ſuch an exhauſted ſubject, that, I dare ſay, you'd eaſily forgive my ſaying nothing of it; and the imagination of a Poet is a thing ſo nice and delicate, that it is no eaſy matter to find out images capable of giving pleaſure to one of the few, who (in any age) have come up to that character. I am nevertheleſs lately returned from an iſland, where I paſſed three or four months; which, were it ſet out in its true colours, might, methinks, amuſe you agreeably enough for a minute or two. The iſland Inarime is an epitome of the whole earth, containing within the compaſs of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, vales, ragged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a moſt romantic confuſion. The air is in the hotteſt ſeaſon conſtantly refreſhed by cool breezes

* Afterwards Biſhop of Cloyne in Ireland, Author of the Dialogues of Hylas and Philonous, the Minute Philoſopher, &c. P.

from

from the ſea. The vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn, but are moſtly covered with vineyards, intermix'd with fruit-trees. Beſides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, &c. they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie every where open to the paſſenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, ſome with cheſnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiſcus. The fields in the northern ſide are divided by hedge-rows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landſcape, which is likewiſe ſet off by the variety of ſome barren ſpots, and naked rocks. But that which crowns the ſcene, is a large mountain, riſing out of the middle of the iſland (once a terrible Volcano, by the ancients called Mons Epomeus) its lower parts are adorned with vines, and other fruits; the middle affords paſture to flocks of goats and ſheep; and the top is a ſandy pointed rock, from which you have the fineſt proſpect in the world, ſurveying at one view, beſides ſeveral pleaſant iſlands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the cape of Palinurus: the greater part of which hath been ſung by Homer and Virgil, as making a conſiderable part of the travels and adventures of their two Heroes. The Iſlands Caprea, Prochyta, and Parthenope, together with Cajeta, Cumæ, Monte Miſeno, the habitations of Circe, the Syrens, and the Læſtrigones, the bay of Naples, the promontory of Minerva, and the whole Campagnia felice, make but a part of this noble landſcape; which would demand an imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing as your own, to deſcribe it. The inhabitants of this delicious iſle, as they are without riches and honours, ſo are they without the vices and follies that attend them; and

were

were they but as much ſtrangers to revenge, as they are to avarice and ambition, they might in fact anſwer the poetical notions of the golden age. But they have got, as an alloy to their happineſs, an ill habit of murdering one another on ſlight offences. We had an inſtance of this the ſecond night after our arrival, a youth of eighteen being ſhot dead by our door: and yet by the ſole ſecret of minding our own buſineſs, we found a means of living ſecurely among theſe dangerous people. Would you know how we paſs the time at Naples? Our chief entertainment is the devotion of our neighbours: beſides the gaiety of their Churches (where folks go to ſee what they call *una bella Devotione* (i. e.) a ſort of religious opera) they make fireworks almoſt every week, out of devotion; the ſtreets are often hung with arras, out of devotion; and (what is ſtill more ſtrange) the ladies invite gentlemen to their houſes and treat them with muſic and ſweetmeats, out of devotion; in a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, Naples would have little elſe to recommend it, beſide the air and ſituation. Learning is in no very thriving ſtate here, as indeed no where elſe in Italy; however, among many pretenders, ſome men of taſte are to be met with. A friend of mine told me not long ſince, that, being to viſit Salvini at Florence, he found him reading your Homer: he liked the notes extremely, and could find no other fault with the verſion, but that he thought it approached too near a paraphraſe; which ſhews him not to be ſufficiently acquainted with our language. I wiſh you health to go on with that noble work, and when you have that, I need not wiſh you ſucceſs. You will do me the juſtice to believe, that whatever relates to your welfare is ſincerely wiſhed by

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

Mr. POPE to ***

Dec. 12, 1718.

THE old project of a Window in the boſom, to render the Soul of man viſible, is what every honeſt friend has manifold reaſon to wiſh for; yet even that would not do in our caſe, while you are ſo far ſeparated from me, and ſo long. I begin to fear you'll die in Ireland, and that Denunciation will be fulfilled upon you, *Hibernus es, et in Hiberniam reverteris.* I ſhould be apt to think you in Sancho's caſe; ſome Duke has made you Governor of an iſland, or wet place, and you are adminiſtring laws to the wild Iriſh. But I muſt own, when you talk of Building and Planting, you touch my ſtring; and I am as apt to pardon you, as the fellow that thought himſelf Jupiter would have pardon'd the other madman who call'd himſelf his brother Neptune. Alas, Sir, do you know whom you talk to? one that has been a Poet, was degraded to a Tranſlator, and at laſt, thro' mere dulneſs, is turned an Architect. You know Martial's cenſure, *Præconem facito vel Architectum.* However, I have one way left, to plan, to elevate, and to ſurprize, (as Bays ſays) the next news you may expect to hear, is that I am in debt.

The hiſtory of my Tranſplantation and ſettlement which you deſire, would require a volume, were I to enumerate the many projects, difficulties, viciſſitudes, and various fates attending that important part of my life: much more, ſhould I deſcribe the many Draughts, Elevations, Profiles, Perſpectives, &c. of every Palace and Garden propos'd, intended, and happily raiſed, by the ſtrength of that faculty wherein all great Genius's excel, Imagination. At

laſt, the Gods and fate have fix'd me on the borders of the Thames, in the diſtricts of Richmond and Twickenham: It is here I have paſs'd an entire year of my life, without any fix'd abode in London, or more than caſting a tranſitory glance (for a day or two at moſt in a month) on the pomps of the Town. It is here I hope to receive you, Sir, returned from eternizing the Ireland of this age. For you my ſtructures riſe; for you my Colonades extend their wings; for you my groves aſpire, and roſes bloom. And, to ſay truth, I hope poſterity (which, no doubt, will be made acquainted with all theſe things) will look upon it as one of the principal motives of my Architecture, that it was a manſion prepar'd to receive you, againſt your own ſhould fall to duſt, which is deſtin'd to be the tomb of poor Frank and Betty, and the immortal monument of the Fidelity of two ſuch Servants, who have excell'd in conſtancy the very Rats of your family.

What more can I tell you of myſelf? ſo much, and yet all put together ſo little, that I ſcarce care or know, how to do it. But the very reaſons that are againſt putting it upon paper, are as ſtrong for telling it you in perſon; and I am uneaſy to be ſo long denied the ſatisfaction of it.

At preſent I conſider you bound in by the Iriſh Sea, like the ghoſts in Virgil,

Triſti palus inamabilis unda
Alligat, et novies Styx circumfuſa coërcet!

and I can't expreſs how I long to renew our old intercourſe and converſation, our morning conferences in bed in the ſame room, our evening walks in the park, our amuſing voyages on the water, our philoſophical ſuppers, our lectures, our diſſertations, our gravities, our reveries, our fooleries, our what not? —This awakens the memory of ſome of thoſe who have made a part in all theſe. Poor Parnelle, Garth, Rowe!

Rowe! You juſtly reprove me for not ſpeaking of the death of the laſt: Parnelle was too much in my mind, to whoſe memory I am erecting the beſt monument I can. What he gave me to publiſh, was but a ſmall part of what he left behind him; but it was the beſt, and I will not make it worſe by enlarging it. I'd fain know if he be buried at Cheſter, or Dublin; and what care has been, or is to be taken for his Monument, &c. Yet I have not neglected my devoirs to Mr. Rowe; I am writing this very day his Epitaph for Weſtminſter-Abbey—After theſe, the beſt-natur'd of Men, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the trueſt concern for his loſs. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a Saint or a Philoſopher famous. But ill tongues, and worſe hearts have branded even his laſt moments, as wrongfully as they did his life, with Irreligion. You muſt have heard many tales on this ſubject; but if ever there was a good Chriſtian without knowing himſelf to be ſo *, it was Dr. Garth.

Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

To Mr. ****

Sept. 17.

THE gaiety of your letter proves you not ſo ſtudious of Wealth as many of your profeſſion are, ſince you can derive matter of mirth from want of buſineſs. You are none of thoſe Lawyers who deſerve the motto of the devil, *Circuit quærens quem devoret.* But your *Circuit* will at leaſt procure you

* This ſuppoſes rather an abſolute *ignorance* of Chriſtianity than a *rejection* of it.

one of the greateſt of temporal bleſſings, Health. What an advantageous circumſtance is it, for one that loves rambling ſo well, to be a grave and reputable rambler? while (like your fellow Circuiteer, the Sun) you travel the round of the earth and behold all the iniquities under the heavens? You are much a ſuperior genius to me in rambling; you, like a Pigeon (to which I would ſooner compare a Lawyer than to a Hawk) can fly ſome hundred leagues at a pitch; I, like a poor ſquirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot: my little excurſions are but like thoſe of a ſhopkeeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his buſineſs all the while. Your letter of the Cauſe lately before you, I could not but communicate to ſome ladies of your acquaintance. I am of opinion, if you continued a correſpondence of the ſame ſort during a whole Circuit, it could not fail to pleaſe the ſex, better than half the novels they read; there would be in them what they love above all things, a moſt happy union of Truth and Scandal. I aſſure you the Bath affords nothing equal to it: It is on the contrary full of *grave and ſad* men, Mr. Baron S. Lord chief Juſtice A. Judge P. and Counſellor B. who has a large pimple on the tip of his noſe, but thinks it inconſiſtent with his gravity to wear a patch, notwithſtanding the precedent of an eminent judge. I am, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER X.

To the Earl of BURLINGTON.

MY LORD,

IF your Mare could ſpeak, ſhe would give an account of what extraordinary company ſhe had on the road; which ſince ſhe cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprizing Mr. Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonſon, who, mounted on a ſtone-horſe (no diſagreeable companion to your Lordſhip's mare) overtook me in Windſor-foreſt. He ſaid, he heard I deſign'd for Oxford, the ſeat of the Muſes, and would, as my bookſeller, by all means, accompany me thither.

I aſk'd him where he got his horſe? He anſwer'd, he got it of his Publiſher: "For that rogue my "Printer (ſaid he) diſappointed me: I hoped to "put him in good-humour by a treat at the tavern, "of a brown fricaſſee of rabbits, which coſt two "ſhillings, with two quarts of wine, beſides my "converſation. I thought myſelf cockſure of his "horſe, which he readily promis'd me, but ſaid that "Mr. Tonſon had juſt ſuch another deſign of go-"ing to Cambridge, expecting there the copy of a "new kind of Horace from Dr.—, and if Mr. "Tonſon went, he was preingaged to attend him, "being to have the printing of the ſaid copy.

"So in ſhort, I borrow'd this ſtonehorſe of my "publiſher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a "debt; he lent me too the pretty boy you ſee after "me: he was a ſmutty dog yeſterday, and coſt me "near two hours to waſh the ink off his face; but "the Devil is a fair-condition'd Devil, and very "forward in his Catechiſe: if you have any more "baggs, he ſhall carry them."

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected, ſo gave the boy a ſmall bag, containing three ſhirts and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an inſtant proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous ſtationer beſide, and the aforeſaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner. "Now damn "them! what if they ſhould put it into the news- "paper, how you and I went together to Oxford? "what would I care? If I ſhould go down into Suſ- "ſex, they would ſay I was gone to the Speaker. "But what of that? If my ſon were but big enough "to go on with the buſineſs, by G—d I would "keep as good company as old Jacob."

Hereupon I enquir'd of his ſon. "The lad (ſays "he) has fine parts, but is ſomewhat ſickly, much "as you are—I ſpare for nothing in his Education "at Weſtminſter. Pray, don't you think Weſt- "minſter to be the beſt ſchool in England? moſt "of the late Miniſtry came out of it, ſo did many "of this Miniſtry; I hope the boy will make his "fortune."

Don't you deſign to let him paſs a year at Oxford? "To what purpoſe? (ſaid he) the Univerſities do "but make Pedants, and I intend to breed him a "man of buſineſs.".

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I obſerv'd he ſate uneaſy on his ſaddle, for which I expreſs'd ſome ſollicitude: Nothing, ſays he, I can bear it well enough; but ſince we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleaſant for you to reſt a-while under the woods. When we were alighted, "See here, "what a mighty pretty Horace I have in my pocket! "what if you amus'd yourſelf in turning an ode, "till we mount again? Lord! if you pleas'd, what "a clever Miſcellany might you make at leiſure "hours?" Perhaps I may, ſaid I, if we ride on; the

the motion is an aid to my fancy, a round trott very much awakens my ſpirits: then jog on a pace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence enſued for a full hour; after which Mr. Lintot lugg'd the reins, ſtop'd ſhort, and broke out, "Well, Sir, how far have you gone?" I anſwer'd, "Seven miles. Z—ds, Sir, ſaid Lintot, I thought "you had done ſeven ſtanzas. Oldſworth, in a "ramble round Wimbleton-hill, would tranſlate a "whole ode in half this time. I'll ſay that for "Oldſworth (tho' I loſt by his Timothy's) he tran-"ſlates an ode of Horace the quickeſt of any man "in England. I remember Dr. King would write "verſes in a tavern three hours after he could not "ſpeak: and there's Sir Richard, in that rumbling "old chariot of his, between Fleet-ditch and St. "Giles's pound, ſhall make you half a Job."

Pray, Mr. Lintot (ſaid I) now you talk of Tranſlators, what is your method of managing them? "Sir (reply'd he) thoſe are the ſaddeſt pack of "rogues in the world: in a hungry fit, they'll ſwear "they underſtand all the languages in the univerſe: "I have known one of them take down a Greek "book upon my counter and cry, Ay, this is He-"brew, I muſt read it from the latter end. By "G—d I can never be ſure in theſe fellows, for I "neither underſtand Greek, Latin, French, nor "Italian myſelf. But this is my way; I agree with "them for ten ſhillings per ſheet, with a proviſo, "that I will have their doings corrected by whom I "pleaſe; ſo by one or other they are led at laſt to "the true ſenſe of an author; my judgment giving "the negative to all my tranſlators." But how are you ſecure thoſe correctors may not impoſe upon you? "Why I get any civil gentleman, (eſpecially "any Scotchman) that comes into my ſhop, to read "the original to me in Engliſh; by this I know

" whether my firſt tranſlator be deficient, and whe-
" ther my corrector merits his money or not?

" I'll tell you what happen'd to me laſt month:
" I bargain'd with S* for a new verſion of Lucre-
" tius to pub'iſh againſt Tonſon's; agreeing to pay
" the author ſo many ſhillings at his producing ſo
" many lines. He made a great progreſs in a very
" ſhort time, and I gave it to the corrector to com-
" pare with the Latin; but he went directly to
" Creech's tranſlation, and found it the ſame word
" for word, all but the firſt page. Now, what d'ye
" think I did? I arreſted the tranſlator for a cheat;
" nay, and I ſtopt the corrector's pay too, upon
" this proof that he had made uſe of Creech inſtead
" of the original."

Pray tell me next how you deal with the Critics?
" Sir (ſaid he) nothing more eaſy. I can ſilence the
" moſt formidable of them: the rich ones for a
" ſheet a piece of the blotted manuſcript, which
" coſts me nothing; they'll go about with it to
" their acquaintance, and pretend they had it from
" the author, who ſubmitted to their correction:
" this has given ſome of them ſuch an air, that in
" time they come to be conſulted with, and dedi-
" cated to, as the top Critics of the town.—As for
" the poor critics, I'll give you one inſtance of my
" management, by which you may gueſs at the reſt.
" A lean man, that look'd like a very good ſcholar,
" came to me t'other day; he turn'd over your Ho-
" mer, ſhook his head, ſhrug'd up his ſhoulders,
" and piſh'd at every line of it: One would won-
" der (ſays he) at the ſtrange preſumption of ſome
" men; Homer is no ſuch eaſy taſk, that every
" ſtripling, every verſifier—He was going on, when
" my wife called to dinner: Sir, ſaid I, will you
" pleaſe to eat a piece of beef with me? Mr Lin-
" tot, ſaid he, I am ſorry you ſhould be at the ex-

" pence

" pence of this great book, I am really concern'd " on your account—Sir, I am much obliged to you: " if you can dine upon a piece of beef, together " with a ſlice of pudding—Mr. Lintot, I do not " ſay but Mr. Pope, if he would condeſcend to ad- " viſe with men of learning—Sir, the pudding is " upon the table, if you pleaſe to go in—My critic " complies, he comes to a taſte of your poetry, and " tells me in the ſame breath, that the book is com- " mendable, and the pudding excellent.

" Now, Sir, (concluded Mr. Lintot) in return " to the frankneſs I have ſhewn, pray tell me, Is it " the opinion of your friends at court that my Lord " Lanſdown will be brought to the bar or not?" I told him I heard he would not, and I hop'd it, my Lord being one I had particular obligations to. " That may be (reply'd Mr. Lintot) but by G-d " if he is not, I ſhall loſe the printing of a very " good Trial."

Theſe, my Lord, are a few traits by which you may diſcern the genius of Mr. Lintot, which I have choſen for the ſubject of a letter. I dropt him as ſoon as I got to Oxford, and paid a viſit to my Lord Carleton at Middleton.

The converſations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the pleaſures from them only to be equal'd when I meet your Lordſhip. I hope in a few days to caſt myſelf from your horſe at your feet.

I am, &c.

LETTER XI.

To the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

(In anſwer to a Letter in which he incloſed the Deſcription of Buckingham-houſe, written by him to the D. of Sh.)

PLINY was one of thoſe few authors who had a warm houſe over his head, nay two houſes, as appears by two of his epiſtles. I believe, if any of his contemporary authors durſt have inform'd the public where they lodged, we ſhould have found the garrets of Rome as well inhabited, as thoſe of Fleet-ſtreet; but 'tis dangerous to let creditors into ſuch a ſecret, therefore we may preſume that then, as well as now-a-days, no body knew where they lived but their Bookſellers.

It ſeems, that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodging at all: he firſt introduc'd himſelf to Auguſtus by an epigram, beginning *Nocte pluit tota*---an obſervation which probably he had not made, unleſs he had lain all night in the ſtreet.

Where Juvenal lived we cannot affirm; but in one of his ſatyrs he complains of the exceſſive price of lodgings, neither do I believe he would have talk'd ſo feelingly of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bedfellow in it.

I believe, with all the oſtentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have changed both his houſes for your Grace's one; which is a country-houſe in the ſummer, and a town-houſe in the winter, and muſt be owned to be the propereſt habitation for a wiſe man, who ſees all the world change every ſeaſon without ever changing himſelf.

I have been reading the deſcription of Pliny's houſe with an eye to yours, but, finding they will bear no compariſon, will try if it can be matched by

by the large country ſeat I inhabit at preſent, and ſee what figure it may make by the help of a florid deſcription.

You muſt expect nothing regular in my deſcription, any more than in the houſe; the whole vaſt edifice is ſo disjointed, and the ſeveral parts of it ſo detach'd one from the other, and yet ſo joining again, one cannot tell how, that, in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time, where the cottages having taken a country dance together, had been all out, and ſtood ſtone-ſtill with amazement ever ſince.

You muſt excuſe me, if I ſay nothing of the Front; indeed I don't know which it is. A ſtranger would be grievouſly diſappointed, who endeavour'd to get into this houſe the right way. One would reaſonably expect after the entry through the Porch to be let into the hall: alas nothing leſs! you find yourſelf in the houſe of office. From the parlour you think to ſtep into the drawing-room, but upon opening the iron-nail'd door, you are convinced by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of duſt in your eyes, that it is the Pigeon-houſe. If you come into the chapel, you find its altars, like thoſe of the Ancients, continually ſmoaking, but it is with the ſteams of the adjoining kitchin.

The great hall within is high and ſpacious, flank'd on one ſide with a very long table, a true image of ancient hoſpitality: the walls are all over ornamented with monſtrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbuſſes, and a ruſty matchlock muſquet or two, which we were inform'd had ſerv'd in the civil wars. Here is one vaſt arch'd window beautifully darken'd with divers ſcutcheons of painted glaſs: one ſhining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preſerves the memory of a Knight whoſe iron armour is long ſince periſhed with ruſt, and whoſe alabaſter noſe is moulder'd

moulder'd from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor in another piece owes more to that ſingle pane than to all the glaſſes ſhe ever conſulted in her life. After this, who can ſay that glaſs is frail, when it is not half ſo frail as human beauty, or glory! and yet I can't but ſigh to think that the moſt authentic record of ſo ancient a family ſhould lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a ſtone. In former days there have dined in this hall garter'd Knights, and courtly Dames, attended by uſhers, ſewers, and ſeneſchals; and yet it was but laſt night, that an owl flew hither and miſtook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threſhold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-belly'd virginal, a couple of cripled velvet chairs, with two or three mill-dew'd pictures of mouldy anceſtors, who look as diſmally as if they came freſh from hell with all their brimſtone about them; theſe are carefully ſet at the farther corner, for the windows being every where broken make it ſo convenient a place to dry poppies and muſtard ſeed, that the room is appropriated to that uſe.

Next this parlour, as I ſaid before, lies the pigeon-houſe, by the ſide of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and t'other into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a ſmall hole call'd the chaplain's ſtudy; then follow a brew-houſe, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great ſtairs, under which is the dairy; a little farther on the right the ſervants hall, and by the ſide of it up ſix ſteps, the old lady's cloſet for her private devotions; which has a lettice into the hall, intended (as we imagine) that at the ſame time as ſhe pray'd, ſhe might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground floor in all twenty ſix apartments, among which I muſt not forget a chamber which has in it a large Antiquity of timber, that ſeems to have been either a bedſtead, or a cyder-preſs.

The

The kitchen is built in form of the Rotunda, being one vaſt vault to the top of the Houſe; where one aperture ſerves to let out the ſmoke, and let in the light. By the blackneſs of the walls, the circular fires, vaſt cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made ſuch an impreſſion on the country people, that they believe the Witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a year the Devil treats them with infernal veniſon, a roaſted Tiger ſtuff'd with ten-penny nails.

Above ſtairs we have a number of rooms: you never paſs out of one into another but by the aſcent or deſcent of two or three ſtairs. Our beſt room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a Band-box. In moſt of theſe rooms there are hangings of the fineſt work in the world, that is to ſay, thoſe which Arachne ſpins from her own bowels. Were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miſerable ſcene of naked walls, flaw'd cielings, broken windows, and ruſty locks. The roof is ſo decay'd, that after a favourable ſhower we may expect a crop of muſhrooms between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as thoſe to the cabbins of Packet-boats. Theſe rooms have for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whoſe very age renders them worthy of this Seat, for the very rats of this venerable houſe are grey: ſince theſe have not yet quitted it, we hope at leaſt that this ancient manſion may not fall during the ſmall remnant theſe poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a ſmall ſubſiſtance left them in the few remaining books of the Library.

We had never ſeen half what I had deſcribed, but for a ſtarch'd grey-headed Steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old

old family picture walked out of its frame. He entertain'd us as we paſs'd from room to room with ſeveral relations of the family; but his obſervations were particularly curious when we came to the cellar: he informed us where ſtood the triple rows of buts of ſack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toaſts in a morning; he pointed to the ſtands that ſupported the iron-hoop'd hogſheads of ſtrong beer; then ſtepping to a corner, he lugg'd out the tatter'd fragments of an unframed picture; "This (ſays he, with tears) was poor Sir Thomas! "once maſter of all this drink. He had two ſons, "poor young maſters! who never arrived to the "age of his beer; they both fell ill in this very "room, and never went out on their own legs." He could not paſs by a heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece, to ſhow us the Arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the Tower by dark winding ſtone ſteps, which landed us into ſeveral little rooms one above another. One of theſe was nail'd up, and our guide whiſper'd to us as a ſecret the occaſion of it: It ſeems the courſe of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago, by a freak of the lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring Prior, ever ſince which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the Adultery-Chamber. The ghoſt of lady Frances is ſuppoſed to walk there, and ſome prying maids of the family report that they have ſeen a lady in a fardingale thro' the key-hole; but this matter is huſht up, and the ſervants are forbid to talk of it.

I muſt needs have tired you by this long deſcription: but what engaged me in it, was a generous principle to preſerve the memory of that, which itſelf muſt ſoon fall into duſt, nay perhaps part of it, before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed

Indeed we owe this old houſe the ſame kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his laſt extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted ſtudy, where no one that paſſes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even thoſe who would dine with us dare not ſtay under our roof! Any one that ſees it will own I could not have choſen a more likely place to converſe with the dead in. I had been mad indeed if I had left your Grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I ſhall have the ſenſe to endeavour to converſe with the beſt of them, and ſhall therefore as ſoon as poſſible tell you in perſon how much I am, &c.

LETTER XII.

The Duke of BUCKINGHAM to Mr. POPE.

YOU deſire my opinion as to the late diſpute in France concerning Homer: And I think it excuſable (at an age alas! of not much pleaſure) to amuſe myſelf a little in taking notice of a controverſy, than which nothing is at preſent more remarkable (even in a nation who value themſelves ſo much upon the Belles Lettres) both on account of the illuſtrious ſubject of it, and of the two perſons ingaged in the quarrel.

The one is extraordinary in all the Lyric kind of Poetry, even in the opinion of his very adverſary. The other a Lady (and of more value for being ſo) not only of great Learning, but with a Genius admirably turn'd to that ſort of it which moſt becomes her Sex for ſoftneſs, genteelneſs, and promoting of virtue; and ſuch as (one would think) is not ſo liable as other parts of ſcholarſhip, to rough diſputes, or violent animoſity.

Yet it has ſo happen'd, that no writers, even about Divinity itſelf, have been more outragious or uncharitable than theſe two polite authors; by ſuffering their judgments to be a little warped (if I may uſe that expreſſion) by the heat of their eager inclinations, to attack or defend ſo great an Author under debate. I wiſh for the ſake of the public, which is now ſo well entertained by their quarrel, it may not end at laſt in their agreeing to blame a third man who is ſo preſumptuous as to cenſure both, if they ſhould chance to hear of it.

To begin with matter of fact. M. D'Acier has well judg'd, that the beſt of all Poets certainly deſerved a better tranſlation, at leaſt into French proſe, becauſe to ſee it done in verſe was deſpair'd of: I believe indeed, from a defect in that language, incapable of mounting to any degree of excellence ſuitable to ſo very great an undertaking.

She has not only perform'd this taſk as well as proſe can do it, (which is indeed but as the wrong ſide of tapeſtry is able to repreſent the right *) ſhe has added to it alſo many learned and uſeful annotations. With all which ſhe moſt obligingly delighted not only her own ſex, but moſt of ours, ignorant of the Greek, and conſequently her adverſary himſelf, who frankly acknowledges that ignorance.

'Tis no wonder therefore, if, in doing this, ſhe is grown ſo enamour'd of that unſpeakably-charming Author, as to have a kind of horror at the leaſt mention of a man bold enough to blame him.

Now as to M. de la Motte, he being already deſervedly famous for all ſorts of Lyric poetry, was ſo far introduced by her into thoſe beauties of the Epic kind (tho' but in that way of tranſlation) as not to reſiſt the pleaſure and hope of reputation, by attempting that in verſe, which had been applauded

* A thought of Cervantes.

ſo much for the difficulty of doing it even in proſe; knowing how this, well executed, muſt extremely tranſcend the other.

But, as great Poets are a little apt to think they have an ancient right of being excus'd for vanity on all occaſions, he was not content to out-do M. D'Acier, but endeavour'd to out-do Homer himſelf, and all that ever in any age or nation went before him in the ſame enterprize; by leaving out, altering, or adding whatever he thought beſt.

Againſt this preſumptuous attempt, Homer has been in all times ſo well defended, as not to need my ſmall aſſiſtance; yet, I muſt needs ſay, his excellencies are ſuch, that for their ſakes he deſerves a much gentler touch for his ſeeming errors. Theſe if M. de la Motte had tranſlated as well as the reſt, with an apology for having retain'd them only out of meer veneration; his judgment, in my opinion, would have appear'd much greater than by the beſt of his alterations, though I admit them to be written very finely. I join with M. de la Motte in wondering at ſome odd things in Homer, but 'tis chiefly becauſe of his ſublime ones, I was about to ſay his divine ones, which almoſt ſurprize me at finding him any where in the fallible condition of human nature.

And now we are wondering, I am in a difficulty to gueſs what can be the reaſon of theſe exceptions againſt Homer, from one who has himſelf tranſlated him, contrary to the general cuſtom of tranſlators. Is there not a little of that in it? I mean to be ſingular, in getting above the title of a Tranſlator, tho' ſufficiently honourable in this caſe. For ſuch an ambition no body has leſs occaſion, than one who is ſo fine a Poet in other kinds; and who muſt have too much wit to believe, any alteration of another can entitle him to the denomination of an *Epic Poet* himſelf: tho' no man in this age ſeems more capable

of

of being a good one, if the French tongue would bear it. Yet in his tranſlation he has done too well, to leave any doubt (with all his faults) that her's can be ever parallel'd with it.

Beſides he could not be ignorant, that finding faults is the moſt eaſy and vulgar part of a critic; whereas nothing ſhews ſo much ſkill and taſte both, as the being throughly ſenſible of the ſublimeſt excellencies.

What can we ſay in excuſe of all this? *Humanum eſt errare:* Since as good a Poet as, I believe, the French language is capable of, and as ſharp a Critic as any nation can produce, has by too much cenſuring Homer ſubjected a tranſlation to cenſure, that would have otherwiſe ſtood the teſt of the ſevereſt adverſary.

But ſince he would needs chuſe that wrong way of criticiſm, I wonder he miſs'd a ſtone ſo eaſy to be thrown againſt Homer, not for his filling the Iliad with ſo much ſlaughter (for that is to be excuſed, ſince a war is not capable of being deſcribed without it) but with ſo many various particulars of wounds and horror, as ſhew the writer (I am afraid) ſo delighted that way himſelf, as not the leaſt to doubt his reader being ſo alſo. Like Spanioletta, whoſe diſmal pictures are the more diſagreeable for being always ſo very movingly painted. Even Hector's laſt parting from his ſon and Andromache hardly makes us amends for his body's being dragg'd thrice round the town. M. de la Motte in his ſtrongeſt objection about that diſmal combat, has ſufficient cauſe to blame his inraged adverſary; who here gives an inſtance that it is impoſſible to be violent without committing ſome miſtake; her paſſion for Homer blinding her too much to perceive the very groſſeſt of his failings. By which warning I am become a little more capable of impartiality, tho' in a diſpute about that very Poet for whom I have the greateſt veneration.

M.

M. D'Acier might have conſider'd a little, that whatever were the motives of M. de la Motte to ſo bold a proceeding, it could not darken that fame which I am ſure ſhe thinks ſhines ſecurely even after the vain attempts of Plato himſelf againſt it: caus'd only perhaps by a like reaſon with that of Madam D'Acier's anger againſt M. de la Motte, namely, the finding that in proſe his genius (great as it was) could not be capable of the ſublime heights of poetry, which therefore he baniſh'd out of his commonwealth.

Nor were theſe objections to Homer any more leſſening of her merit in tranſlating him as well as that way is capable of, viz. fully, plainly, and elegantly, than the moſt admirable verſes can be any diſparagement to as excellent proſe.

The beſt excuſe for all this violence is, its being in a cauſe which gives a kind of reputation even to ſuffering, notwithſtanding ever ſo ill a management of it.

The worſt of defending even Homer in ſuch a paſſionate manner, is its being more a proof of her weakneſs, than of his being liable to none. For what is it can excuſe Homer any more than Hector, for flying at the firſt ſight of Achilles? whoſe terrible aſpect ſure needed not ſuch an inexcuſable fright to ſet it off; and methinks all that account of Minerva's reſtoring his dart to Achilles, comes a little too late, for excuſing Hector's ſo terrible apprehenſion at the very firſt.

LETTER XIII.

To the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Sept. 1, 1718.

I AM much honour'd by your Grace's compliance with my requeſt, in giving me your opinion of the French diſpute concerning Homer. And I

ſhall keep my word, in fairly telling wherein I diſagree from you. It is but in two or three very ſmall points, not ſo much of the diſpute, as of the parties concern'd in it. I cannot think quite ſo highly of the Lady's learning, tho' I reſpect it very much. It is great complaiſance in that polite nation, to allow her to be a Critic of equal rank with her huſband. To inſtance no further, his remarks on Horace ſhew more good Senſe, Penetration, and a better Taſte of his author, and thoſe upon Ariſtotle's Art of poetry more Skill and Science, than any of her's on any author whatever*. In truth, they are much more ſlight, dwell more in generals, and are, beſides, for the moſt part leſs her own; of which her Remarks upon Homer are an example, where Euſtathius is tranſcribed ten times for once that he is quoted. Nor is there at all more depth of learning in thoſe upon Terence, Plautus, (or where they were moſt wanted) upon Ariſtophanes, only the Greek ſcholia upon the latter are ſome of the beſt extant.

Your Grace will believe me, that I did not ſearch to find defects in a Lady; my employment upon the Iliad forced me to ſee them; yet I have had ſo much of the French complaiſance as to conceal her thefts; for wherever I have found her notes to be wholly another's (which is the caſe in ſome hundreds) I have barely quoted the true Proprietor without obſerving upon it. If Madam Dacier has ever ſeen my obſervations, ſhe will be ſenſible of this conduct, but what effect it may have upon a Lady, I will not anſwer for

In the next place, as to M. de la Motte, I think your Grace hardly does him right, in ſuppoſing he could have no Idea of the beauties of Homer's Epic Poetry, but what he learn'd from Madam Dacier's

* This is a juſt Character of that excellent Critic.

Proſe-

Proſe-tranſlation. There had been a very elegant Proſe-tranſlation before, that of Monſieur de la Valterie; ſo elegant, that the ſtyle of it was evidently the original and model of the famous Telemaque. Your Grace very juſtly animadverts againſt the too great diſpoſition of finding faults, in the one, and of confeſſing none in the other: But doubtleſs, as to Violence, the Lady has infinitely the better of the Gentleman. Nothing can be more polite, diſpaſſionate, or ſenſible, than M. de la Motte's manner of managing the diſpute: and ſo much as I ſee your Grace admires the beauty of his verſe (in which you have the ſuffrage too of the Archbiſhop of Cambray) I will venture to ſay, his proſe is full as good. I think therefore when you ſay, no diſputants even in Divinity could be more outragious and uncharitable than theſe two authors, you are a little too hard upon M. de la Motte. Not but that (with your Grace) I doubt as little of the zeal of Commentators as of the zeal of Divines, and am as ready to believe of the paſſions and pride of mankind in general, that (did but the ſame intereſts go along with them) they would carry the learned world to as violent extremes, animoſities, and even perſecutions, about variety of opinions in Criticiſm, as ever they did about Religion: and that, in defect of Scripture to quarrel upon, we ſhould have French, Italian, and Dutch Commentators ready to burn one another about Homer, Virgil, Terence, and Horace.

I do not wonder your Grace is ſhock'd at the flight of Hector upon the firſt appearance of Achilles in the twenty-ſecond Iliad. However (to ſhew myſelf a true Commentator, if not a true Critic) I will endeavour to excuſe, if not to defend it in my Notes on that book. And to ſave myſelf what trouble I can, inſtead of doing it in this letter, I will draw up the ſubſtance of what I have to ſay for it in a ſe-

parate paper, which I'll ſhew your Grace when next we meet. I will only deſire you to allow me, that Hector was in an abſolute certainty of death, and depreſs'd over and above with the conſcience of being in an ill cauſe. If your heart be ſo great, as not to grant the firſt of theſe will ſink the ſpirit of a Hero, you'll at leaſt be ſo good, as to allow the ſecond may. But, I can tell your Grace, no leſs a Hero than my Lord Peterborow, when a perſon complimented him for never being afraid, made this anſwer; "Sir, ſhew me a danger that I think an "imminent and real one, and I promiſe you I'll be "as much afraid as any of you."

I am your Grace's, &c.

LETTER XIV.

From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

London, Sept. 7, 1714.

I AM extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor old diſtreſſed courtier, commonly the moſt deſpiſeable thing in the world. This blow has ſo rous'd *Scriblerus* that he has recovered his ſenſes, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolickſome and gay he is turn'd grave and moroſe. His lucubrations lie neglected among old news-papers, caſes, petitions, and abundance of unanſwerable letters. I wiſh to God they had been among the papers of a noble Lord ſealed up. Then might Scriblerus have paſſed for the Pretender, and it would have been a moſt excellent and laborious work for the Flying Poſt or ſome ſuch author, to have allegoriz'd all his adventures into a plot, and found out myſteries ſomewhat like the Key to the Lock. Martin's office is now the ſecond door on the left hand in Dover-ſtreet, where he will be glad to ſee Dr. Parnelle, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can ſtill afford a half pint of claret. It

is

is with ſome pleaſure that he contemplates the world ſtill buſy, and all mankind at work for him. I have ſeen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble ſpirit, and tho' like a man knock'd down, you may behold him ſtill with a ſtern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adverſaries. I will add no more, being in haſte, only that I will never forgive you if you don't uſe my aforeſaid houſe in Dover-ſtreet with the ſame freedom as you did that in St. James's; for as our friendſhip was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, ſo I hope it will not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckon'd amongſt the number of your friends and humble ſervants.

LETTER XV.

To Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Sept. 10.

I AM glad your Travels delighted you; improve you, I am ſure, they could not; you are not ſo much a youth as that, tho' you run about with a King of ſixteen, and (what makes him ſtill more a child) a King of Frenchmen. My own time has been more melancholy, ſpent in an attendance upon death, which has ſeized one of our family: my mother is ſomething better, though at her advanced age every day is a climacteric. There was joined to this an indiſpoſition of my own, which I ought to look upon as a ſlight one compared with my mother's, becauſe my life is not of half the conſequence to any body that her's is to me. All theſe incidents have hinder'd my more ſpeedy reply to your obliging letter.

The article you enquire of, is of as little concern to me as you deſire it ſhould; namely the railing papers about the Odyſſey. If the book has merit, it will extinguiſh all ſuch naſty ſcandal; as the Sun puts an end to ſtinks, merely by coming out.

I wiſh

I wiſh I had nothing to trouble me more; an honeſt mind is not in the power of any diſhoneſt one. To break its peace, there muſt be ſome guilt or conſciouſneſs, which is inconſiſtent with its own principles. Not but malice and injuſtice have their day, like ſome poor ſhort-lived vermine that die in ſhooting their own ſtings. Falſhood is Folly (ſays Homer) and liars and calumniators at laſt hurt none but themſelves, even in this world: in the next, 'tis charity to ſay, God have mercy on them! they were the devil's vicegerents upon earth, who is the father of lies, and, I fear, has a right to diſpoſe of his children.

I've had an occaſion to make theſe reflections of late more juſtly than from any thing that concerns my writings, for it is one that concerns my morals, and (which I ought to be as tender of as my own) the good character of another very innocent perſon, who I'm ſure ſhares your friendſhip no leſs than I do. No creature has better natural diſpoſitions, or would act more rightly or reaſonably in every duty, did ſhe act by herſelf, or from herſelf; but you know it is the misfortune of that family to be governed like a ſhip, I mean the Head guided by the Tail, and that by every wind that blows in it.

LETTER XVI.

Mr. POPE to the Earl of OXFORD.

MY LORD, Oct. 21, 1721.

YOUR Lordſhip may be ſurpriz'd at the liberty I take in writing to you; tho' you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me that honour, in conjunction with ſome others who better deſerved it. I hope you will not wonder I am ſtill deſirous to have you think me your grateful and faithful ſervant; but, I own, I have an ambition yet farther, to have others think me ſo, which

which is the occaſion I give your Lordſhip the trouble of this. Poor Parnell, before he died, left me the charge of publiſhing theſe few remains of his: I have a ſtrong deſire to make them, their author, and their publiſher, more conſiderable, by addreſſing and dedicating them all to you. There is a pleaſure in bearing teſtimony to truth, and a vanity perhaps, which at leaſt is as excuſable as any vanity can be. I beg you, my Lord, to allow me to gratify it in prefixing this paper of honeſt verſes to the book. I ſend the book itſelf, which, I dare ſay, you'll receive more ſatisfaction in peruſing, than you can from any thing written upon the ſubject of yourſelf. Therefore I am a good deal in doubt, whether you will care for ſuch an addition to it. All I ſhall ſay for it is, that 'tis the only dedication I ever writ, and ſhall be the only one, whether you accept of it or not: for I will not bow the knee to a leſs man than my Lord Oxford, and I expect to ſee no greater in my time.

After all, if your Lordſhip will tell my Lord Harley that I muſt not do this, you may depend upon a ſuppreſſion of theſe verſes (the only copy whereof I ſend you) but you never ſhall ſuppreſs that great, ſincere, and entire reſpect, with which I am always,

My Lord,

Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

The Earl of OXFORD to Mr. POPE.

SIR, Bramton Caſtle, Nov. 6. 1721.

I Received your packet, which could not but give me great pleaſure, to ſee you preſerve an old friend in your memory; for it muſt needs be very agreeable to be remember'd by thoſe we highly va-

lue.

lue. But then how much ſhame did it cauſe me, when I read your very fine verſes enclos'd? my mind reproach'd me how far ſhort I came of what your great friendſhip and delicate pen would partially deſcribe me. You aſk my conſent to publiſh it: to what ſtreights doth this reduce me? I look back indeed to thoſe evenings I have uſefully and pleaſantly ſpent, with Mr. Pope, Mr. Parnell, Dean Swift, the Doctor, &c. I ſhould be glad the world knew You admitted me to your friendſhip, and ſince your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren ſubject. I return you an exact copy of the verſes, that I may keep the Original, as a teſtimony of the only error you have been guilty of. I hope very ſpeedily to embrace you in London, and to aſſure you of the particular eſteem and friendſhip wherewith I am

Your, &c.

OXFORD.

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